

Denise Provost

Fields, October

We draw sustenance
from the death of the land:
rabbits running where the chicory
chokes the milkweed in a tangle;
ripening of the pod, the husk
grows hard and cracks.
The wind, astonishingly thorough,
strips the woodland to its silver bones.
We tread the fallen cornstalks, their crackle
the single reply to the voice of the crow.
The day draws in from both sides, morning
and evening shroud us, the hillsides
obscure even our shadows in their depths

Denise Provost has written poetry for a number of years, often in form. She has published in on-line and print journals, including *qaartsiluni*, *Quadrille* and *Light Quarterly*. She lives in Massachusetts, and currently studies with poet Susan Donnelly.