

## Hanasakajiji (Four: A Great Wind, More Ash)

Anathallo

Yesterday, the land went dry.  
I sprinkled ash of my neighbor's urn  
Over the yard.

Sprinkled in the hope  
That should I cut out  
A pie wedge,  
I would find gold.  
Buried in the ground  
Between the grass and growth.

Instead, the earth skin cracking  
And a great wind, more ash,  
Slivers of the ground burning in the eyes  
Of ones, who, standing there...

Long ago, when it all began  
The dog would dig the ground  
And whisper, "Master, come to the garden.  
By your hand to the spade, cut away behind your house.

Cut away for coins. Cut away to the buried..."