

## HEDGEROW

*I prefer winter and fall, when you feel the bone structure of the landscape—the loneliness of it, the dead feeling of winter.      Something waits beneath it, the whole story doesn't show.    --Andrew Wyeth*

The walk ended at the hedgerow,  
the tangle of bodark-heartwood and thorn  
down-leaning where the pasture slopes.  
The house out of sight, up and beyond,  
inaccessible.

There we stood. You spoke of the scumbled sky,  
how it reminded you of Wyeth's dry-brush,  
scrubbing pigment into texture, muting  
tones and moods—the loneliness  
of winter.

I noticed the sparrow scrape and pictured  
white-crowns raking snow for what  
squirmed underneath. My boot-heel  
kicked back—once, twice—gouging  
the skeleton of the landscape

as if to leave a mark, convinced here  
we could go no farther.

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