Memories Caught in a Cage

| Squashed memories of an earlier life... |

nights sleeping in a canoe floating down
*the Mighty Miss* surviving on Veggie Rice,
Bug Juice, and Mac & Cheese 23 portages
in the same exhausting day in the
BWCA smoking Swisher Sweets while drowning worms
on a fishing line eating real frog
legs and redneck sushi the ever present
leeches, mosquitos and black flies my faithful
Bailey with her own red canine-sized saddlebags
using blue tarps & raised paddles to
sail canoe flotillas across Big Sandy Lake
hearing the loons wailing their mournful goodbyes
to the sun stumbling alone along a
woodland trail at night in a raging
thunderstorm whitecaps, windy weather and canoes flipping
in Voyageurs National Park rope swings and
lost boat engines waking up in my
primitive lean-to with a wild raccoon on
my chest playing capture the flag between
two islands chilly nights with long johns
and lotsa Hot Cocoa sharing goofy shaggy-dog
stories around campfire embers watching morning fog
silently burn off the perfectly still lake

| tenderly treasured from my cell |