

*Suzanne J. Ghiglia*

**Letter to God**

I'd like to squat  
right here, bend my  
knees, fall  
on my hands  
on the damp ground  
and smell

Earth, receding  
from my slow  
fingers, rotating  
dervish, you spin  
tomatoes off my  
windowsill. I  
planted a tree but  
the roots  
can't hold  
the whole

house in place.  
My cool, able hands  
hold pencils  
instead, or keys,  
a musical instrument.  
What

more? What else  
can I do, but  
play my flute and  
pray?

When I spread  
my legs  
I want you to smell  
a garden: a jar  
saved for cuttings.  
When I cry  
I need to know  
there is a place

for tears, a few  
seeds, and mulch  
I saved  
from the kitchen.

## Weeds

I've been hit by a lead pipe  
in the belly  
if anyone calls  
    2:33pm Alaskan Air  
    to Oakland  
wide steps up  
    their old house  
    Jenny warm

    Frank trying to watch  
All-Stars (you also might be watching)  
    I want nothing to do  
                                    (scuba tank

in fridge  
with a hose)  
drink Dave's homemade beer Jenny says the word  
"Brewmeister"

out back she  
stoops to  
yank one weed

"That's enough"

can't kill the dinosaur plants  
(I have them too in the strawberries) pull and pull  
they keep  
coming back

not everyone has somewhere  
else to go

we share  
the need to put seeds in  
ground

study rows  
of potatoes  
ruby-leaf lettuce  
decide which seedlings go

which to spare  
(don't think how to pay  
the airline)

apple blossoms fascinate  
where I live too hot

beer in my calves arches heavy  
stomach begins to  
dissolve

Rome fell slow  
 they drank from leaden-  
 ware died drunk  
 poison in their veins

like rates  
 in pipes            can it really start  
                          with the dishes?

                         Frank on the porch  
 with a glass of Dave's beer  
 All-Stars lost

                         compost heap (we all contribute) if  
 I weep in Jenny's  
 garden

eventually  
                          all matter reaches the roots