

Farm Town

The long winding gray gravel road
peaks at the top of a small hill
overlooking a big bold stable.
Each individual piece
of worn wood siding,
is embedded with a deep deep red.
Rows of low-cut corn stalks,
gently bend back and forth
in the cool fall wind.
Horses bow their long thick necks
to graze the brown patches of grass,
muddied from last night's storm.
White smoke escapes the skinny stack,
perched atop the little white house,
at the edge of one part
of the long winding gray gravel road.

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