

JOHN A. NIEVES

Harvest Moon

Come calling, come hauling the sickle
and scythe. Bring a short knife on your
belt and a light in your hand. When the sun
quits and the heat flees on the night breeze,

we will swing and gather, twine together
stalks, and cough. Wet breath foaming in
the corners of our songs. Our strokes are even
and tight. Glistening, listening to the night

birds, the cricket trills, we whistle our way
uphill. The children in their beds rise and
fall like these fields. I hear winter in daybreak
echoing from not far enough. Gather, gather.