

Candy Coloured Popcorn

the dew on the grass
five fruit trees stand crooked
the door to the smokehouse sits open
an old carved mask of a sturgeon
hangs with eyes and mouth open

white dusty road filled with potholes
the edges of blackberry bushes
begin their slow crawl out of winter
the sun breaks
the blue sky opens
all the while the old
old spirits walk a bit
and then sit down

they are hungry
so we burn plates
of their favourite foods:
candy coloured popcorn
a cold sip of pop
a cigarette for those who smoked
a piece of smoked fish burns
and the smoke closes the sky of blue

the old old spirits get up
and they climb back
into the sharp edged claws
of the blackberry bushes

the earth is silent
and only the sound of old old steps
walking deeper back
into the other world where all our dead
can be found sitting around
an old old fire

the wood burns forever
and the old old spirits fall asleep
with bellies full of candy coloured popcorn
a sip of pop
and a long drag of their favourite smoke

the sun breaks
the world goes back to normal
as
old
old
steps
sleep.