

SETH ABRAMSON

The Home-field

Sometimes it lofts its music into the croft
and sometimes it sinks its curses in the barn,
sometimes is found where the fiend in the bigging
is scratching his leggings
and naming names of the past,

sometimes it rides along the roof
and sometimes it cleans the same gutters the sun
is stretching. Sometimes tuneful as it fares
across the stubble of the riverbed,
sometimes is stopped at that weir
at which no mourner's bent

sometimes looking for a loved one now drowned,
sometimes the dog and sometimes the woman
who loved him, sometimes haunts his sheep-grass
because there is no otherwise anymore,
and sometimes all of his will be
owned by a better man than he was,

sometimes the place he is ghosting for better
and sometimes for worse, sometimes his last word
the best yet, sometimes the best land in the valley
he lived and died in, sometimes
is loving him still, sometimes is loving him only.