

Visible from Here

Dixie Partridge

After the First Acres Sell

I put down the phone and stare at nothing,
everything of my farm past settled into a moment
like colors pushed back through a prism
gone singular and clear:
Hill farmland of my father's and grandfather's birth,
our mural childhoods . . . sold piecemeal.
My brother's long-distance
grief, my own and my sisters' cleaving
to the native speech of stones;
days coming back in a clamor of rock-picking;
short growing seasons of heat
and stream irrigation; the nearly dry creekbed,
the faint *om* of cobbles coming through an ice trace.
Out my windows now, over Horse Heaven Hills
from one white cloud
roots of the lowering sun enlarge
until colors like a whole brass chorus spread.
I go out to stand antiqued in it.
As light turns flushed, a fresco
calicoes into being, bright and shadow flicker
in cottonwoods like a second coming . . .
 slumped farm buildings straighten and mend,
 and rising along hill pasture:
 the fluid forms of horses.