

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Remembering Haystacks

By Gary Whited

The haystacks I saw before I was four feet
Tall, still there, and big. I love them

Without ever saying the names they didn't
Have. I don't know why we never gave

Them names. They go by the shape they made
Inside me where they stand even now while

I place these words onto the stack, one then
Another and on until the stack I'm

Remembering is done again, lit by the near
Sunset light, men leaning on their pitchforks

Beside this new stack, its shape like Anna
Faaborg's loaves baked in her wood cook stove,

Smell of new haystack, pungent and still, shiny
Pitchfork handles catching the late day light.