

[everything I don't want to think about is buried in the fields of an old, abandoned] FARM  
Risa Mykland

There are layers of mud  
beneath the meadow.  
I love digging,  
but only until I get tired.

Everything still buried can  
rot until it  
decomposes & ferments.

I will do whatever I can  
with my gentle trowel  
to avoid anything deeply entombed.

When my digging gets close,  
I carefully count down to midnight  
and light a candle  
at first church bell.

I am not my trauma.  
I am everything I hide it with.

Give me water & dirt.  
I will whisper secrets that no longer hurt me.  
I learned in nursery rhymes to give  
only to the growing crop,  
not the mud underneath.  
Nectarines grow  
in the field  
just for me  
to swallow whole  
and spit back the pit.

Juice drips into my shirt and the soil.  
It can hurt to be known.