

the pickaxe

the pickaxe we used
to carve the curvilinear trench
for our cob house sleeps

behind the rock pile
like some prehistoric bird
beak down
in the red clay

it is trying to escape
the sounds
of engines and clocks
and the voices
in radios and telephones

but we haven't forgotten
that our hands
are its wings

and we will use it again
flying without machines
into the earth

from *Mudsong*