

## **The Barn**

*Janet Ouellette*

Shingles loosened and falling  
Slats bowed with weathered indifference  
The barn overlooks the farmyard  
As if with studied interest.

Its fading red still clings tenaciously  
To the sides as if  
Resisting the benign neglect that  
The aging owners. offer.

The barn, like its masters, is  
Waging a losing battle against the elements.  
Their withered visages mirrored  
By the wearisome look of the building.

Who would gaze upon this barnyard  
And appreciate the resilience of the scene?  
Salt of the earth both person and place  
To be reclaimed with passage of time.

## **Ice Storm**

*Janet Ouellette*

Ice-coated limbs  
Felled in nature's pruning  
A terrible beauty  
In God's natural order  
Revealed a mighty display