

glory games

as children we drew invisible lines between the houses
marched around our house seven times becoming more
of the soldiers we were

wisps of dark smoke shimmered from grandma's chimney
joined our masquerade our mutiny

we stood listening for magnificence
raised our hands to gather star clusters
howled tricking the moon again

grandma said the ground could hear
then cursed our feet mute
deaf without language

what foolishness she tell he
what words he drip and drop
erasing our lines

the ground listens to this marathon
the ground weeps
the ground opens

accusing cursing wounding
threatening the wind
she cripples the smoke
we've hidden

sins of the fathers
become burdens of the children

we pray for an eclipse
an earthquake
a blizzard of healing

he holds our palms tight
demanding we teach him
how to draw circles in the dark