# The Shape You Make

there is a certain awkward arc

your body makes, bending to the earth—

feet firmly planted on the path

the dirt, loose and black

your hands rake the soil, finger stones

probe deep along weed roots, pull hard

with fingertip and thumb flesh and break

clumps of clay to mix with sand

your back is sore, yet it holds

the curve of muscle to the ground

your toes curl for balance

the brain in some kind of trance

undisturbed, for the moment, clear

I like this shape you make here

sweat running a little from your brow

your eyes working ahead of your hands

your thoughts maybe picking carrots,

maybe cutting a salad in August

maybe cursing an early frost

*from “understories”*