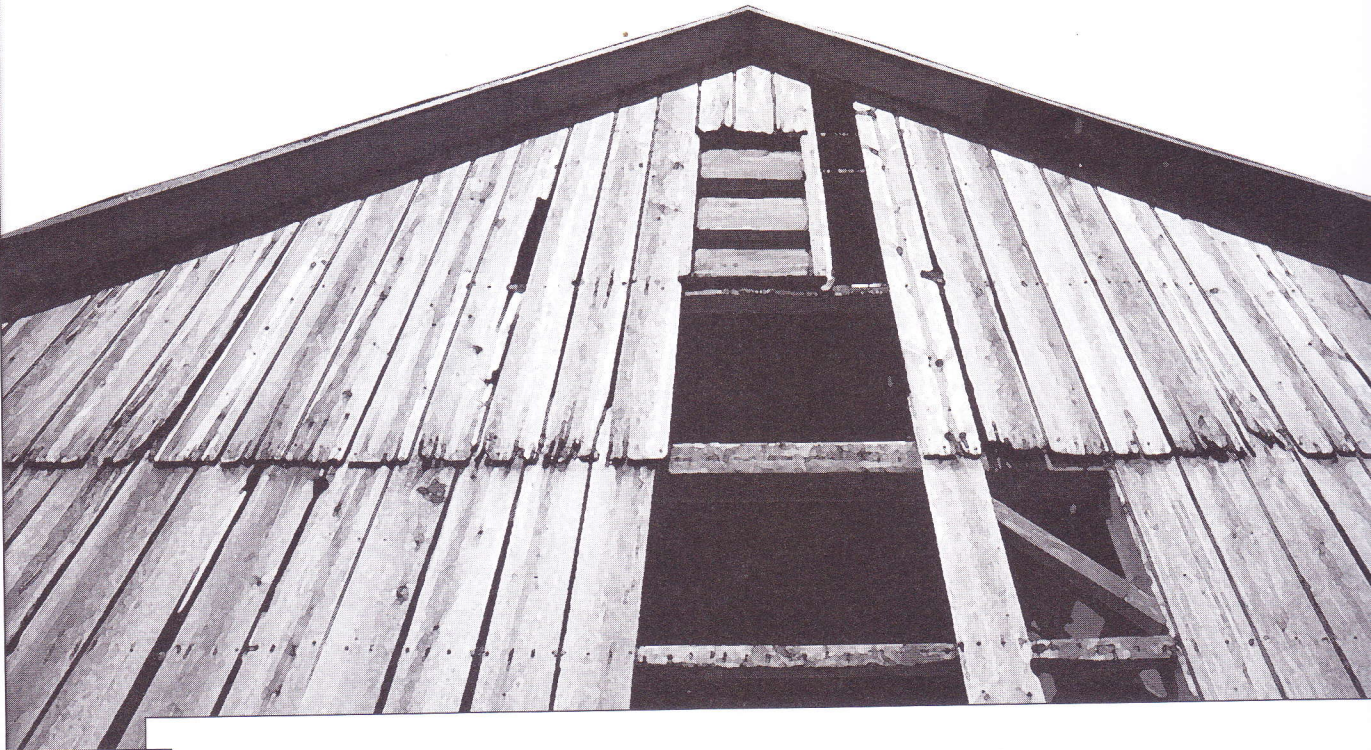


Deserted Farm

Mark Vinz

Where the barn stood
the empty milking stalls rise up
like the skeleton of an ancient sea beast,
exiled forever on shores of prairie.

Decaying timber moans softly in twilight;
the house collapses like a broken prayer.
Tomorrow the heavy lilac blossoms will open,
higher than the roofbeams, reeling in wind.



Notes

Observations

Questions

Name _____ Date _____ Class _____

Scene in "Deserted Farm"

"Deserted Farm" by Mark Vinz