

Joe Santa Maria

"Harvest"

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As I touched the soil I felt they taught me to feel
And as I watched the sun I saw what they taught me to
see
And as I smelled the air I smelled what they taught me
to smell
But as I swallowed the lake I felt nothing for these was
nothing they
Taught me

I don't belong to where I come from
With veins like roots reaching no water

I judge myself for being victim
I curse them for what they have taught me
I blame the gods for not intervening
I curse myself for judging the gods

I'm not bound to the hammer
I don't need a shepherd
What I need is spittle
From the serpent

As long as I've pulled my plough upon frozen soil
I was tormented by feelings of senselessness
But now the the ravens' rise - this is my harvest!
I see the boiling blood-fountains out of a reawakening
earth!

May my muscles be ashes
To become one with the soil
May my excusing body
Fertilize the future grounds

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