

Monuments to BOUNTY

By **Darrell Petska**

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Wall by wall they're coming down—
the farmers gone, their purpose shorn,
lumber recycled as it can.

Stanchioned cows gave milk within,
horses stabled to the side. In the straw
nested chickens, swallows in the eaves.
Hay slides, rope swings and lookouts
transformed high, sweet-scented lofts
into cushioned year-round playlands.

Landmarks steadfast for generations,
impervious to winds, waves of rain,
lancing winter sleets and snows,
each proclaimed: "Here thrives our farm!"—
though "Farm for Sale" blighted fields
as factory farms cornered markets.

Now ghost barns haunt country roads,
their precious lands passed faceless
into dreary corporate ledgers,
while to and fro crawl driverless tractors
supplanting cherished ways of living
these monuments to bounty mirrored.

Today tugs impatiently at yesterday,
though strains of their sweet requiem
remind the altered land: well they served.

