

So Many Important Things were Lost at Night

So many important things were lost at night.
Laughter fled, sifting through foundational cracks,
breaking glass, shards left only bits of shattered light.

Too much and not enough hushed reason's chime aside,
when left unattended on an abandoned set of tracks,
so many important things were lost at night.

One half was spilled, one half absorbed in delight,
a floor made of melting ice-now lost, translucent past.
Breaking glass, shards left only bits of shattered light.

Fire took to yellow curtains, out of sight
smells of yellow smoke stayed, walls peeling in repose
so many important things were lost at night.

We were never children, just dust and broken kites,
given wings of gold that shimmered as they crashed,
breaking glass, shards left only bits of shattered light.

Shut your eyes sister, sister shut them too tight-
we mustn't hear the things we've seen proceeding too fast.
So many important things were lost at night,
breaking glass, shards left only bits of shattered light.

Chain Harrow

I know more of building fences,
than fostering affection.

Four boards,
two posts,
 relief that comes
 in pounding a hammer
 driving nails into warped wood.

I've closed myself within
 fields of alfalfa and clover,
 my daddy's voice echoing
 of seed and growth.
When his sound is gone,
I'll know more of baling hay
 than behavior expected of a proper woman.

I know and hear the harrow's grinding song,
 the tractor's hum of dust.
I long, more
 for blistered hands
 eased by a cold aluminum can
 than kisses under summer rain.

I smell the smolder of burning brush
 when I put this coat on-
I feel thorns embedded in the arms,
 sticks in my hair.
I know more of sweat and smoke
 than bodies lying in naked moonlight.

I know when to plow.
I know when to plant.

I know more of land
 and lonely,
 than rapture rendered beneath
 barn roofs.

The Unlacing

I see myself in wheat
and boots. Underneath
a sun that never needs
to leave my face.

I set fire to these fields.
In the smoke of burning cedar-
my smile simmers. Rising,

I spin within my own flames.
Dance about the fragments,
sparks and bits of crackling root-
white pine, the rest to me
in grove unknown.

I am wheat,
I am leather boots.

I lay my head upon the hard Earth
borrowing back the heat and strength
I gave to her all day.

My ear to the warm dirt-I found
my own inflection
in the sounds of foraging-forgot
to miss the rotten stems of you.

Only here, in maternal soil-fervor
you are nothing,
and the stillness does not stare.

Each unfortunate moment is eaten,
eagerly swallowed, dissolving
in a stomach of space. I unlace

these leather boots.

I trace the tributaries-red creeks
of these wrists,
that pulse which moves
these fingers open

until they reach for nothing.