

Crippled Crop

by **George Bailin** (April 2015)

What have you planted
that you should reap
a swelling harvest,
that steep hills of wheat
should rise around you?

oh, you shrink
back, back... you flee
the sight of bare
fields, you sink
despairing, crying
how scant the dry
shoots!

how shall the dazed bee
find a single yellow flower
among those wrecked roots?

ah, frail farmer,
what was sowing

accounts

for this parched hour?

how shall nectar ooze

from this arid ground?

it is justice,

justice pounding

its strong fist.

astounded, the bleached horizon.

this dear, dearest earth,

is blistered.

o, you,

you held it cheap.

George Bailin is a retired high school English teacher in the city of New York who taught as well in several colleges in the metropolitan area. He has published widely in many university literary magazines over the years. He is at work at on a novel which has implications for spiritual life. The founder of Seaport Poets & Writers Press, he will finish his book this summer. Like many others, he has been considering the the threat to international polity posed by nuclear weapons, especially those in the hands of triumphalists

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