Winter 2009

A Lesser Domesday Book

Michael Peterson
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.