

Poems June 2012

## The spigot

by Kevin O'Shea

Over wire fences I climbed where the snow melts last and stashed cut flowers behind a dogwood hung up with buds. With a stick I beat the grass. A pump-spigot, between the house and a hewn barn, spat mud then water at last over my blood.

## **Kevin O'Shea** is a poet living in New Jersey.

This article originally appeared in The New Criterion, Volume 30 Number 10 , on page 30 Copyright © 2024 The New Criterion  $\mid$  www.newcriterion.com https://newcriterion.com/issues/2012/6/the-spigot