



CHANTING

-- for Steve Richmond

Sitting in an orange kitchen chair
with stone and oil can
and white cotton cloth
sharpening my pocket knife to an edge
I can shave the white hairs
back of my hand.

I am happy at this domestic labour,
I chant aloud.

The smell of corn tortilla frying
floats through the open door,
I am happy and I am chanting
until the blade is sharp,
mind sharp.

I stop to catch my breath
and suddenly hear the sounds
of Carol chanting in the kitchen
working over the rolling out
of yellow corn meal.

She is happy and calls,
"come on in for supper."

Then, we can both hear Sam
behind the house
playing with his trucks in the sand pile,
and he is chanting
happily.