

Bush Kids

Teethe on rocks;

suckle sweet water as it springs
from Earth's hummock teat;

comb wild raspberries, rain wet,
into their mouths, not noticing
tiny green worms secreted within;

fall asleep to
the woodstove's lullaby tick,
the thrum of mating grouse in spring and

in dreams,
chase Orion's dogs
through black spruce forests.