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## Morning, Sickling

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## Morning, Sickling

A black dawn this morning, but feeling pastoral, I ventured out in spite.

The air was gone, at first-then became solid, creeping beads across my tight forehead.

I tried an apostrophe: "O wind, rend the heat—" that didn't work.

The lifeless air matched my thoughts, forging on like a lost soldier. I flailed, wielding the sickle blindly, trying to lay the sharp bitter grass low.

Thick roots seemed to ooze, bent, buckled before my masterful strokes. But I heaved and sighed, sweat flowing freely, coating my hands, neck, hardening ribs,

and the strokes came slower, stiffer, duller...stopped, I cleared my vision with a swipe of shaking forearm.

No light yet.
O wind, get over here already.

Mark Harris