

Earthbound

by Laura D. Weeks

Why this sudden lust?
 Desire gone dormant, frozen
 in its bed by overwintered limbs
 half-primed to bite the dust—we sprout
 an unexpected love of gardening.

Our house is built, bought up
 by years of grubbing in the trenches
 hoping to hit pay dirt.
 Why this sudden itch to pull up stakes,
 go searching for new digs?

Scattered our small stock
 of wit—advice no longer needed.
 Our once captive audience
 flowered and flown, hence we hunger
 to commune with a tomato.

Humid hands revel in discovery—
 shard and stone, shell and bone,
 a buried wedding ring
 Our fingers sift through immortalities
 as through a catalog.

And still soil speaks to us
 in some forgotten tongue
 heard *in utero*—familiar, urgent,
 More intimate than childhood
 when we dug halfway to China.

We come away spent
 yet satisfied,
 with little more in hand than this:
 Wings for the seedling. Fire for the fertile.
 Loam for the old.