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 |