

Exile

Volume 25
Number 3 *Exile Anthology: A Special
Sesquicentennial Issue*

Article 8

1979

Parkman

Mary S. Treco
Denison University

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Recommended Citation

Treco, Mary S. (1979) "Parkman," *Exile*: Vol. 25 : No. 3 , Article 8.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol25/iss3/8>

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Parkman

by Mary S. Treco

After the Spring when the blood of the womb
has dried on the calves,
 great tractors bellow in the dusty fields
 making furrows for alfalfa
 wheat,
 and the bells from St. Edwards call through open windows
 as chicken fries in the vats.

Thick night, first of early summer-
 George's Market smells of mildew, sawdust.
 next door
 The Hardware is lost in ceilinged cobwebs,
 mouse traps and yellowed ribbons.

The gazebo is strung in lanterns and mist
 while old women in polyester
 pass paper plates of chicken and corn
 into soiled hands of Christians.

Box 164
Gates Mills, Ohio 44040