

Woven Hand, Last Fist

what are you about
say something secret
in an old order hush
trouble and suffering in a lovely rhythm
a homespun clapboard blackstrap thrush

devoted loyal
undertake the toil
beware of what come natural
undertake the spoil
in a fist

it was cruel
and it came all too natural
as a younger child
a headstrong folklore strawrifle crutch
thresh a crop defiles

in a fist full of sand
it came natural in a fist
full of land