The Farmer’s Dirt

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