The Neighbor’s Farm/The Endless Sky

The neighbor’s farm is not so far away. But it seems like months, years have passed since we’ve seen them. Decades since we’ve shared a meal.

We raised our children, They raised theirs. Our closest approach, the one-room school. I taught her kids, she drove ours in the yellow bus through the snow over the pass. We relied on each other.

In the last years, the fabric frayed, the ties unraveled. Inertia winning.

The gate divides our spaces, Holds us far apart enough to be neighbors, now the kids are gone.

It’s a good strong gate; we are each happy with the definition, the distance.

We bear the same difficulties: Summer heat, February winds; Never enough water.

We have been in hiding too long.

We search for balance under this endless sky.

We must stretch a hand Or the silence will prevail between us And the neighbor’s farm. Silence, the prelude to mistrust.

Some days the neighbor’s farm seems another world, Yet we are Two close dots on a map, So close as to be one.

We must remember that underneath the torn tissue, we are one beating heart, one great soul.

Slip the latch; open the gate to the neighbor’s farm, under the endless sky.