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## Pork Sausage

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## PORK SAUSAGE

Deep into winter the old farmer undoes  
his tie and limps down into the storm cellar.  
there rummaging among the hanging beds  
and jars in dusty cartons, he unearths  
the sausages, the dolls he stuffed  
last spring, who sit up wide-eyed  
    as mummies awakened from their slabs,  
and holding one high, a fresh lung,  
    moth by the wing for a lantern,  
together they go off once again,  
the mannikins toddling behind him  
exploring the marbled passages,  
the tapering fingers of a stream  
underneath his fields. meanwhile  
the old tedder begins drumming  
its fingers in the soggy orchard  
where it was thrown last year,  
and his wife struck behind the ear  
    by the smears of butter  
that come and go before the clouds claps  
for her cockerpoo she just sheared for spring,  
who runs in and out the screen door  
barking at the mound of hair she threw  
in the back yard, curled under the tree.