

## Sweetgrass & Fire

She wouldn't buy a braided bundle  
built however rightly there;  
would prefer to watch it garden grow,  
thinning, when Time would spare.

She wouldn't tie the bottom or  
the top with common cord;  
sooner with a shock of grass  
wetted by her lips—"Better  
to wrap it with itself  
surely, in place of this."

She wouldn't let mine help her hold  
one end of the braid as she took;  
the side of her foot was suitable, more—  
the purity of her tone.

She wouldn't strike a match, for  
smoke to that green braid;  
finer still is candle wax—'tis  
"Better to let the bumbling bees'  
yearnings fuel the flames."

She spoke—when singing  
and then, without sound:  
"These are the ways I long for Fire—  
This is how sweetgrass is bound."

