

i was born in the red dirt
stained by the blood of christ –if you will
a bare-footed bare-bottomed red dirt girl
dancing in the sunset light under the bleeding mountains

the town was nestled between the peaks
nestled intimately in the bosom of some sleeping giant
and wandering the town's red dirt roads in summer and fall
were all the red dirt children

the red dirt people lived
simple, sensible, practical lives
they were more than a town, they were a tribe
with roots deep in the red soil

life is a simple and sweet circle
the children marry other red dirt children
and bury their parents in the bloody ground
and bring into the world red dirt children of their own

sometimes there are children who don't belong in the red dirt
i'm a concrete and brick girl now, fingernails clean
and when i walk the paved streets i imagine clouds of red dust rising from the street
staining my boots with a red as deep as the blood of a martyr

Sarah Moll