

***before taking the last word***

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before taking the last word  
into the hills,  
up into the snow-covered sound  
of the fields;  
I sometimes feel  
the subtle scrape of my day  
go about the harvest  
tending the sun  
with a vagrant farmer's hoe

though it seems such a cold day  
and rather short in season  
for my crop,  
I linger  
take a walk  
and choose to wonder:  
my silence  
this sweater  
under my skin