

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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