

Anathallo

"Hanasakajijii (Four: A Great Wind, More Ash)"

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Yesterday, the land went dry.
I sprinkled ash of my neighbor's urn
Over the yard.

Sprinkled in the hope
That should I cut out
A pie wedge,
I would find gold.
Buried in the ground
Between the grass and growth.

Instead, the earth skin cracking
And a great wind, more ash,
Slivers of the ground burning in the eyes
Of ones, who, standing there...

Long ago, when it all began
The dog would dig the ground
And whisper, "Master, come to the garden.
By your hand to the spade, cut away behind your
house.

Cut away for coins. Cut away to the buried..."

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