

Rusty Roofed Barn

Storm clouds ahead give reprieve
to sun-beaten crops, swaying
in the wind. Limbs splinter,
kissing earth. A rusty roofed barn
sits in the distance; it's white shell—
bright and angelic. Darkness lies
within. Aged meat hooks clank,
mimicking sounds of chain gangs
long gone. Fear of the unknown
beckons me still. I yield
to an unexpected rooster crow.

Brandy R. Williams