

Prodigal

by [Julie L. Moore](#) in the [May 5, 2009](#) issue

The farmer has shown up with the sun,
the two conspiring to work the land together.

It's May. Time for blades to dig in.
Furrow a fresh start.

And you'd like to join in. You'd like to whistle
the sun over to you like an obedient dog,

tell it to sit, right there, and stay while you seek
forgiveness. For too long, you've been trapped,

burrowing with your bare hands tunnel after dead-
end tunnel, stubborn, refusing to change

direction as you search for the yellow face
of escape to glow before your eyes, unveil

the mysterious egress. Go.
You can see it now. Turn

your hands over like the dirt at your knees,
the soil on that field. And go.

Leave your flashlight behind.