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Winter Wheat

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Winter Wheat

David Thoreen

From week to week we earn as we go,
and bury ourselves in rooms full of kitsch.
Day in, day out, we pay what we owe.

Wisdom is theory. We rend what we sew.
No matter who we are, we bitch and stitch
from week to week. We earn and yet go

more steeply into debt, our status quo,
sell our friends and lovers, then filch and fetch.
Day in, day out, we pay. What we owe

is who and how, tomorrow the window
through which we reach, the landscape we search
from week to week. We earn as we go.

We see nothing but shadows. Nothing will grow.
Bored, we turn to the church of a stranger's touch.
Day in, day out, we pay what we owe.

We dream of amber. Beneath the snow
our winter wheat's asleep, its dark earth rich.
From week to week we pay as we go.
Dying, in doubt, we earn what we owe.