

Champ Pastoral

by Bruce Robinson

*Il faut chanter un chant pastoral,
Invoquer Pan, dieu du vent d'été.*
- Pierre Louÿs

He looks across the field
toward the house, the adjacent buildings,
looks across the fence
without expression.

Beyond the fence, the house,
and its adjacent buildings, the fields
are an unstable tincture
of antiseptic silver.

Il marche dans la plaine immense,
among his cattle looking
across the house and the adjacent buildings
across the darkening fields and fence

or what's left of them
without expression. Looks at me
as well, but I've never
been able to read that kind of look.

He walks across the mud toward
the house, and its adjacent buildings;
Is that - *the dark fields of the republic*
are squelching silver and they're tumbling off

the house and the adjacent buildings -
your car in my road?