

*riddled with holes.*

Yellow crested hill,  
Drowned in seas of fresh green grass,  
Ushered in by sparse winter rains  
And flowing in tidal waves  
Sown by the winds of a mature February.  
Gopher holes twist my tender ankles,  
Riddled among the tree-ring dirt with its seabed-ancestry,  
creating an irregular network—  
A patchwork, or a spider web—  
Bored into the earth's crust by desperate,  
Shelter-seeking claws.  
They remind me of myself, in some way,  
Desperate and shelter-seeking,  
Working their way like veins into the ground,  
As I will, in time.  
The sprawl of city-suburbia below,  
As to the gopher holes and the seas of grass and the clusters of little yellow flowers  
As a tumor is to an anatomy of veins.