

The Farmer's Dirt

*mai, France 1994
for dad*

At the *gite*
 in memory
 of the kiss,
 we scratch at the earth
in some farmer's field.
Squatting, two women
with stones,
digging, scratching
at the crust-
gratter, scraping
soil—
piling
 it into a baggie
to carry home
to anoint the farmer's grave
with what remembers
best.

Rhea Côté Robbins