

Triptych for Taran's broken heart

by [Catherine Faurot](#) in the [March 7, 2006](#) issue

Plow

At the first cut the earth does not thank the blade.
Is it rape then?—the bite of steel, its point
incalculably harder than dirt, its mark
the hiss of death, the metallic taste of sorrow.
And what does the earth cry, its tangle of root
a living shroud rent by force? Memory
longs to preserve what has already grown.
The furrow is wet with tears, brown heart exposed,
underworld of worms and slugs prey to birds,
dreamless of deep new roots, of shade:
the palm tree of Deborah, towering crown of green.

Harrow

The ravaging is not yet complete.
Jeremiah's voice rages against Yahweh's
violation, at first petulant and then violent
in return. It has always been so.
Sixty discs slice the remaining sod,
merciless, efficient: vestiges of cover
criss-crossed into oblivion. Blind stalks
mourn the loss of the sun, overturned
into darkness, food for the coming reign.
There is a quiet loss, the peace of death—
stillness in the wake of wrath.

Seed

The thunder god is always the god

of heaven and of death. Rain and death
both bring life, black earth signifying
a bed, a womb for golden seeds dropped
from the mouth of the god, for a cause
not one's own. Is there a more tender bliss
than the sweet swelling, the burst seed?
Tendrils roots uncoil, the seedling unfurls—
moon-pale shoots beneath green and gold.
The seed takes possession, the violated
earth sings, the rich strains reach heaven.