**The Mole** *by Jean James*

Little labourer,

sightless in the light.

The sun, our friend,

cannot save you. And the earth,

your chamber, has turned you out,

here, where the edge of the gardens

and the dry-stone walls collide. I see

no wound. Only the wasps speak

of death from your open mouth. I think

of you, solitary in the foisty dark,

small miner with those extra thumbs,

shearing away the weight

of soil until

this dawn. Much later I come back

to find you gone, and in your place

a quickening

where a wreath of pale primroses glazes

the grass.