

## Hay Field at Hill Haven

Yielding,

you can sink to sorrow's knees  
in our sweet grasses,  
stretch out your body and  
be one with us  
in stillness, swaying.

Cradled so in alfalfa and clover,

you can let slow tears  
soak  
through pebbled loam,  
past white roots,  
to aquifer's caverns  
far  
below.

Martha McGovern

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