

PATRICK FRIESEN

AFRAY, IN THE HEAT OF JULY

afray, in the heat of july, walking through a field
of broken combines toward grandfather's farm,
his buried horses, from th' olde dayes, the stories
going on, shaped over and over, stories of god
and love and deaths at night, stories of family,
secrets and fear, washing off blood at the bare
foot of water, and the red heart that hath torn
at the right atrial, pinching the flame, and a final
falling out with the ruse of happiness, so gesagt.