

[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.