Laying on my back in a neglected garden, engaged in omphaloskepsis

Kathleen Willard
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as you attempt to make me jewelry out of grass
blades withered and dead.
When they fall to pieces in your hands,
does it occur to you
that you killed them?

You, the only person I know who gives attention
to chinks in the tracks of a train in Siberia,

who turns thoughts of idle
curiosity toward barren lands in northern Russia and those much
closer, two to four feet
away from you, between my legs.

You've never been there, or to Siberia.

And while you can delicately aim a blade
of grass inside my navel, there are other
targets you miss entirely

and a year and a month after six months from
now it will still be the same.

As we shift positions, there in the garden,
you to the bottom, me to the top

we brush the grey and wilted
leaves away
from the fly of your blue jeans
and casually shift the train
of conversation back from sex to Siberia,
so when we disentangle our limbs
you can walk away from me,
sheding the hours of spent contemplation

left in the garden
like brittle brown fragments of last summer's lawn.