

bamboo

this is where you saw
your first flying snake
slip over the stand of bamboo

you can still hear one every day
hiss and strike at the back of your head

this is where they shot your friend
where he fell face down in the muck
of muddy weeds

last night the rain fell like machine gun
fire on my roof and it creaked
with the weight of soldiers

now this field is washed black
greasy and heavy with the smell of old fire
wet with the residue of a cold morning

green fingers of bamboo shoots
pierce through the blackened soil

from *blue crow*