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

fingert 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.