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## The Fall of the Western Field

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## The Fall of the Western Field

And the man cleared his fields,  
planting crops to the east and west  
of the home he built with his own hands.  
Until, when the soil had turned fifty harvests,  
a summer came with an empty heaven.  
He chose to save the window field,  
the field of sunsets.  
He awakened winter's snow  
melted in the dank well  
with buckets, moving to touch like passion's hands.  
The stalks grew over the field  
like cloud shadow  
and the eastern field  
was fallow, the eastern field  
would have cursed  
the old man and his favorite son.  
But a day came when, in the August  
of his eighty-sixth year,  
the old man sat behind his west wall window  
and never rose.  
The clouds disappeared from the fields  
as the stalks, heavy with grain,  
fell under their own weight  
in piles of rotting gold.

-Rich Croft '93