
Pro Rege

Volume 37
Number 2 *Fine Arts Issue 2008*

Article 24

December 2008

Earth Blood

Howard Schaap
Dordt College, howard.schaap@dordt.edu

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcollections.dordt.edu/pro_rege

 Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Schaap, Howard (2008) "Earth Blood," *Pro Rege*: Vol. 37: No. 2, 35.
Available at: http://digitalcollections.dordt.edu/pro_rege/vol37/iss2/24

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at Digital Collections @ Dordt. It has been accepted for inclusion in Pro Rege by an authorized administrator of Digital Collections @ Dordt. For more information, please contact ingrid.mulder@dordt.edu.



A quarterly faculty publication of
Dordt College, Sioux Center, Iowa

Earth Blood

Howard Schaap

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.