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A Single Focus book announcement

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JAMES HEARST of Black Hawk county, Iowa, has a new book of poems out. (A Single Focus, Prairie Press, $4.50.) Jim is one of the few poets who sound as if they knew what farming is like. Try this, called “The Farmer’s Season.”

Yeah, spring, I know spring, the vernal season/ the chores of birth bathed with lilac’s perfume/but the lily’s gilt rubs off for the farmer’s son/ who keeps night-time vigils with mud and rain/and cold, Lord, what a way to inherit the earth/aren’t there other paths to life and the fullness/ thereof? All this pain and blood and struggle/for a new start, all this sweat and moan to bring forth, all this care, to clean nostrils and/let in air, to dry the body and warm the blood,/ to teach wobbly legs to stand, the mouth to suck/ Here I am alone at midnight with the rain for music, a bale of hay for my bed, a lantern/for light and for company an old sow with/a basket of pigs in her belly ready to deliver.