

probability
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First Place, Poetry

You're walking across the hay field
when the dogs fetch another rabbit's head.

You believe they've been hunting
bodies sleek straws

leaping through rain rotted grains
scaring the buzzards and cowbirds.

Last night you flashed the Ford's headlights
down the driveway to a point
where wild grasses and onions abandoned their gloss
ears of corn in husks lay drying.

No eyes returned the flare
but this morning—a gift.

After counting rows
you again steer the tractor through waist-high stalks.

Heads or tails spin under the plowshares
you will not predict in which direction.