

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.