

## Dave Carter and Tracy Grammer

### "Shadows of Evangeline"

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it is rain, it is age, it is poison  
supplication to family honor  
little children with keys to the temple  
red lights and silver dimes

it's waiting for a sun that punishes but seldom shines  
living and dying in the shadow of evangeline

she is young, like her mother before her  
put-up tired at the end of her labors  
true-believing and ever-desiring  
quiz shows and checkout lines

in porchlight halo ringed about by moss and hanging  
vines  
she casts the never changing shadow of evangeline

in the bang and the crash of the factory  
in a hot, cutting season of metal  
on the floor of an ocean of contracts  
skin drums and shrunken heads

strange dances long undone go stamping in between  
the lines  
old gods, incarnate in the shadow of evangeline

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