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## A Lesser Domesday Book

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# MICHAEL PETERSON

## *A Lesser Domesday Book*

*"... and there was no single hide nor virgate of land left out and not put down to record."*

• 1085 of the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*

When the scribe bored the answer became a seam,  
an account not of a field but the riddle of a farmer gone forward  
to go between two shores over and over, his sheep a wolf a cabbage  
without motion on gothic land turning over, sent recto on waves  
on vellum swinging over, the farmer brought his sheep at the time  
the account swung over seen by a wolf who watched the boat go  
to the verso shore, the wolf beside the greens knocked over and  
accounts stayed, the gothic hand held over until county by county  
redeemed in full by beast or spade, the farmer his sheep across  
the wolf the cabbage, swinging their heads to seam to see the  
ferry swing back, the farmer's backward motion across the motion  
of lands transferring over eyes toward shore, below the census  
turning up who's left and what a soul might do, a holy order  
turned over in the hand, a kind of handmade hell that rule.