

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 at least one tear would land—two.

