

## **Agnes Vojta – Two Poems**

### **June Morning at Cook Station**

The day is pregnant with heat.  
In a few hours, the kids will ride  
their bikes to the swim hole,  
jump in the water, splash and holler.  
Now the only sound is birdsong.

At the General Mercantile,  
the Closed sign hangs crooked  
beside a faded Pepsi poster.  
The wooden word Canoes  
still points toward the river.

On the façade of the bank,  
the ornamental brick crumbles.  
Paint peels from the frames  
of the arch windows.  
Weeds have conquered the porch.

Behind the trim white church,  
the grass has been cut.  
A rosebush blooms by the door.  
Under the walnut trees,  
a stone bench invites:  
sit and rest a while.

Honeysuckle hangs from the fences,  
heavy with fragrance.  
Spiderwort purples the ditch.  
Below the bridge, the water  
pools green and cool.

### **Today we burned the field**

It started small:  
one match,  
three orange tongues  
that licked the yellow grass

but then the fire grew,  
ate through the dried  
stems of last year's  
asters and coneflowers,  
devoured  
leaves, nibbled  
at the indigo bush –

a hungry beast  
that roared and reared up  
when it reached  
the switchgrass,  
made us shrink  
back from its fury.

A breeze awoke  
and drove the flames  
towards the neighbor's pasture.  
We raced to beat them  
into submission  
with heavy shovels.

Later, the last twigs  
curled in the ashes.  
Here and there  
nests of smoke  
still smoldered.

And high above,  
flocks of snow geese traveled  
northward. We heard  
their cries before our eyes  
could find them.

**Agnes Vojta** grew up in Germany and now lives in Rolla, Missouri where she teaches physics at Missouri S&T and hikes the Ozarks. She is the author of *Porous Land* (Spartan Press, 2019) and *The Eden of Perhaps* (Spartan Press, 2020), and her poems have appeared in a variety of magazines. Her website is [agnesvojta.com](http://agnesvojta.com).