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Ben Grimm In Retirement

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Larrew: Ben Grimm In Retirement

BEN GRIMM IN RETIREMENT

Jonette Larrew

My body, composed of crumbling earth. Dandelions sprout
from my chest and belly. Members of the cabbage
family embed my soles, curly dock roots in my scalp.

A gardener comes along to weed
every morning, tugs Bermuda shoots
and scrapes mosses. Like long-delayed success at extricating
a seed hull stuck in molars,
like scratching the ear canal.

Rocks and sticks, twigs,
branches, pebbles, mica and quartz:
I heave.
They tickle. They grind. Some rocks stick
fast into the ground. Rain and snow only rinse
them, like cleaning teeth.

Pill bugs and night crawlers keep me soft and arable.
Beetles, ants, always scurrying through the capillaries
they've rebuilt. Lately, a mole
cricket riddles a network
of bores in my right forearm,
the ache in my wrist.
Earthworms will repair me in time. They always have.