

Mia Doi Todd

"Poppy Fields"

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I scrub my blackened feet
Scrape off the caked on grime of the street
I wash my hands and face
Of the Worldly soot that accumulate
In the day-in day-out farcical strife
In the humdrum of everyday life
And I enter my home clean
Step up to the hearth I've deemed my own

I sit down on the bidet
And shower my flower of the decay
That sets in when she lets in a guest
For recreation no creation, her slight protest
And I enter my bed clean
Lay down my head and dream of another world

The desert springs to life
The golden chaparral gives up her rights
To poppy fields for miles
And purple lupin lavender behind
Another world

Waking with the sun
The poppy petals peel back to open
And turn the hills orange
To start another cycle of seasons
Another world

We dance as whooping cranes
Who once again have found their lifetime mates
We bound across the plains
Roll down slopes, fill our white coats with stains
Of another world

We come to rest as one
At the bottom of the hill, start to make love
We lean against the earth
Rocking back and forth and back and forth, back and
forth
Another world

Under a wild sky setting sun

We ride the waves towards something still to come
Another world

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