

Home

I ask Mother how far wind travels
to kiss the hem of wet sheets
hung like sails on the line.
I want to know such things.

At dusk I gather sweetgrass sailboats
from the cloud-scattered field
so river can hurry them
home to the sea.

Mother carries dry linens
away from the line,
calls me home before evening
brings darkness
inside the cottage.

Fragrance of sweetgrass covers my bed,
honeysuckle blown from the meadow.

I want to know how wind tells
my name to the moon
how the moon sails home.