

## Farmer, Retired

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Raymond Roseliep

*This poem is from Love Makes The Air Light, W. W. Norton, 1965.*

A man under the town clock  
on Main Street loiters  
before a bucket of lilies  
gracing the drugstore entry,  
never told they are plastic.

He can smell them: heady as plowed earth  
or fluted lettuce a housewife tended  
or even pears plunking outside the bedroom.  
He is a tintype, still unfooled  
so long as bees keep their appointment in his blood.

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—*Elkader Register*  
May 11, 1893

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