

**Mark Belair**

**Crossing the Field**

His wool sweater with its lingering aroma  
of wood fire, his brown boots laced up tight,  
his cloth coat unbuttoned to the clear cold,  
his leather gloves taut, his brimmed cap snug,  
a strapped suitcase in tow: a farm boy,  
in bygone years, leaving home. Ahead of him  
a wide expanse of snow, empty of any landmark,  
a distant line of trees all that beckons, the field  
he crosses an ice shelf that crunches, a sound  
that fills him with a feeling he knows is new,  
one born of the blue sky and the barren expanse  
and his open mind, a feeling that renders him  
alert that he's alive, in motion, the winter landscape  
a dreamscape of pure, undifferentiated hope that hints,  
as of yet, at none of the intimate intricacies  
that will ensnare, entangle, and enrapture him  
in the scented field days of a city spring.

## Places

There are places I dwell in  
each day without knowing

which will bear witness  
to my death, a location

I'll look to — if I'm conscious —  
and allow: *So it's you.*

Of course, I may also die  
on unfamiliar land.

Yet even the strangest place  
I'll watch

watching me leave, whispering  
to this new surface

of the old, inviting, departing earth:  
*Glad to have known you.*