

PLOWING FIELDS

He sits on his John Deere,
rocking in prayerful rhythm
as the tractor twists the field
in a frenzied pace.

Full throttle, he concentrates
on reaching the end
before the clock forces
him to stop.

Wind blows his black robe,
he appears to be hovering.

He grabs his raiment,
again and again,
to quench its wildness,
gentle its spirit,
like he snatches his congregation
on Sundays,
taming their souls,
scattering seeds on their upturned hearts.

*Theresa Nelson
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