

Cottage

The cottage is green
shingled sides merge
into the yews and junipers
that hug its perimeter

The roof is tin, that rain drums
and thunder echoes
waking me on summer nights
when lightning stabs the sky

The shore is shale
studded with fossil bodies
of long-dead creatures
I stub my toes on them

The lake shades from green
to gray, never blue, even when
the sky paints itself azure
restless water refuses to reflect

My grandmother rests on the sofa
hands incessantly knitting
my aunt sun-bakes on her cot
I will tease her with tiny toads

At the cottage, I am always
eight years old, usually wet
brown, happy, free
it is forever summer

—Adrienne Stevenson

