

Chris Weagle

Platato Print

Leaf shape on sidewalk
What is the knowledge you hold?
No branch binds you now.



Photo by Robin Plaskoff Horton, [Urban Gardens](#)

Dig

Here is the worn wood,
the polished handle
of the shovel you use.

Iron rust chips off
the blade; old skin peels
into the ground you break,

and you, a piston,
become pendulum,
a wrecking ball

pushing through old brick
walls so you can reach
your destination.

You move the ground
like it's an old building
that has lost its use

in light of other
intentions; so, striking
down the stories, you lift

them, crumbled, to carry
away in the belly
of a wheelbarrow.

Atlas Takes a Knee

A large man among small men; a small man among large men,
I have found no happiness in this tightened belt, nor grace

in watching a mountain that doesn't change and never grows.
There's no grace in penalty, though there comes, in punishment,

the invention of a myth; grace does not come from marriage,
nor from sleep in the length of day. I bow down to the ground

And let weigh on me what may. Each day, as my tendons tan,
Gaia, I stand, and bear the burden that bends my neck:

love, that named thing of no name, like a mosquito eating
its way through a mountain, is a stone stuck in my sandal.