

# the new path

*by* strannikov

once Lucille died he sold all the cows  
sold all the roosters and laying hens  
left the vacant pens and barns to stand  
left the chicken coop to rot,  
which it did: hay left in the barns rotted, too.

once he had planted Lucille things changed.  
his emptiness rivalled the hollow grave  
dug for her: hand crossed to steady one arm  
his eyes lowering with her coffin  
he stretched over to watch it descend,  
a sister and a brother thought to catch him  
but he stood arched watching the descent  
hoping that maybe one would land—two.

