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The Final Harvest

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The Final Harvest

Rick D. Halbeck

The frost is on the barn, and the hay is in the stable.

The farmer lays in bed as a candle fuses with the table.

He'll dream of summer fields as long as he is able.

The sun would rise fast and hot, with air so dewy sweet
And shine across the rolling waves, a yellow sea of wheat.

The promise of another year to have enough to eat.

He knows the land like he knows his hand, every turned up stone,
The birds that sing the days away in every kind of tone,
And the soil that feeds the golden grain—he'd never claim to own.

The verdant trees so full of leaves made a fortified bastille,
But the night would rob the day of hours which freely she would steal—
Slowly turning the vibrant greens to dusky shades of teal.

Now the sun has set and the morning is as distant as a star
When the night comes down and all around is pitch and black as tar.
Darker only are the shadows, stirring silent as they are.

His heavy eyes close soft and still while his worries are caressed.

His aches and pains are all but gone, his fears under arrest.

And with the farmer's final harvest reaped... he can finally rest.