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## Basket Charm

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# Basket Charm

By Angela Peckenpaugh

I am putting a center down  
and winding reeds one by one  
to make of grass and twigs  
a place of worship.

The red and black  
you see on each corner  
will spin when I  
throw my platter to the sky.

Your feet are across from mine,  
our arms bent out like  
the heron's question mark  
Wind sails the grasses  
like airborne boats.

Who will remember how we  
dug cool mornings to find  
the roots. Who remembers  
the winters of wet knuckles?  
The dust increases your heat  
and the dice fall into a square.

All the figures run.  
All the circles spin.  
I have a hat and we  
have a boat.

You will remember when  
you caught the prize.  
You will leave  
as I but the grasses will grow  
and the boars sail through the  
years. Fingers have formed  
what we know  
and they may read  
and they may dance  
what we loved.

This basket may be  
placed in your home.

2513 E. Webster Place  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53211