

Sounds like leaving

by Sara Fitzpatrick Comito

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.

