

BRENT HOUSE

Augur of Tine

The will of the tine shall break the soil into lines of seed
seeds small as beads of sweat to roll & neaten our broken soil
to dicotyl a simple sequence laid in a scribbled bed I grow
& I grow restless the ruff collars darken as rust on barbs
through a soft gullet

Our world should root between the scapula of my father
white & able to trail as thorns & thistles on new ground

as sunlight against jubilee rinds of early summer.

& implements I hold riches in ridges of friction
in ridges of tin & riches in these ridges of soil

I shall hasten seeds & follow
he shall break & I shall hasten

a foramen of soil just as a son breaks the gloss of paint with a

Lord thy soil

to rise from plumules
my father labor & louanges
thirst passes as a trenchant blade

& rifts of loam
& rifts of flesh.

& flow as a pine under a spring of salt
on soil we will hold as tendrils
as bodies
rebound
to pine
wood

Under shadow
& riches
so

a furrow

finger to write a name on a crossbeam
so spring shall be full as a scarecrow with holes of small caliber.

thick flesh of a morning womb
shimmers of hot iron ripen as clouds of harvest dew

as roots of longleaf our seed shall grow

the soil is tined

& scalds of noon

& vines shall yield their fruit.