

Well Water / Laura Jensen

for TGB

The ground has seemed to know more thirst
than the short hair on its back called grass,
ruffling to it more now, suspicious
of drought and whispers through it, wind,
closer to a pet of wet feathers,
when the ground gets more than the grass.

The swallow would like to help us all.
He watches us walk and has never
mistaken a path for a river.
But it seems that excitement makes him sad;
that he has a troubled memory;
that he is too happy about flight.

The stone fountain, deep and hollow,
is a shady green mystery by a path,
made to be entered by a face.
This is how it was in winter.
This is how it was in spring.

A large puddle has already drowned
some of the yellow weeds,
and night has hollowed out a darkness
we remember too often, ghosting it
with headlights, water witching anywhere,
anywhere, and with a turkey wishbone.

What you took in apples I took in handfuls
from a watering can,
the well water meant for the flowers.
The smell of the gravel is as it should be.
The rain is ahead of me already on the path.