

My home is embraced by a field of innominate headstones
and a familial plot in a neighbor's backyard
where limestone cordoned off by concrete
fang bodies spread and gone

stand to feel
step to worship

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A quarter mile opposite
lay the former site of a uranium sampling plant
seventy years closed

pitchblende is rife in ground and water
and my father digs a vegetable garden in our backyard

with gloveless and blackened fingernails
we kiss metallic tasting roots

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My sister sends a me bag filled with dirt
taken from the border between bed and grass

the plastic is clouded wet
hot with soil's breath
in preparation, I empty the souvenir onto my floor
open to wither

she doesn't consider the ants and the worm
I have to pick them out
still living

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Inhaled or ingested, uranium can gather in
bone, liver, kidney, reproductive tissue

an ordained concatenate
mire, marrow, oxide
and leaky frame

do we all marry soil and groundwater?

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I have been usurped by pitchblende and corpse
always a vessel for others to travel through

the body prostrates
and perfect edges blur

my feet won't leave the ground and all I am
is footsteps
fingerprints
with these stained hands, touched by soil touched by
touched by

I keep on muddying