

# In the Fields

## Sara Hickman

In the fields where we laid our heads  
Dog barking to the heat of the beating sun  
Hot ground, sweet ground a feeling of fever in the air  
Kissing the nape of your neck, sighing colors  
Breaking sticks into heartsick flaming wordsIn the fields making love  
The luck of the Irish tucked between your toes  
Love's debt pays regret, in months I begin to show  
Dressing as a car drives by gasping buzzards  
Turning time into a lover's rhyme  
Pressed between the pages of my heartIn the fields where are you?  
Are you hiding yourself there still?  
Oh in the fields where are you?  
Are you hiding yourself in a city of weeds?  
Are you hiding yourself in a city of glass?  
In a city of glassIn the fields tripping on  
Pushing through the barbs to reach the greener side  
It was years ago we let each other go  
To follow the paths of our dreamsSometimes I carry the memory, full time  
Delivering the spitting image of you  
Eyes burn and I live at peace  
I did what I had to do and you, and you, and youOh in the fields where are you?  
Are you hiding yourself there still?  
Oh now in the fields where are you?  
Are you hiding yourself in a city of weeds?  
Are you hiding yourself in a city of glass?In the fields where are you?  
Are you hiding yourself there still?  
Oh in the fields where are you?  
Are you hiding yourself in a city of weeds?  
Are you hiding yourself in a city of glass?  
In a city of glassTime waits for no one  
And I've lost track of you

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