

my first visit to their farm.
my aunt took me into the hen house to gather eggs.
surrounded by brooding hens
and hen house smells and hen house noise
all i wanted to do was leave.

i told her there were more of them than us.
i was sure they did not see it as
just gathering eggs.

her smile was not the type of smile
that would make me remember childhood bravery.
instead i remember how desperately
long it takes to fill an egg basket.

into the hen house.
wf.h.
2024