

## Woodland Grain Terminal



*Phillip Barron*

Pin straight silos, packed  
    two by two down the block,  
cut the late daylight  
    in the parking lot down  
to dim like fire. The white  
    Freightliner grinds brake plates  
while the weight of its hunger  
    crunches gravel, leaving  
only dust and the chirring  
    of floodplain grains falling hard  
against the food grade lining  
    of a hollowed out train car,  
a grain hopper, bearing the words  
    Rice Growers of America