

Mary Harris

Old Homestead, New England

The restored farmhouse is two hundred years old. It has its own history. Former owners unearthed gravestones on the property, paved them in a terrace by the back door. The coffins have never been found. She imagines them buried below topsoil erupting like teeth through gums.

Her husband refinishes antique furniture in the barn. She lines windowsills with tomatoes ripening in sunlight. When he cuts grass, the mower drones across the fallow field. She watches from the kitchen, slicing zucchini from her garden. They know seasons as well as farmers who settled the land, believe they can cultivate a family as easily.

At night they plow together,
skin taut as green tomatoes.
His deft hands stroke
the grain of her body
like wood sanded beneath a plane,
desire one bone between them.