

TOBIE S. SANDERS

He Bends Hard

He bends hard over his shovel
Planting trees to shade them,
Puts meat in the freezer
Stacks wood for the stove
Grows children to want her and need her
To call her and keep her from leaving
His home.

Trees shadow her footsteps.
Fire burns in her.
The children grow ever further from home.
For living she chooses to leave him, she must
Though he bends hard over his shovel
Planting futures
Of dust.

