

# THE FARMER

*Jim Barton*

He works these fields like a man possessed  
of demons that none can know;  
and where he steps, the land lights up,  
and the green, green grasses grow.

He toils and sweats 'til the sun goes down,  
then he turns and walks back home;  
down a path as worn as his hopes and dreams  
and as dry as his life alone.

She left him cold ten years ago  
as the winter winds did blow;  
he's worked these fields like a man obsessed,  
where the green, green grasses grow.

The only stone in this farmer's field  
sits beneath a persimmon tree;  
and every year the tree bears fruit,  
that's as bitter as can be.

Beneath that stone lies the farmer's heart,  
now broken in the ground;  
he bows his head and wipes his eyes  
and makes a mournful sound.

Someday he knows he'll be planted here  
where the winter winds will blow;  
and the bitter fruits fall upon the ground  
where the green, green grasses grow.