

IN THE BACK WOODS

parents gone,
I wandered
to the middle school
track and field
with a weed pipe,
craving
a change of mind.

to hide in
the brush, I walked
to the woods,
cut through thickets,
thorns,
trudged soggy mud,
till upon a rounded
amphitheater of dirt,
hugged by roots
of a large tree
that swayed in the wind
and whispered,

I sat and smoked.

resting
at the edge of the world
with bugs, trees,
squirrels, moss, and mud,
shaded and secure,
sitting,
listening to crickets
chatter
through the sunset,

and I watched
with excitement
as the school sank
into the ground

its broad bricks
too heavy
for those sandy wetlands