

Dirt - Jeff Landgraf

I like dirt.

I like shoveling it around.

I like piling dirt up in piles,

 putting dirt on top of decaying leaves,

 putting decaying leaves on top of dirt.

I like to rub dirt into the calluses on my hands.

I like dirt under my skin.

I like to eat dirt in my corn and to taste it gritty between my teeth.

I like dirt when it blows on my face on a windy day.

I like the seasons of dirt,

 wet dirt, sandy dirt, swamp dirt,

 earth dirt, sky dirt, star dirt.

I sit in the dirt and draw a large circle.

I write my name in it.

I like dirt.

Dirt is like a metaphor.

Dirt is flat.

It never stagnates.

It doesn't cry or shout.

Dirt never pretends to be a better kind of dirt.

No one cares when you steal their dirt.

No one has much use for dirt anymore,

 except for the weekend peasants,

 and they shop for custom dirt to buy from upscale dirt markets.

They don't understand dirt.

You don't ask for dirt.

Dirt is what you do not ask for.

Dirt is like a metaphor.

I let dirt dribble between my finger tips.

I caress it as it moves from one hand to the other.

I feel it against my skin,

Dirt on dirt.

For my body is dirt and your body is dirt and all our bodies, dirt.

And our brains are dirt and our minds are dirt and our souls, dirt.

And if, suddenly, all the dirt should come together in a single point, and explode.

We would have -- another -- dirt.

Dirt to see by one more time,

Dirt to feel one more time,

Dirt for us to know,

Dirt to know us,

Dirt forevermore, I do,

Like dirt.