

Broken home

'Pita'

I.

Sometime beside the creek

Summer fingers awaken the day
Summer grass sweeps my dusty ears
With the moons we skipped across the way

To duck beneath the bramble where the ancient creek lay.
Echoing the lowly moaning of the steers
Summer fingers awaken the day.

Knowing then what I know now I could not say
When the twins probed our bare rears
With the moons we skipped across the way

Under the belly where the swollen pillar lay
Gripped by one pale hand, gripped by fears
Summer fingers awaken the day

And nipples at my mouth stay
A rushing water, blood in my ears
With the moons we skipped across the way

Eight-year-old innocence like cracked clay
Trapped in the talons of five decades of tears
Summer fingers awaken the day
With the moons we skipped across the way.

II.

Gathered smoke broken red

She pecked at smoke

Like some scavenger

Beak probing deep

Robbed his vessel of its red

Spoke of red petals

While her thorns probed deeper

His will weakened by the sparks

Rising to the entwined brambles

Stuck in their glow while down

Below all the moss

Fell. Then swept downstream.

Screamed into uncertainty. Sight unseen.

An eight-year-old between the twins

Between their teenage breasts

He floated. A leaf in a dream

Edges burnt, veins brittle, invisible little.

Then he skipped back to the broken home.