

## The Worm Forgives The Plough

### The Boy Least Likely To

In my heart, I can still feel  
Every turn of the tractor wheel.  
Budded furrows cut across the hillside,  
Over the fields in the sunshine

And it hurt, but I still grew  
With every clumsy punch I threw.  
Up in anger, at the empty summer sky -  
I saw the world from the underside.

And when the worm began to turn,  
As it squirmed in the palm of my hand;  
I began to understand . . .  
Why it is,  
The worm forgives the plough.

In my heart I can still feel,  
Every turn of the tractor wheel.  
As we cower in the shadow of the plow,  
Chewing us up and spitting us out

As we fall our way back down  
Into the earth and underground,  
I discover that even a little worm  
Has its ways of taking revenge on the world.

And when the worm began to turn,  
As it squirmed in the palm of my hand;  
I began to understand . . .  
Why it is,  
The worm forgives the plough.  
Why it is,  
The worm forgives the plough.