

# Abandoned Farmyard, November

*Dixie Partridge*

Today I saw near a barn  
the bed and crossbar of an old hayrack,  
sunk into earth like the hull of a boat,  
a dying thistle bloom grown out  
from the soft mulch  
of wood,

and I thought of winter  
already deep into Wyoming,  
my father dreading  
and welcoming it, ample reason  
to refuse all tasks, his ragged  
pasture fences submerging  
into snow.

I opened  
for a cold wash of pain,  
but my shoulders relaxed  
in the late autumn sun; light deepened  
into that startling place  
where no one comes to visit.