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Dig

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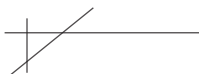
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sophie o'brien

DIG

Darling, please. Get your hands
out of the mud. Pull your body
from the clay.
What do you expect to find in the garden?
The pansies certainly won't
thank you for scooping soil from beneath
them, leaving their tiny tentacles
exposed and suffocating.
Will you discover a pure and perfect power hidden
among the peonies? Secrets told only in
petunia whispers?
Dear, I don't understand the dirt
on your breath or the dust that dries
in cracks on your skin.
You made the sandbox your bed when I protested
rocks in the sheets and worms in your pockets,
but I never asked you to leave.
Darling, please take your eyes from the earth,
stop picking through your private pile of
cigarette butts, quartz crystals, and dead leaves.
Search the sky instead;
savour the sweet strawberry sunset and hold
the lightness of a lark's song
between your fingers.
Put down your rusty trowel and let me lead you from the garden.