## Soil, African Soil (2.3 Tablature)

John Weier

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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)
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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.

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