

TODD DAVIS

April Poem

Holmes County, Ohio

In the book that rests in my lap, Issa notes
passing geese, Basho the scroll of clouds.

The calligrapher's brush paints the dark
edge of a spring storm while Amish turn

the earth—thud of draft horses' hooves,
sound of plow striking stone. Two women,

heads covered, travel by buggy to town
where they will buy fabric for the dresses

they sew. Somewhere behind the hill's shadow
Tu Fu laughs, draws a line in the dirt, composes

a poem about cherry blossoms pitched in the wind,
their petals clinging to fresh horse dung.