

Alyssa Gutierrez

A Long Summer in Denmark

It was a long summer in Denmark, on the Jutland peninsula
Under the cerulean sky, my city shoes acquainted with soil
As they followed a sleepy village road, it was Havrisvej
There sat the Pedersens' long red farmhouse, of sturdy brick
Inside, mahogany wood creaked under wool-covered footsteps
Chevron linens spread across the children's beds, preserved in time
but the children had long since grown and gone away

My leather jacket was soon replaced by a practical barn coat
A young man took my hand, and he was much taller than I
He guided me across the fields, sharing his life and memories
And the swallows nest, a secret tucked away in the tool shed
Tall grass danced, dotted with blue flowers, with each wind gust
And the white mare retreated to her stable at evening's arrival,
Each of those sunsets bringing the wheat closer to harvest

The stillness of the farm acted with its own resounding force
We draped old quilts over ourselves, as the sky faded to black
There was no light, but the focused beam of the moon
There was no sound, but the symphony of crickets
I imagined the forest nearby must be alive and well in the night
I pulled the quilt a bit further up to my chin, for protection
From the cold (and maybe I had a tiny fear of wolves)

I awoke to the breeze on my face, like a sweet mother's touch
I had my hand in the young man's, sharing my life and memories
We pushed our way through the tall grass, as the sun peaked
It struck me, a mixture of childlike wonder, and mature readiness

(Why did I feel like I was at home, in such a foreign place?)
I felt a wholeness, comfort radiating through my woven fingers
Love

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love