

The Barn



By Brandy Hale 2024

As the winds gathered the once faint cries on the prairie, the ones from memories of distant past they slowly came to a cyclone, swirling together, jumbling the noise. The tears of men losing their land, their family, their hope. The tears of women, watching the tears of men. As those winds gathered she sat silently against the backdrop of that noise. Her once proud frame sagging now from the years of Gods anguish that has fallen over her. The silhouette still there but shifted, distorted, just out of focus. She is still noticed but seen differently. Sturdy and strong and can still weather the storm but only just that. No longer quite good enough. To intentionally tear her down would be a sin. No, instead we shall ignore her and let her rot, decomposing back into the earth from which she came. Ashes to ashes. Dust to dust. To simply fade into the background is simply unjust.