

The farm wife looks up at the cosmos

by [Shari Wagner](#) in the [November 25, 2015](#) issue

When it's too nice to nap indoors, I take
an old knotted comforter to the back edge
of the garden, near tomato leaves I crush
for a last whiff of summer. Crickets chorus
round me and the combine's racket turns
to a purr the barn cats pick up, settling
near my head. It's then I look up at the cosmos,
struck by their petals, mandarin orange
against blue sky. The underside shines
radiant as monarch wings or the stained glass
of sun through tissue paper. Resting
by County Road N 400 W, I forget
laundry on the line, supper to fix.
For hours I've been napping. Now I am awake.