

My Oldest Memory

Bowerbirds

I cracked my knuckles, and I said grace
And gave thanks for being a hundred and still feeling amazed.
Out where the waves wrestle with the dirty brine,
This is a lonely place. This was a home of mine.
After the struggle, I'd watch the sand settle
Over the quiet reef. It's my oldest memory.

And I don't know whose land were on.
Is this an island that plots like a villain,
Or an old ghost friend we don't believe in?
I don't know.

I curse the weapon we stub our toes on.
It's the land of make believe, can't you see, can't you see?
Now in the dirt where I put my feet, and in the trunk of my body,
I'm only shy, here, when I want to be, my head between my cypress knees.
And in the top of the canopy of the trees I am climbing,
The morning sun here, you will see. It's my oldest memory.

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