

## Ode to the Third Grade Potato Maze

In this late winter of things,  
the smell of damp earth  
is a peaceful sort of weight on the chest.  
The soaked dirt sloshes  
like the slow, slow shake of a wet dog,  
shoulders rippling with roots worming back to life.  
The ground is a cool crucible,  
the kind of pressure that holds you up.

Grow. You've never been afraid  
of dirt under your fingernails.  
Dig.  
Expand.  
Eat what is offered.

When all is dark, learn to see with your hands-  
they've always been better than you  
at seeking light. Soon,  
you will crack the surface,  
mouth wild, pale fingers toward the sun.  
Your hearty heart, at least for now,  
safe in the soil.

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