

The Milk House

Rural Writing Collective

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Because They Grow and Go

Behind the glass their faces,
sun brown, summer gold,
cheeks cheesing for the camera,
their long vowel vined in wild root
and friends forever—
their smiles incantatious.

See how unencumbered they lean,
unsavvy to nature's duplicity,
the way fate conjures cockups,
time hoodwinks memory.

Beyond the frame
crows cackle, squirrels skitter,
a red fox struts a tango,
sniffs the air for safety.

Leafhopper greens and pokeberry purples
speckle this patch of land
where absence tolls and two girls
became way-seeds
carried off by irascible winds.