

## Fence Row

The fence row is leaning now  
posts are rotting at the base.  
Nails rust through and boards  
bow out with the warp of rain  
and wind. Each freeze, each sun  
baked day frees the paint to  
flake and fall as dandruff  
on unshorn hay; beneath  
the white the wood is grey.  
Whole sections are now  
removed, no corner bracing to  
hold it square, a plank pops  
free at the ends and angles  
up! Surely, I'll be getting  
a notice soon from the town  
to take it down or have re-  
placed. Still, the bluebirds  
find a spot to spy beetles,  
crickets and crawling things.  
A hawk will look for nests  
with chicks, coyotes leap  
or skulk beneath, flycatchers  
rest between forays.

R. Hight - March 2019