**In the Loft**

Emma Wynn

We’ve hooked and stacked the bales of good green hay

in great leaning blocks. The empty trailer’s rattle

fading down some dirt road farm. Now there is time

to cradle the old barn cat by the dutch door

breathe the startled dust of years

still spinning in the slant autumn light

watch the swallows wheel out over the marshy fields

and back like boomerangs to their clinging nests

in the lime white rafters.

She is light as if her bones, too, are hollow

as a paper lantern rising above the barn,

the swallows, my small pale face

empty of everything but a shrinking fire.

Then only a sack of patchwork fur

we’ll bury under the field grass

where the mice pups nest and play.

Becoming, at last, what she hunted.

In the midst of death in life

in life everywhere.