

James Wright

**Lying in a Hammock at William Duffy's Farm in Pine Island,  
Minnesota**

Over my head, I see the bronze butterfly,  
Asleep on the black trunk,  
Blowing like a leaf in green shadow.  
Down the ravine behind the empty house,  
The cowbells follow one another  
Into the distances of the afternoon.  
To my right,  
In a field of sunlight between two pines,  
The droppings of last year's horses  
Blaze up into golden stones.  
I lean back, as the evening darkens and comes on.  
A chicken hawk floats over, looking for home.  
I have wasted my life.

**Beginning**

The moon drops one or two feathers into the field.  
The dark wheat listens.  
Be still.  
Now.  
There they are, the moon's young, trying  
Their wings.  
Between trees, a slender woman lifts up the lovely shadow  
Of her face, and now she steps into the air, now she is gone  
Wholly, into the air.  
I stand alone by an elder tree, I do not dare breathe  
Or move.  
I listen.  
The wheat leans back toward its own darkness,  
And I lean toward mine.