

*Kim Davis*

THUMBPRINT ON ESTATE PAPERS

*in memory of Janet Davis (1933-1994)*

A colabrown whorl I had to taste  
on what are now your estate papers—  
yes, you were eating chocolate

on a hot day. How like you  
who spent the money Dad left  
on what's-his-name and all those gowns

still ballroom dancing in my closet.  
At your funeral the aunts told how  
you left the tractor rolling to chase a moth.

But I picture you riding high  
rattling and shaking atop baler and rake  
clanking over the scraggy ground.

You double clutch with bare dirty feet  
your toes spreading to reach the pedals  
jouncing on your patched jeans seat.

At the end of the pass I see you spin  
the thin iron wheel with the cool delight  
of a sportscar driver, half out of control,

swerving around, and then reeling true  
to a plan so absurdly larger than you—  
a perfect thumbprint from three miles up.