

KRISTEN CASE

*Photographs From Rt. 80*

1.

Here, the fields in rough January light, a barn,  
a line of trees. Distance, a blue horizon, the  
absence of particulars. In the abandoned barn  
the old boards alternate with nothing, with ether:  
wood, light, wood, the whole thing glowing  
in the iridescent field, this constant movement and our silence,  
having been close to the unspeakable: illness, family,  
the suffocating sadness of your hometown at night.  
The sun moves against the edges of the world, what we know,  
what we do not know. I am thinking  
about what God wants, about the idea of God *wanting*.  
The trees, chosen to grow here, in this line,  
are intricate, and full of intent.

2.

In the wide frame of our windshield  
at least three kinds of weather:  
to our right *chiaroscuro*, the dark clouds  
light-tinged. On the left a flat plane of pale blue.  
Miles ahead of us, east, a column of rain  
gray and singular, beneath  
the cover of cumulous.

The aperture dilates its fraction  
of time, consumes its given  
quantity of light, and days later  
from this cardboard box, this human  
machine: weather and world, even the feeling  
of driving all afternoon through miles  
of winter-laden fields, your landscape,  
your wordless ground, *Iowa*.