

Greg Huteson

Homestead

A culvert and a rusty metal shed,
a thorny clover patch, a metal grate,
a fence arthritic as an old bat's wing,
a red wood wagon and a willow sprig.
A bench swing on a shabby pinewood porch,
a nest for skunks beneath the buckled house,
concavities that sag with spiders' weight.
A grove of oaks, a hound dog, and a boar.
Or if not boar then armadillo pair.
Alert they are, with leather shells intact,
curves not yet cratered by a jacked-up truck.
A long dirt path that's cut with sand clay ruts.
A creek that smells of onions, stocked with bass.
A dearth of prints along its muddy bank.