

Rachel Applebach  
Portfolio  
English 250  
Due December 5

Sapphic:  
The Second Coming

As I dream, the red soil runs thick with burden,  
remembrance comes quickly and willingly to  
Rembrandt's shadows showing my profile starkly  
holding a trowel.

Clumps of matted clay line the edges, brighter  
wine and orange sunset shines on the sharp tip.  
Soil oozes far from night, I dig and dig and  
dig, and I dig and,

Like most dreams, I run it again same time same  
place same trowel same space of it in my home with  
my sapling and heavy vermilion clay that  
I dig and hit a

rock. I pick it from the dirt, squeeze it roughly,  
and it seeps betwixt my red fingers, I'll not  
wake violently, but slow, for consciousness is  
half of the battle.