

# Sounds like leaving

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Blue island of landing strip  
the only night light acceptable  
in Lutheran fields

    patchworked by day  
in soybeans and corn,  
pious in their plaid utility.

    Beveled earth is the  
staid corduroy yoke of history,  
waves of no water

    while young men throw  
down their Budweisers  
to shatter in defiance of nothing  
in parking lots, in pickups  
    chains across all the old doors.

    Silos lean into a different wind  
that sounds like leaving,  
a motor hum growing silent  
with each further hill.

    Dust dances like a devil.  
It always does.

