

Liz Durrett

"Husk"

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There's a gulf at the edge of the yard
And the husk of a she'd and a garden
It's the virus that swells in the grass
It's the ration that stays with the water

There's a boy with his back to the porch
There's a root in a jar on the floor
It's the field that is tied to his ankle
It's the fodder that sticks to the table

There's the ghost of a beast in the woods
And the trace of a shell in the dirt
It's the path to the place where he lay
It's the look of a crow on the grave

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