

## 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