

# *Rattlesnake Religion*

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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