

MOLLY BASHAW

Letter to a Farm

I will go by banjo.
I will joke with distance like the Italian funambulist
who wore peach buckets on her feet
and walked backwards over Niagara Falls, blindfolded.
Every time I play a concert
the trumpet vine by your window will open,
your fiddleheads will unfurl.
I say I live in a city now, but my watch still moves to your rooster,
the udders, the thaws of your ground.
I have never answered a telephone without hoping to hear your nighttime cud.