
In the Country

Sarah McCaslin

A heart can't beat
Encased in concrete.
Feet can't dance
Tethered to a parking meter.
A bus ride
Won't satisfy my taste for freedom.
I need to see the green on the other side-
Smell fresh alfalfa in the fields
As I drive past with my window down.
Taste the country life
In every peach pie
On the windowsill to cool.
Stake me out in a field of clover and heather
And let the birds sing the song of my soul
Clear to the heavens.
Let my arms reach deep into my heritage-
My acreage.
An old John Deer and plow
Can scrape away city memories
On my heart