

Karl Plank

GIFT FROM A MOUNTAIN FIELD

I knew another garden in the deep field
beyond the garage and its sawdust smell,
beyond the backyard and the grape arbor
and the border of dinnerplate dahlias
that danced with the cat's paw at dusk

when you walked by to tend the rows
of corn, okra, tomatoes, and snap beans
or to turn earth with a long-handled spade
as you did that evening when you found
the arrowhead, notched and knapped,
and held it long in your hand

then gave it to me to touch
what was beyond, before, and beneath.

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