

Small House with Love

Jacqui Beck - for Johnnie, 2014

Your house, the smallest in which I have ever eaten chicken pie,
stands beside your garden of vegetables, flowers.
Chickens and prayer flags welcome me, bless us.

They pray at sunrise

They pray at sunset

We rise at sunprayer.

Cabbages laugh in rows of rich brown earth.

Johnnie, you laugh and know the magic
of the seed.

Amazed, I laugh and see the egg
growing into a chicken,
the glance growing into a friendship.