

## The Valley

Snow gives way to run-off,  
The brown dies, fertilizing the green.  
Syrinx of seraphim sing as  
Diesel cuts the frost, and the soil.

Gold in green, like aged tapestry,  
Quaking in the sunny breeze.  
Sounding like meat on the grill-  
Starting red, ending brown.

Bales spread like the markers of Arlington  
Between the fences, row on row.  
The resting places of another season.  
Yes, even the sun begins to tire.

The set table landscape, with the linen on top.  
The sun moves rainbow glitter to build ivory powder ramps  
From frigid fields of sleep.  
Is this the end of life or simply it's conception?

By  
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Dedicated to the Little Snake River Valley, Wyoming