

River Planter

by Richard Hague

He hauls his sprung, mauled
body from bed:
that old external pet
whose age, like mange, moves slowly
down the muzzle
and rims the red, wet eyes.
The pain is complete, familiar.

But today, he will force
himself to rise, and to plant
deeply, deep in his gone wife's lands,
and her body will round
around seed, turning black.

Because of the one dream he knows,
his sowing is circles, not rows:
not like the land flows, but like water.