

## Yard

## The Birthday Party

in our yard  
how many chickens can we count  
on our fingers and toes  
on their toes  
sitting on father's hole  
sitting on his chest  
crushing rocks of dirt  
the earth is soft in our  
yard yard  
stones in my shoes  
and feet  
dragging them through museums  
where  
under glass  
refridgerate  
freeze  
hands and feet  
and knobbly knees  
yard yard