

## Kate DeLay

### *Repair*

I hear my calf braying into the indigo under  
half-faced moons, a slurry of sight & sound. On these nights,  
the calf & I stand shoulder to shoulder at the fence  
of the world, our sorrow weeding  
the pasture behind us, that soybean-sucked soil, leached & lingering.

& the barbed wire hums into the grasses: & the blue light bends  
around our bodies: & our fingernails are caked with fight.  
The world calls out to us, wet & wanting.

O field, I tried to leave you  
& never be left. I longed to lift the electric  
fence & free my calf from the field, our leaving  
a plucked string for the night choir.

But for the fight of that field, I met the calf.  
& when I share her eyes, she sees stars. I carry her  
earth in my earth, find a field in every fold. My shadow bends  
around me like four new legs, stitched from a  
womb of nightshade & dew.

& I made a home in the world. & everywhere, the world loves itself  
in me. When I remember that field, I listen  
softly. When I love that field, I sing.