

ROBERT HEDIN

The Generals at Sunrise

Think of them in the early mornings,
High up on their decks, standing watch
At the railings. LeMay, Westmoreland.

Think of them under the last stars,
Waiting for the first rooftops to flare,
Their ghostly breath rising over the lawns.

Think of them out there at that hour,
That cold ungodly hour before the dogs bark,
The trees wake, the birdbaths so quiet.

Where I Live

It's a big two-story, white clapboard farmhouse, pre-Civil War, with a sprawling wrap-around veranda, two shady magnolias in front, a widow's walk on top. Out one window there's a beautiful view of a battlefield, a cemetery out another. No one remembers who won, or even what war it was, but the casualties must've been heavy. Graves Registry has been at it for years. All day they march back and forth, from battlefield to cemetery, adding graves as they go. So many dead, so many shafts to fill. From the widow's walk you can see where they've turned the corn into crosses, whole fields of crosses, one bumper crop after another gleaming there under the early morning sun.



ROBERT HEDIN is the author, translator, and editor of nearly two dozen book of poetry and prose. *At the Great Door of Morning: Selected Poems and Translations* will be published by Copper Canyon Press in early 2017. He is the founder and former director of the Anderson Center, an artist retreat, in Red Wing, Minnesota.