OLD FENCES

In wheat fields along the Bear River, old fences poke above the snow. Gray, split, broken, they mark boundaries meaningless to any creature but the humans who built them. Even those, when dead, have no use for fences, nothing left to keep in or out.

Fences never kept the moon out of the rye, and barbed wire never stopped a bull. What’s a fence to crow or coyote? Imagine water refusing to cross a line. Imagine snakes looking for the gate.

Still, I admire a well-built fence, a hopeless detail in cosmic time.