

James Tate

A TATTERED BIBLE STUFFED WITH MEMOS

I stood at the southwest window for a long time just staring out at the field and empty road. A hawk on the telephone line studied the field for any sign of movement, then eventually he swooped down and had his snack. A tractor pulling a wagon-load of hay has crept over the hill. Five teenagers in a green convertible passed him at a great speed and disappeared behind a cloud of dust. A storm was rolling in, I could feel the barometer dropping. This is where the chicken catches the ax.