Add water to earth stir by hands until gloved with mud let dry wriggle earthworm fingers to crack grayness peel off larger flakes yelp with pull of arm hair or use stick to stir broth in old pot or discarded can walk barefoot especially in mornings when earth is dew cooled and after rains pause to feel soil in soft places between toes claim wooden corn crib (if empty) as play house or tie string around even spaced elms in wind break pulling pungent weeds for clean dirt floors spend hour watching apple green inch worm on twig visit Little Bill’s grave (he went mad so we shot him) use crates for stove and furniture up grade to off season fish houses try to tame captured field mouse in bucket for pet sneak cheese mourn its death sometimes eschew “houses” for baking in full sun or in shade of cottonwood in yard discover old tea kettle sucked in puddle pull tug let younger sister tug pull SLURP! suction breaks sister smack sits in mud (laugh. cry.) abandon freed kettle by puddle get clean panties pour mud into muffin tins and pie plates let dry decorate with rocks (those with fossils or pebble smooth preferred) risk wrath of Hank by gleaning grain for sale or cattle feed for garnish use violets clover daisies in season as will vary grayness by collecting ripe horse nettle and nightshade berries mash to red gold jam in mud free pan flavor with remaining drops in Crème de Menthe bottle found in junk pile near pig pen (hogs are such boozers) ask cousin who will die of cancer in a decade to taste (he refuses) discover adults still play in mud but call it gardening and use old tea kettles as watering cans.