

Sometimes I Walk Barefoot Through Freshly Tilled Soil

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Sometimes the taste of my own foot stays
in my mouth for days, until I accept the flavor
of its salt-funk. Oh, how we try

to help in worse than useless ways. Pile
a thick layer of mulch around a rose who can
barely stand the acid-leaching bark bath.

Sometimes controlled burns grow
out of control. Sometimes they don't. I can't
stop smoking. I have a fascination

at picking scabs. I adore stabbing
a sharp fork into some old goat
shit and stirring up that sleeping stink,

how grass clippings make the pile hot.
I don't mind a little dirt in my mouth. I've grown
to love the scent of rot. I've been sleeping

with a pot of ripening compost near my bed.
Coffee grounds, browning banana peels, soggy melon
rinds reminding me of everything I've killed,

of everything I might still grow.

