We tried to trap rabbits
lit ants on fire with matchsticks
gathered pebbles to scatter in front of us,
a warning to snakes hiding under the sea
of dead, dry grass

My mother—she taught me
the art of sensing danger
That rattlesnake Voodoo
the Survivor's Religion

So, I was left to wonder with
a pocket full of pebbles
Why didn’t she run when my father
came up out of the desert
a snake and a charmer

In my lucid nightmares, I’m
running through the desert
scattering pebbles in terror
every time I try to sleep