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# The Hoe

Alice B. Fogel

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## The Hoe · *Alice B. Fogel*

In March the earth breaks open, stirs  
from its suspension: Water  
puddles and floods  
our road. You take your hoe  
when we go walking, and you fold  
soaked earth into soft pleats,  
to let the water flow. You free  
the orphaned pools to travel and rejoin  
their brooks and streams,  
and the braided water leaps  
between new wet walls, and falls  
over the edges of the road  
and into woods.

With your hoe you scoop  
sodden leaves into woven walls, so  
these floodgates open, this drawbridge unlocks,  
these little excesses of ice and rain and snow  
run off, without turning back.

I stay, and watch you clear our way,  
parting mud with sure true strokes,  
leading water to where it wanted to go.