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Three Poems

by Rose Arrowsmith DeCoux

Remember with the Fingers in Case of Rain

For Eric and Peter Middlecamp

Sheets of
Rain and
The sidewalks were
Slick
Oozing
Puddles and
Footprints in the snow
To guide me
Hobbling
Away from
The wake:
30 years and
Brain cancer,
“My beloved brother Eric”
The coffee shop busy with people
They said –
This is the storyteller
I told you about and
I thought of Duncan Williamson
Also lying in the ground
No paper to track his stories
Anymore
Just
As he would have wanted it.
He said
If I get caught out in the rain
And all I've got is
A piece of paper
In my pocket,
How will I keep my story?
Nothing but runny
Blue ink.
No —
Keep it in your head,
Your heart.
It is the same way
With people –
Wind and water
Have their way
In the end.

Smoke

Editor's Note	Lights shine out above the water.
Guidelines	High moon rises early, sets late.
Contact	Wood smoke lifts to meet it, up into the cool, the cold the clear. It drifts apart, atom by atom, it loses itself but is not lost.
	Up into the sky dear sweetheart, up into the soul world, land of dreams.
	You are there you are there without knowing it without showing it.
	Come, Be close a moment — <i>then</i> — Dance Fly Release— No skin to hold you, no bones to break, you pass through the arms; <i>bare winter branches of the rowan tree;</i> I am caught. Earth-bound. Alive.
	Send me a post card when you arrive.
	Cherry Jam (Measurable Wealth) All of history says <i>Give Life!</i> All of culture says <i>Have it all!</i> In my bones,

in my belly
my recovering woman's heart
I hold the dream of
a dozen boys
all freckled and fair-haired
running barefoot on the farm
doing chores
while four to six pinafores girls
help me can cherry jam
in our big kitchen.
Fried chicken & potatoes
church on Sunday
one good hat,
childbearing hips
to make a mother proud, a
mother-in-law satisfied.

We have left our legacy in children
for a thousand thousand years. We
have had no other
measurable wealth.

And now
I say 'no more—
I want no more.'
It goes against everything
but myself.

Rose Arrowsmith DeCoux is a storyteller, mime and stilt-walker. Her writing has appeared in *Bumples Interactive Magazine for Children*, *Vox Poetica*, and *Storytelling Magazine*. She has lived at the edge of the Boundary Waters, in the foothills of the Indian Himalaya, and off-grid in a yurt. She now resides with her family on the shore of Lake Superior, where they run **Art House B+B**. For more information, visit arrowsmithdecoux.blogspot.com

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