House and Barn

John Godfrey

Lateralness befits
a cold white
Usher windows weigh
the horizon down
More flower than tree
bowers red roof
Rust belt with
a buckle of carbon
Washed reds with
the complements of sward
Unemphatic and
serene the sky’s
blue half mothers
her nature more than
any one of the elements
Thoughts turn to
trees in absentia
Of what gray their
nocturnal shelter
Horizon closes ranks
here, over there, and
way over there