

## Stubble Field

At the corner of the stubble-field  
a solitary oak  
glows in the winter mid-day sun  
as though thrilled to host  
the sixty or so yellowhammers  
arrived from who knows where  
which light its wizened branches  
then, in handfuls, dare  
dart back and forth to the ground  
gleaning what grain they can  
before the tractor drags the plough in  
to turn the earth again,  
leaving the wild flock nothing  
but one another, and flight  
far over further hungry fields,  
out of sight, out of sight, out of sight.

