

BREAKING GROUND

And now it has risen,
The shovel,
Out of the earth.
And now it has fallen
Out of my hands.

This is the first shovelful
I have taken
From this, the first planet
I have inhabited.

The architect comes up
And points to nothing but empty space.
Does he see the skyscraper
The rest of us imagine?

I don't know,
But the ground has been broken,
And a window appears
From nowhere, alone in the sky,
And through it
I can see the sun rising.

There is even
A small round of applause
As I step into the hole I have dug
And spread out my arms
To provide what shade I can
For those
Who are gathering around me.