**Farm as a Silhouette**

Lorrie Ness

Naked crowns, black on winter sky,

are studded by crows. The same ones as had been in the field

picking clean the heifer we dozed into a ditch.

Now silent. Now still. Somehow blacker in slack light.

Somehow larger at this distance.

Sun cuts a low cesarean arc.

In twilight, only the canopy remains distinct.

Tree trunks smudge together like charcoal under the thumb.

Birds silhouette high in the branches,

above the rising flood of night.

My grandfather likes to say

this land is the same as when he was a kid.

By this, he means the boundaries haven’t changed

but everything within them has. By this, he means some men

only value what they find along the edges.

Or maybe his truth rises at sunset

when the row of stumps is swallowed in shadow,

and treetops behind them transform into the chestnuts that stood in his youth.

Even the crows’ glinting eyes lose their coordinates.

Only outlines remain.