

Spades

by Peter Erich

Went digging and
ran into pretty much all
the secret letters
ever dreamed up

Found them broken in
black loam
sharp halves of
stubbled ink in the mud
air pockets in tar-pits

Went digging and
learned the earth was the gold

Pass this on to the next generation
there is enough love for you too

Each last breath cures the land

