drunken head

panting blue wisps of cloudy breath,
step right, crush left, snap back.
frost licks and leaves, dead sticks, pods
and husks of seeds and fruit
lie in field rows straighter than
the part in his hair.

sun bowls low and heavy and orange,
hot and fiery in a nest of the earth's neck
just before it drops recklessly over.
its drunken head
disappearing from sight
from this side of the day bed.

we wait as it lolls and threatens
wearing its turtleneck of night.
always, it seems we never turn out eyes away
but it disappears while we are looking and not.
she's gone again and left us cold.
dad pauses and shouts back,
shall we pay attention?
keep moving? two men in autumn field
caught in the theatre of days end.

By Stuart Reid