Earth Blood

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I come from a black earth,
the cut banks of creeks
full feet of blackness,
yards of midnight,
the water itself
dark and frothy.
It’s no wonder then
that I take my coffee black,
my beer dirt-thick, my steak
charred and tough, bitter as
the cud of bile—that I snack
on livers sweet and raw from
the fresh kill of the black buffalo
earth-lump, bit still hot into, the black
blood smearing my face—my night sky
moonless, my hands bloodied black from
cuts untended, my boots sodden and caked with
whole inches of fat black earth. I would roll in it,
cloak myself in it, feel the shock of lightning sucked
through the straw of splintered trees within it,
sleep in beds made with black sheets of it,
a warm bed of earth my blood.