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the old brewster ranch

Sheryl L. Nelms

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the old Brewster ranch

—Sheryl L. Nelms

softly, like an archeologist
dusting artifacts
I probe this Oklahoma homestead

as I move through the kitchen
a wasp floats
up to the mud nest
behind the stove pipe

a hunk of blue linoleum snaps
off when the floor sags
under me

bees pop in
through the cistern hole
beside the enamel sink

mouse droppings litter the kitchen floor
a black high-button shoe
props
the back door
open

glancing out, I see the barn

broken
at the front corner seam
boards split apart
like a pair of hands
unclasped

in the sky
over the windmill
a zig-zag of black
crows
slash across
the orange sun
down

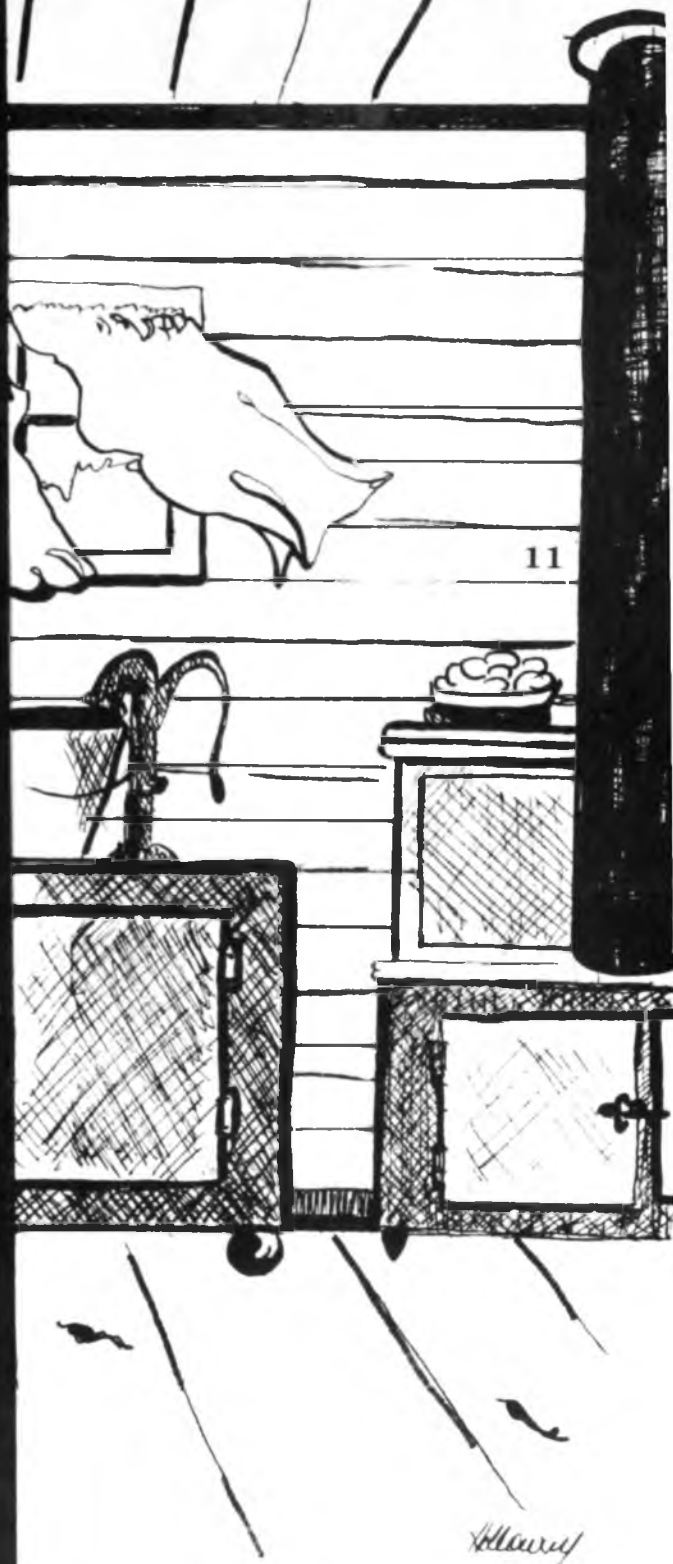


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