Rusty Stone Silo

Christopher Schmersahl

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.murraystate.edu/crsw

Part of the Social Work Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://digitalcommons.murraystate.edu/crsw/vol7/iss2/19

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by Murray State's Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Contemporary Rural Social Work Journal by an authorized editor of Murray State's Digital Commons. For more information, please contact msu.digitalcommons@murraystate.edu.
Christopher Schmersahl

Rusty Stone Silo

Stone cracked silo circled by ruddy iron band—
I made it halfway up the orange rusted ladder
as a child, gripped with fear of where I’d land.

Whether it was phobia or reason dictating the matter,
my small white-knuckled hands descended from rung
to rung. I didn’t look down: just hands and thunking patter.

As fear began to leave, senses returned—horse dung:
the fragrance of a yellowed pasture at the base
of the stone cracked silo to which I’d clung.

I took the fourth bar from the bottom at a gentle pace,
but when I had three more to go, I jumped on down.
There was relief there and childish, earthly grace.

Now that I’ve left the pasture and silo, and grown,
I don’t wish for the climbing but the cracked silo of stone.