

View of a Voyeur

by Sandi Keaton-Wilson

In custom old as dirt
He shares the need,
Positions himself in familiar squat
To run probing fingers through the soil,
To cup the weight of sod in palm
In ancient foreplay.
He breathes deeply
To smell for fertility
In preparation for planting his seed
Deep in Mother Earth
For the signs show it's time
In the shadow of the moon.