

Albert Labolt's Store

Nicholas Campbell

In Albert Labolt's store
There are fields of green
And yellow corn

Here is the smell of dark earth
And spring rain

Here are ripe blue skies for the picking

A goat-horn
Its apple trees bend
Over to fill bushels

Potatoes roll out of the ground like hills

And wheat blows long as a woman's hair

Against its fences
Men lean their hoes
And talk about the harvest