

under the house,
where our garden used to grow Redcurrants,
in our embankment, we wait.

above, Earth trembles,
and moans as mother did
the night you were born.
Earth's saliva, all over
everywhere.
enough to wash us all down the driveway or beyond.

skies glow,
for six days now,
lighting our third candle, I can hear her prayer
for ration,
attention,
for the ants to carry our message across to the neighbour
for them to receive it.

opening our second drum of water,
we each take a sip,
it goes down smoothly.

in the candle's glint,
i rummage through my pack for my
toothbrush,

mother hums
and you take watch
i brush my teeth
and find my place under the quilt
and we say
"good evening."