

UNEARTHING THE GOOD

After the solid world is tested and found true,
you'll putz about in your garden, poke around for the real.
Maybe you'll even dig your way back to Vermont,
come out the earth on the other side;
all this shoveling to get back to where you began.

Where you are born lives in you no matter where
you end up. You could move thousands of miles away
and still the moose trudges through salt wallows
lumbers through your dreams, snapping the foliage of thought.

Hop-sotch through the past and something always shows up:
a child, your daughter, the one you anxiously waited for,
arrives at the end of someone's destination, broken,
but fixed after much harm. Your shovel is a way
to get through things, a way to dig back what's good.

-Dianna Henning