



## Post: From Scarborough Beach



I'm thinking, the way I keep falling in love with you is like these waves. There are easy swells, which lift me off my feet and waves that crest against my chest. We swim in these, laze about or whoop and holler. This is like our day-to-day love. But then there is the wave that comes every so often, the big one, I see it coming, feel it, as the water pulls at my legs, surges up, so high, way over my head, and I think, oh shit, how am I going to survive this. The way my breath catches and fear tastes in my mouth. I think, I will be consumed here. I think, I want nothing more than to be consumed here. Because now I am not in my skin, not contained. I am trying to find my element. Sitting on the blanket I watch you with the kids down by the shore. It can be that simple. I look at you.

**Post: From Beneath**  
**Petaled Branches**



The tree has blossomed. I am lying on the cool wet grass beneath the apple. From here the world is all blue and brown and white light. In my dream the orchard orioles in the branches above drape my body, petal by petal, the pattern of my wedding dress. Their burnt orange bodies nest in my hair and I rise to stand before you a wild creature. In my dream you recite the words given you by the white stallion grazing in the field beyond. I open my mouth and my oath lifts from my tongue in blue butterflies. I am lying on the cool wet grass. You my darling, my beloved, are driving towards me, by now you'll be winding over Bethel Mountain Road, soon you will pull in the drive. It will take the evening to recognize you.





## Post: From the Book of Remembrance (Burning)



Here the trees are tall and close. Somewhere far off a crow caws in urgent sharpness, above the leaves shuffle. There is a kind of loneliness here. As a child I built a shrine to you in a wood like this. It was out behind our house in Lincoln. I was, what, seven or eight? The shrine made of the arched roots of a tree. I hid matches there. And even though I knew kids weren't suppose to play with matches I lit one each evening as a kind of vespers. A token of flame to show for the rage of burning inside my young heart, I who needed you in a forest fire of longing, my gesture, an asking, a prayer, my turning to ash. Girl who was me, what were you made of? A tumble of soot and bone.