
Tomas Unger

HAY

At last at rest against bales, there I am, lying in the back cart
of a farmyard truck or car, staring out as nothing but endless
field falls away before us. I can't even hear my siblings
beside me, so know they're there, all of us listening as
the engine mows silence, yes, but it grows back as grass.

I've lived for eight or so years. Just minutes ago I was
picking more apples than I could ever hold, as though
to go and hide and hoard them where no season could change me.
This must be the story of lives I've lived. Once I was
a mad gatherer. Then, sheer starrer, a stare. Hay somewhere after.