

excavation

by laura vogt

i'm no anthropologist, but if you're digging in the dirt and expecting magic you're an explorer
magic doesn't need to be defined, play
doesn't need a purpose, you don't even
know what's real

in the sunlight, the trees shimmering in the
wind, that first physical warmth of spring, i
hope for everything

i hear robins, the distant weed whackers,
and the children as they build a new
world in the forest

slate-brown bark, new green leaves, far off
the sun lighting along the edge of your body,
a line of light enclosing you, like you're
traced by liquid magic

it's like we're here, but not. sunlines reminding
me of illusion, of transference. where would i
go, but here?

what would i dig down to, flee towards? i
like it here, just fine. if only i was not too
tired to enjoy

if only i could pause, sleep a year, then come
back to today. you're so startlingly beautiful. unique
in your own way

no, i'd go nowhere but here, over and again,
once more

excavation, digging into the dirt. whatever
you are, you are your own hope. time is
lost in you

whatever this is, childhood, a
moment, i wish we could stay here
forever

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