

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.