

POETRY - FIRST PLACE

Harvest

Jennifer Hu, Age 16
Hummelstown, PA
Hershey High School

grey skies today
cool for an august afternoon
and there he goes again
the man harvesting wheat
riding atop his heavy machine
a rumble rumble grumble
which leaves my garden
bare of birds
my flowers bare of bees
he rides past me
his combine rolling
spinning the golden rods
and I can see him sitting there
a middle-aged man
with graying hair
and a cigar hanging from
the left side of his mouth
dangling

on his head
he wears a farmer's hat
woven of dried straw
peeked at the top
so it reminds me of
an ancient chinese peasant
a peasant harvesting
his own crops of rice
only there is no combine
and no rumbling
only some rusting metal
and a honey-colored cow
a lonely farmer
reaching out
to stroke a wet wet nose
contemplating the complexity
of simple