



*Messenger from North Farm* by John Elkerr  
11" X 15"  
Ink on paper

## NORTH FARM REVISITED

not life, not death, no stanzas, questions, no need to knock, your body senses her on the stoop like an old naked friend coming home, she steps over a saucer floating in milk, nurses the air with an owlish fetal stare, her body/his body scored with the lost bypass canals of Mars, chemo-newborn hair, hip favored for replacement in the next millennium, and everything you know is a leaf that was on a branch within a whirlwind hemisphere where silos overflow with stars and become the wings of flying fish in streams of fractured words and your daughter who is Mother will be your Sister for a minute or an hour and sweetness who is your son-in-law will now be your Daddy as a westward cacophony of birds darken the skies with every sad thought you ever had giving you room to smile.

Text by Stephen Eric Berry