

Ditch on the Marsh, Aulac

a sudden wound, a heavy sex,
and the marsh lies rich and wanton

bare as she waits open
for the questing hand and plunge,

but, as always, this is only part
of the heady show of dyke and ditch

the earth is whored out to farmers
who feed her until she bursts

their barns with hay, it is their taking,
it is natural, it is their time

of rounding it into balls and bales
and hiking heaves into the lap of harvest.

— *Douglas Lochhead*