



PRISM
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Back Then, Right Now, and One Day When

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We ran through the garden. Brown
children playing in the mud,
between the red
rose bushes. We made pies and cakes,
dirtying our hands and shoes.
And Grandma — my

Grandma — she laughed. My
how she laughed. She took our brown
shoes
and cleaned off the mud.
She gave us slices of cake
stained a cherry red.

My eyes were beat-red
when I found out my
Grandma could no longer bake us cakes
because we'll bury her beneath the brown
mud.
She could no longer clean our shoes.

I laced the dress shoes
and — read
the eulogy you wrote — tried to avoid the mud
on the way to my
brown
Grandma's grave. At the longhouse we'll eat cakes

like every other funeral, and then more cakes
with traditional roots and berries. Horse shoes
line the brown
edges of her grave with red
roses. My
family walks away, slipping in the mud.

Mud
cakes
my
shoes
reddish
brown

One day I'll scrape off the mud — layered like cake,
both red and brown, red then brown. . . and red then brown—
not just to clean my shoes, but also to bury you.