

Girls in a field

Marcie Rendon

They stood
locked in history's embrace
on the blood reddened dirt
of one too many revolutions

while men waged ideological wars
armed with tools of mass destruction
they shouldered sheaves of grain,
burlap-sacked potatoes
and the occasional infant or two

without time or space
spirits darkened by eternal toil
flower gardens
went unkempt
tangled weeds of
hopelessness
suckled all their
will and passion

they worked and toiled
vibrant youth
turned under with the
summer's plow
at fall harvest
they picked themselves
from stalk and vine

fed machine and man
and the occasional
infant or two

until
with nothing left
but muscled arms
and compassionate hearts
they left the fields
stood side by side
and said
no more