

Inside the Circle

Oblique from between the bank of clouds
and silhouette of mountains to the east,
sunlight glints from shards of beer bottles
brought in with gravel to surface the dirt road
that runs to the windmill, orchard, barn and house
then back again to the gate, a simple loop
of crushed rock and glass on a clay bed
that circles the lives of those here now
and memories of those who were while they were
before going back out through the gate, and those
who once they came, never left — companions,
comforts, loves still here inside the circle.