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Dirt

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Dirt

Description

Poetry

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About the Contributor

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.

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.