

## WOMANWORKS AT BK AND MARY'S

Lynette Yetter

No news drones  
on the radio. No radio  
plays at all as I lift withered carcasses  
of purple bush bean plants out of the damp earth.  
Their organic bean babies long ago crunched by  
hungry humans. The murmur of women's voices  
softens the shriek of a passing crow as we  
prune and dig in a yard. The yard is not ours. We did  
not plant the beans nor eat them. We are not hired as a work  
crew. We are women, friends helping friends. WomanWorks.  
Door screen clicks open. Mary calls, "Tell Sara it's time to  
come in and wash up. I've got her plate ready since she needs to leave  
early." Boots crunch gravel; Zelda tromps past to exchange clippers  
for loppers. BK appears from the side of the house holding a rake and shovel.  
"Who said they needed these?" she shouts in her raspy voice that laughed in Cuba,  
and whispered while ducking bullets in Nicaragua. "Schlootz," my trowel  
opens a dirt womb  
into which  
I place a plump  
bulb—purple  
readiness for  
the next cosmic  
dance with cold,  
darkness, warmth,  
light. Now—only the  
chirruping humming birds,  
who fill the tree under which  
we gather together in wonder.