

## On a May Day

to watch a fat buckskin mare  
romping the fence with her foal,

admire a jumbled wall of field stone  
or a curing stack of sweet-smelling  
black walnut planks fresh from Schaible's mill;

to appreciate the rumble of a 1933 International Harvester  
F-30, fresh-painted in blazing red, and newly decaled,

or the steam of a mug of hot soup at mid-day  
on a May day with the grass suddenly green

while carrying along a tightness in the chest  
and a reflectiveness over the memory

of the look of one's own eyes in the mirror,  
tempts a man to imagine himself

beyond such earthly things.

But he is not.