

Digging Out

what's hard is separating dirt from poptop earwig cellophane girdle chair nozzle oxalis hair headboard. after rain a Kilpatrick's bread wrapper lies in folds of velvet soil. your fingernails should know the true history of dirt but it's never that easy, you think the yard is tar paper it flaps into crow, call it crow it bleaches out magnolia, once you understand blossom it stiffens, cow skull with many unexplored hollows. if you had simply made a clean fast sweep of it you would have missed that glint of aqua tile, there has never been an eye so Aegean, so lagoon a gaze.

Tool Chest

A tool is a thing that you use to change another thing.

I've never been good with tools.

It is a way of growing your hand into another or third hand. This one will be stiffer, more resistant and at first clumsy, but its mass gives it advantage over flaps of skin. For as long as you hold it in your hand it is your hand.

*I liked it better with two.
Three hands makes me lonely.
This metal calculates.
I can't count higher than twins.
I feel sleepy or I think it's lunchtime.*

Think of it this way. The sea otter floats on its back on a pillow of waves, cracking the shell of an abalone against a stone on its chest. Floating, eating, the otter with its shadowy fur takes into itself the soft abalone body while the stone, gray or pink or cream, becomes a second heart, contented, drifting slowly through liquid, salt and hair, drowsing from pulse to pulse.

*I could sleep here, in the darkness under this house,
but the cord of my droplight snakes back toward power.
I use for the first time a crowbar and must devise
my own ways with it, never knowing how this shaft without
wings or beak got its name but I will prod, pull, pry, push
from my shoulders till the ancient, nail-eaten wood
drops off, hits the dust and the dark explodes with spiders*

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