

Church yard: Rebuilding the labyrinth

by [Elizabeth Rivers](#) in the [August 20, 2014](#) issue

A curving trail—the callused field obscures it
until we shovel out the clotted brick,
lug a ton or two of sand to fit
trenches, level rumpled earth, correct
courses. A mallet stuns a thumb, new blisters
bud as self-impressed we shout, “This row
is done!” but then a kid names names, prefers
George Toad, Kate Cricket, slaps William Mosquito,
pats Barkly, unleashed, our best company.
We rest and share cold drinks. David brings
homemade muffins, burned, blueberry plenty.
Sun flickers around us, summer’s wings.
Yet sand, we need more sand! Deer watch from trees
while we adjust the pathways on our knees.