

# Sons

*Connie Jorgensen Hendrickson*

New grain, you are comely;  
Long, straight, supremely vernal.  
Standing in Earth's sun  
Unashamed green,  
You sway.

I am a swimmer through  
Your fenceless waves.  
I watch you,  
Potent, hypnotic.

Young wheat, tender, flawless plants,  
For me, the sight of you  
And prophecy  
Are nourishment enough.

One white day the harvesters will come.  
You will sing as the sickle swings.  
They will draw up cords about you.  
They will dance on the threshing floor where  
You will sleep the sleep of Boaz  
And wake to the sight of the Gleaner  
At your feet,  
Chaff decorating her hair.

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*CONNIE JORGENSEN HENDRICKSON, newly graduated from the University of Oregon (1987), has a degree in English. She and her husband, Shirl Hendrickson, are the parents of five daughters.*