

A LOSS FOR WORDS

ELANA WOLFF

Weeding

On hands and knees in the earth of the berms,
turning the dirt with a trowel, extracting
radish-smelling
weeds from leaf to root.

This is slow, insipid work.

Sometimes I can hear the weeds release their
threads as I wrest.

It's not the sound of pain, but of "electrolytes"
and "ions"—
meanings I discern though can't delimit.

Like memory of an adoration emptied
of its might.

And the havoc of that.