

The Neighbor's Farm/The Endless Sky

The neighbor's farm is not so far away.
But it seems like months, years have passed
since we've seen them.
Decades since we've shared a meal.

We raised our children,
They raised theirs.
Our closest approach, the one-room school.
I taught her kids, she drove ours
in the yellow bus
through the snow
over the pass.
We relied on each other.

In the last years, the fabric frayed,
the ties unraveled. Inertia winning.

The gate divides our spaces,
Holds us far apart enough
to be neighbors,
now the kids are gone.

It's a good strong gate; we are each happy
with the definition, the distance.

We bear the same difficulties:
Summer heat,
February winds;
Never enough water.

We have been in hiding too long.

We search for balance
under this endless sky.

We must stretch a hand
Or the silence will prevail between us
And the neighbor's farm.
Silence, the prelude to mistrust.

Some days the neighbor's farm seems another world,
Yet we are
Two close dots on a map,
So close as to be one.

We must remember that underneath the torn tissue,
we are one beating heart,
one great soul.

Slip the latch; open the gate
to the neighbor's farm, under the endless sky.