

Church yard: Rebuilding the labyrinth

by [Elizabeth Rivers](#) in the [August 20, 2014](#) issue

A curving trail—the callused field obscures it  
until we shovel out the clotted brick,  
lug a ton or two of sand to fit  
trenches, level rumped earth, correct  
courses. A mallet stuns a thumb, new blisters  
bud as self-impressed we shout, “This row  
is done!” but then a kid names names, prefers  
George Toad, Kate Cricket, slaps William Mosquito,  
pats Barkly, unleashed, our best company.  
We rest and share cold drinks. David brings  
homemade muffins, burned, blueberry plenty.  
Sun flickers around us, summer’s wings.  
Yet sand, we need more sand! Deer watch from trees  
while we adjust the pathways on our knees.