

# New Poetry by Almyr Bump: “Plowing Water”



IN BROKEN GROUND / *image by Amalie Flynn*

## **Plowing Water**

We return to nightmare  
ground, looking over the scene

of the crime, the copper  
reflection of little clouds

in the torpid, tainted  
canal masking disquiet

and chaos created  
in us. Toiling in soft sand

underneath a burden  
that would make a mule bleat,

we bitch and moan when told  
to drop the rucks. Now we must

dig in, not like blind moles,  
but like crippled gravediggers

in broken ground started  
by high angle hell. Mangled

sandbags and serrated  
pieces of metal pulled from

dirt wounds, also a hand  
only missing two fingers.

Using a bayonet,  
we bury rancid, fetid

flesh in a hole, puking,  
not worried about a name.