

PLOT OF GROUND

I don't want to hear anymore
pioneer-hard-time-Johnny-come-lately stories.
I went in to work in the city every day
and put this place together
in my spare time. Mistakenly
I had a well witted and drilled
on someone else's land. I fought
with neighbors over power easements.
Nearly lost my best friend
over some petty property dispute.
Had mice eat everything not canned
or bottled, snakes crawl up
through my rough plumbing
scaring the hell out of me.
Lost my best four-hundred pound brood sow
to coyotes just before she was to farrow.
Had my favorite dog shot by neighbors
as a chicken killer.
Watched my hand-dug cesspool cave in
during the hardest rain in twenty years.
Watched the roof of my new house blow off
in a hundred-mile-an-hour Santa Anna.
Had my wife and children leave
because we were only half living
in a sad garage.
Watched the very edge of clouds
nudge the bottom of my driveway
while the stark black mountains
cradled the full moon and thunderheads
flashing with multicolored lightning.
There are blue-veined flowers here
smaller than your eye,
and I have come to realize
the more perfect the order of things
the harder it is to see.