Rewrite

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Trying in vain to re-work
my old failures, trying
to collate the wreckage,
the papered proof, the pile-up
of so much gone wrong.
Trying to make it into
Something stable, like a plow,
Something useful, like a plow
Turning over clods of dirt
Behind two stoic beasts
Who couldn't care less
If they lived or died.
Slogging through a field
Of burdock and Queen Anne's lace,
I have to stop and laugh. Ha!
I can make neither plow to drag
Nor yoke to drag it, I can, in fact,
Make nothing truly useful, nothing
That could turn one lump
Of solemn earth upon its back.

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