

Fields Trilogy: A. Agriculture

Hammers of Misfortune

Hands upon harrows
Heels in the weeds
Starving and harvesting
Down centuries
Pheasants in fields to be hunted and plucked
Such is their ration of sixpenny luck

Multinous Мужикс
Who mutter in tongues
They frighten the horses
Of fortunate sons
Absent the rustics, what have they become?
Only on Sunday their tears weakly run

More or less murder?
One simple order
It's just history's whisper
A secret to leave in the field
Hands upon harrows and heels in the weeds
Treason and guillotines, gallows and thieves

Angular hayseeds once furrowed this land
Picturesque reapers with skeletal hands
Proles are more portly now, mouths open wide
Tipping the scales we so kindly provide
Skeletal hands were our strata's delight
But oh so offensive on opening night