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## Dirt

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Poetry

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## About the Contributor (Optional)

Elise has written poetry for as long as she can remember, drawing inspiration from her parents and one younger brother and from the various cultures she has experienced as her family moved with the air force. She studies English and Graphic Design at Cedarville University.

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## **Dirt**

*Elise Parson*

Fill dirt, free, fill your  
Truck-bed, trailer-bed,  
Barrows, pails.  
I can't bring it to you, and I wouldn't:  
It is yours to accept the  
Worm-holes, toad-holes,  
Gravel, sand,  
And all the mixture of living  
Space and dying space  
Dug from veins of corn-land,  
Rich with relics  
(Bean-roots, wheat-roots,  
Cornstalks, corn,)  
Sifted and mixed  
In the sparkling silt of centuries.  
Take it and you take the  
Plow-marks, foot-marks,  
Weed seeds, dust,  
And the broken bodies of maple leaves  
Rinsed bit by bit by rusty well water  
Underneath my  
Farmhouse, farm shed,  
Rec-room, home.  
Crush it in your hands and feel  
The shift of history and the warm life  
Of the weed seeds,  
Yours,  
Because today I have enough.