

Overshoes

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The freedom of the grain

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1 - Overshoes

Ron Koppelberger

Overshoes

He stepped in rhythm to his heartbeat and in guidance with the spirit of a tender yield. The bottom of the azure tintured sky hemmed an inky line against the horizon as what should be took shape and in perfect symphony the overshoes squeaked against the grain, laying and bending in damp rain laden soils of gain, saffron underfoot and wheat, amber wheat stalks tickled the short hairs on his wrists. The mud sloshed between the rows and the overshoes protected his feet, cool in wherefores the wind traced across his brow as he tramped the fields, as he made his way to the roots of Eden, the ancient Hyacinth alliance, trees wheat and ancient sylvan will. He moved forward to what was an epoch in arrival, a blossom in briar and honey, a bloom in slumber of delights and blessings of old; he stepped in overshoes to the edge of dandelion will and flowered sunshine bond. His overshoes, his galoshes protected his feet and the sanctity of his quest in simple undying passion. The field of wheat and saffron revealed a dandelion bloom and in good company, bewildering revolt, he gamboled a peek, a tiny peek. Harmonies of lore filtered down from the heavens and he witnessed a miracle, a child, fresh, bloodied by birth, borne unto the world a female child, a dandelion.