

Megan Henry

The Wild and the Farmer

The woven fields beyond the fence were screaming silence yesterday
An outrage void of resonance is common habit of the clay
For sewn into this measured ground, there whipped to order, lashed to brown
The dormant Wild lies in chains remembering her ancient claims

The Wild bloomed so bright before, the Wild loomed in height before
The Wild dug down deep and preyed, the Wild ravaged, birthed, and swayed
The Wild dreamed and woke with vigor, growing larger, growing thicker
Making life, assisting stories, Wild manifested glories

Then one day the farmer came, and pledged he would this Wild tame
"My children need a piece to eat, my woman needs a place to sleep,
I'll plow your shoulders, mend your crown, and keep your roots a vibrant brown,
And in return my one request is you let me decide what's best"

The Wild spread her twining arms to love the man, to let him farm
She let him tend her children's wares and let him comb her greying hairs
She let him pounce upon her back and bruise her curves with oil frack
The man grew mighty, rich with power, Wild slowly learned to cower,

Made no sound when poison laced her, didn't frown when he embraced her
She believed she'd made her choices, she'd committed to be voiceless,
So she thinned and starved and sputtered, now too weak critique to utter,
Wild all but disappeared, sunk to soil, froze in fear

But barren lands, rich men don't make, and so the farmers profits sank
The growth he needed, bound to silence, terrorized from years of violence
Would not yield unto his hand, for scant yields from unnurtured land,
And farmers lose their great potential when they treat the Wild vengeful

Future comes from present nourish, care creates a wild flourish
Opportunity goes rotten if the gratitude's forgotten
Let us take the poor man's word,
Farmers thrive when Wild's heard.

The woven fields beyond the fence were screaming silence yesterday
Their memories stretch wide extents: regrets of promises they made
"The farmer said "It's your decision: violent progress or attrition"
How she yearns she'd then decreed they learn sustainability.