



rural route millennium

by sarah pinder

the quiet explosions of fireworks from town
pop hollow and high
in sugared colour above the empty pasture
where we stand together

the dog is whining behind us
running half moons into hard packed snow
through frozen shit and hay
and just as I'm about to turn around to calm him
I realize that my grandmother can't hear
the rusted rattle, the keening
maybe not even the dynamite blasts
in our sky
she stands pigeon-toed in purple duck boots and
the brown barn coat
her hands, limp out of the pockets

she gazes up patiently
woken from her blue-lit lay-zee-boy
and waiting for the sign to turn away
the hand at her shoulder to give direction
back up the plywood steps
through the undershirt ghosts
frozen on the clothesline

her slack-jaw static eclipses
the smeared, streaking lights
my grandmother
between channels
tilts like the satellite saucer on the lawn
tentatively, towards heaven