

RESURRECTION

At moat's edge
where the excavator puffs
blue diesel-smoke
as it throbs and shakes
with every jerk of its chains,
Mr. Beevis attends
each hungry bucket's
lucky dip.

How many hours has he stood,
watched the swing and the drop
of the mud and the slop
and nothing to stop
its ravening?

And then what is it
about that round-bodied stone
makes him think
in the blink of an eye
that it might not
be the flint
he first thought,
the way the light caught
and the shine of it?

All work stops,
the shovel and grab
scaled down so
a cradle of fingers
delivers this creature,
breach-born,
anew to the world.