

Chris Jurewicz

WHERE THERE IS SUNSHINE, THERE IS HOPE

I grew up with a farm,
not on it,
but with a pine forest surrounding
and a wild boar.

We got this unloved piece of land
out of town.
Nothing would grow there,
but blackberries and pine.

But we saw the sun
and the hope,
and an escape
from the daily regime
of tanks on the streets
and the meat queue mentality.

We planted potatoes,
strawberries and carrots.
And dad built a dunny
among the pines.

The boar came nightly
leaving its signature
of dug up earth
and half eaten plants.

Then one day, we found
some little prints
next to the boar's.
And we laughed and we cried
and fell in love with the boar.

So when the winter
cut down the earth

with snow and death,
we put our potatoes
out for the boar,
to keep up the hope.

When the spring came
and the earth thawed,
we got back to the land
and looked at the sky,
straight into the sun.
Basking in hope.

And that year,
the boar would also be back
for more potatoes
strawberries and carrots.

