

## Suite for Jean Follain · *David Young*

1.

In September there come to Ohio  
clouds out of old Dutch paintings  
above weeds in gold confusion  
in overlooked orchards apples  
drop in the wild grass  
a baby in a station wagon  
stares at the checked jackets  
of hunters stooping to gather  
groceries spilled on the sidewalk.

2.

Never came back to visit  
says the old woman out loud  
lugging a bucket of feed  
across the empty farmyard  
beyond her a shed is collapsing  
terrifically slowly a cow  
is chewing without expression  
white stars pass  
from a burst milkweed.

3.

The evening has turned the blue  
of a milk of magnesia bottle  
and the big American flag  
is snapping against itself  
in front of the courthouse  
looking up at the window  
where she undressed he thinks  
of wrens and tent revivals  
and statues from ancient Egypt.

4.

A wet stone beehive  
stands in the middle of the garden  
beyond the wall delivery trucks  
occasionally pass  
a smell of burning leaves  
reminds the mailman of childhood  
a fish jumps in the reservoir  
in the graveyard clumps of honey mushrooms  
blacken slowly in rain.