

Carole Itter

Two and a Half

Two and a half, stark naked
you hurl your pale thin body
into the trench I just dug,
preparing the soil for spring's
compost and manure;
hollering & giggling
BURY ME!! BURY ME!!
rolling & wiggling
in the warm earth, you
shout it out in glee.

I put down my shovel,
lean into the trench
pick you out, filthy
with dirt, say never,

Well, Bury you I did. Age 22.
Me hollering this time round.

--March 1998