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By Bill Stobb

Beyond three orange trucks
in a bright thaw south of Rochester
wild grasses overtake a state highway.
When I stop and step out

sand rides wind to my eye.
It's hostage release day
so I think the world has changed direction.
Freed Italian women

step back into their legs—
unterrified, remembered.
A thresher unstarts itself in the field.

These seed pods, grown through
the low shoulder, shrink
from purple to green and disappear.