

KRONIA
Peace and Plenty

It is said that in another age
there was no weight carried by one
and not another, each man being

equally bound by work and leisure;
on the day of remembrance
the farm hands sit leg to leg

with the sons of the master,
the smell of grain still scenting
their sun-hardened skin.

The gentry talk gently
to the slaves sitting in silence,
each one as solitary as

the shaft of wheat just unfolded
to the sun and reaching upward
in the brief time before

the winds come and carry
the seed back to the ground.
At the end of the day the child

will again be taken from the father,
the lover from his love.

The sons are friendly but the slaves

say nothing at the communal table
where the wine glistens
and the master sits, presiding.

Susan M. Whitmore