

GARDENER

I dig the earth,
pushing my spade between roses.

I sift for weeds,
rubbing old roots

between my thumb and fingers.
Earth clogs my nails

and the cracks
in my knuckles.

I dig the earth,
reburying bulbs.

Pushing their crackled skins
into warmth.

I squeeze them
through layers of slate.

Digging deeper into dust
and ashes,

through blood
and bone,

I pull myself under the earth -
and wait.