

## **OVERHEARD IN THE BARN**

I don't believe what the wind says  
the lies it scoops  
from dust and bonfire

words torn like leaves in fall  
scattered and blown  
to fly over the hill  
gathered by a farmer a mile away  
stored for winter when he needs  
something to discuss with his cows

I let the wind drop forgotten words  
and turn my back on falsehood

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