

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*.