

Soil, African Soil (2.3 Tablature)

John Weier

soil
african
soil red-brown
soil the way it ripples
drifts the way it spins
swirls devils
in circles yowls
whorls the way
it straddles
the wind and sand
sand sun
swept sand
its heat its fervour
its reek
of dark solitude
the hourglass way
it tickles past
his fingers
and chanting
goshawk the way
it slides
through his thirsty
hands (six
psalms to go)

John Weier, a recent Writer-in-Residence at the University of Winnipeg, is a luthier and a birder. This poem originally appeared in his collection Where Calling Birds Gather (Winnipeg: Turnstone Press, 2013) and is reprinted by permission of the publisher.