

**DISCOGRAPHY: THE BAND***Robert Gibb*

Not only “King Harvest (Has Surely Come)”  
But the whole brown autumn album

Brings that weather across the years,  
From then to whatever now it’s played in,

The rows of corn from that October  
Running west again beyond my windows,

The sun at the end of the trestle burning  
Each day down, frost in the stubble,

The thistles’ stiff bursts. That swirling,  
Cadent gust of notes, “Cooorn in the fields,”

The vowel drawn out, train-whistle mournful,  
The wind across the water in the song.

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I lived right by the tracks in Lyons Station:  
A big, white, weathered Victorian

That still sat squarely on its cellars  
In the fall of 1969, the album just released

And on the turntable daily, through the last  
Fairs of the season and King Frost Parade,

The lights coming on now in the early dark.  
*Yoknapatawpha Rock*, one critic called it,

The music the map to the territory.  
Then November and the pheasants delving,

All iridescence, into their maze of thickets.  
My first snug, acoustic, crop-rhythmed year.

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Old blues, ragtime, country—I'd been given  
The keys to the kingdom, I thought,

And that the last notes struck on the album  
(Moon-wracked waters, horse gone mad)

Needn't have the final say. Decades later,  
Levon said the group had foundered

On their Great Divide before the record  
Ever came out. Early betrayals, later deaths,

The barns burned like bridges behind them...  
I could rattle off a litany of my own,

The Promised Land now lost to the lot of us,  
But not in the romp through the songs.