

LEE SHARKEY

While they sing they have no names

They sang as they gleaned not to waste any of the abundance
the common grape of the second harvest potatoes souring in the sun
To the rhythm of snapping shears their song rose clear water above
them bent at the pelvis all day mosquitoes were biting
come night old aches darkened the brew
mouth harp formed from the dark they were centuries risen
the sum of the sum of labor turned joy in the lamenting
As for the master of sheep and white cattle
who keeps them from his figs and apples
theirs by right following the harvest
let his own weight topple him