

I ONCE CRACKED OPEN THE EARTH

i once cracked open the earth. pleaded clay & rock to bear
children. & over its bones without worm or root

acquired a father's shovel & kneaded life back
into the dead. it wasn't easy.

each hand like blood-warm rakes welcomed new soil.
& made a stubborn ground collapse into

small riverbeds but no river. i funeraled
each seed to rest. such tiny slices of moon. or perhaps

a metaphor for womb & how the body can be a sky
to hold the stars. then the hose nozzle made a good rain.

& grieving & motherhood were forgotten. watched
the sun keep the sunken warm. a tomb learning to be

a home. how children too outgrow their own safety.
& sprout to ambition themselves into the tallness of a cloud.