

# PoemMemoirStory

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## Dimensions

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Lisa Higgs

### DIMENSIONS

*We are snow, rain, cold, darkness, we are each product and influence Of the globe.* 

—Walt Whitman

We are thunderstorm, January night cracking

children from beds, the clocks blinking no time,

wrong time

we are in time a sister, a brother, on a hill in shadow of winter tree, waiting

the train to its tracks, snow light on ground, dog's breath

permeable

a fox caught crossing upwind its red plume bounding through summer grass

> in time of corn, the heat high at daybreak, air stuck in the throat.

We are the heat, wrenching heat. Corn shadow a shade soon lost

in flatness.

We are in time

in flatness, field and field

only ending

in crossing, windbreak, old house small in the yard of outbuildings, barns, silos, lean-tos

the bulge of green tractors, plastic tubs of pesticide, fertilizer lifted

on wheels, the sweet chemical smells. Hazy spray,

the mist

of human obsession for multiplying all yields.

In time, lost in corn, brother, sister

flitting the rows

following high sun, fields undulating to tree edges,

a pond, a lake, fences, cows cudding pasture. Forgetting the time

until Honey and her rider call out over the yellowing expanse:

> follow me, follow me,

time to head home,

dog lopping the breaks of furrow, unclaimed field of tall grasses gone to seed.