

Detail of the Hayfield

By Richard Siken

I followed myself for a long while, deep into the field.
Two heads full of garbage.

Our scope was larger than I realized,
which only made me that much more responsible.

Yellow, yellow, gold, and ocher.

We stopped. We held the field. We stood very still.

Everyone needs a place.

You need it for the moment you need it, then you
bless it—

thank you soup, thank you flashlight—

and move on. Who does this? No one.