



When I was young, when I rode the moth,  
when it was my turn.

Moth with wings of flame fluttering about the candle's base  
causing it to melt and topple over.

When it was my turn  
to be in the branches, derelict, reminding all  
that a good thief already owns the house  
that he's breaking into.

Because I was told there would be rain  
and sunflower gardens, and giant zucchini,  
and sisters giggling over spilled baskets  
of grapes,

never did I surrender my mud palace,  
challenged only by a curious drone.

And only years later, along the highway,  
finding the remains of the blackbird  
crushed into the macadam.

When it was my turn  
to labor in the quarry of unleavened bread,  
the flesh of my back cut by pack straps,  
high weight of the sun.

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