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Ingredients for History

The work happens
within the hands of the people, like hands clapping,

a phenomenon
not in the body alone.

So when the plow
moves the aching man along the furrow

he is made stronger
(the marbled world has shown its egotistic edge)

he is sound,
threaded through physical laws,

sewing soil to a house of sky,
he is safe.

And this, the problem of the soldier,
made in the same way,
with the same indifference,

his anger and his blood and his human
hesitation
all counted as ingredients for history.

And the war makes him,
his speech,

each utterance of his mouth,
corollary to that day.