

Winnowing

Keith Flower

A white-dusted woman looks up from sifting circles of
Yellow grain, and husks, and leaves.
In the clicking speech of her people she calls, Ah hello.
Dear God! Your two faces shine before me.

The tallest wipes the sweat from his eyes and says, We are
Elders, come to talk of you, of your belief,
And our own. You see, we are much alike—
Winnowing, wielding a sieve.

The old woman grins up, and sorts into woven baskets
Yellow grain, and stalks, and leaves.
She steps through the white heat to hoe burdens of chaff under
The rich, unfailing black earth.

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