

Mother Noose

MARK SMITH

Behind the yard of pumpkins
and blue hubbards, stems
still attached by pinched hoses
to the thinning mother vines,
a single-file of sunflowers
as tall as corn and swinging
in the autumn blow recall
the hanged men who sowed
the fertile earth for farmers,
their blackened faces bowing
to the green rustic tatter
of their sacrificial clothes.