

## How the Land became my father Abigail Flint

That midsummer I moulded myself  
a father of mud and grass  
and swallowed him clod by clod.

Down and down I swallowed him  
pure peristalsis, instinctive and larval  
he creep-crawled into my bones.

From footing to dream  
he spread like a hot frost  
till my voice became earth.

I asked trees how to slow  
be bark-clad, root-bound, show me  
the secret of imperceptible growth.

That longest day,  
so much sun and light  
I let settle in every cell

that when night finally fell  
I blazed like a stubble fire.