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## Yielding to the Harvest

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## YIELDING TO THE HARVEST

Soybeans yielding to autumn's advance.  
Yellow-blotched fields of rust,  
    stubby redwood, and pasteled brown.  
Yellow and green mottled fields fading,  
    yet clinging to summer  
    slowly yielding  
Chlorophyll saying reluctant  
    goodbyes.

Rows  
    dipping  
    through grassed waterways and sloughs  
Their seeded grasses stem tall above  
    the beaned, leafless stalks  
Rows cresting and falling,  
    curving then ending at fencerows and boundaries  
Stylized rows,  
    their uniformity interrupted by protruding foreign growth  
    (alien species still green  
    thriving in the unintended hospitality of the rows  
    and persisting through cultivations).

Flat rows, rolling rows,  
    straight rows, contoured rows.  
Row beside row,  
    eternal.

What joy the harvest!  
Billions of pod-wombed beans  
    nearing birth  
Great harvesters - red ones, green ones,  
    orange ones - arrive in the fields,  
Reeling through the rows  
Hungrily sickling,  
Gobbling scores of podded stalks  
    each second.

Pods shatter, clatter,  
    threshed from the stems,  
    threshed from their life source during summer's growth.  
Now birthed from their pods,  
    the yellow-brown beans continuously cascade  
    into the harvester's hopper,  
    tiny black eyes in their first sunlight  
    squinting.

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