I want to fold
this poem
into the soft earth
gently
seeding dark loam imagination
with my desire for words
that will break ground
rise green
seeking sunlight
sustenance, nurture.
I want this poem to be
a soul in the act of telling
all its holy secrets; but some years
the poetry is sparse
spare
stripped of desire
or even inexorable need --
shedding dreams of sun
it emerges
sharp as the serpent’s tooth
an unintended harvest
harrowed for war
thorn-armored, ready for battle.