

History

Philip White

Small things:
the smell of

blocks he cut
from pine light

as balsa; the ripe,
toothed grin

of corn
under husks he'd

stripped back;
handprints

in the mud
around flowers.

It's morning,
I'm very small,

trying to stay
in his shadow,

asking ...
Where did this

come from?
For no clear

reason,
he's alive

in his yellow
cloth hat

and reflective
sunglasses,

and I'm
weeping.

He loves me,
I know,

but he holds out
tools

I can't keep
level in my hand.