

2017

## Uncle Bob & Wooden Duck

Mary Maroste

*Western Michigan University, mary.k.maroste@wmich.edu*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate>



Part of the Poetry Commons

### Recommended Citation

Maroste, Mary (2017) "Uncle Bob & Wooden Duck," *The Laureate*: Vol. 16 , Article 36.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate/vol16/iss1/36>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Lee Honors College at ScholarWorks at WMU. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Laureate by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at WMU. For more information, please contact [wmu-scholarworks@wmich.edu](mailto:wmu-scholarworks@wmich.edu).

## Uncle Bob & Wooden Duck

*Riding the ripples of Torch Lake it's too hot to eat*  
[I punch my temple until it  
    swells to the size of a turnip]  
his eyes shot the color of elevator metal  
4 hours later the middle line  
    on my left palm splits in half,  
*there was a story about a head of lettuce*  
    [I couldn't remember]  
    holes corroded through his sourdough sternum.  
Half sleeping, the white in my tapestry  
    melts into my glass of wine,  
*he shed his old skin hoping to last the winter*  
    [I was afraid to be lonely].  
Honey boiled in the beehives of my shins,  
    small lizards balanced on my raised purple skin,  
I painted my nails the scent of a night  
    covered in spray paint.  
    His Morton-salt-skin dissolved into the bathtub,  
*All the tapes unraveled,* I spit out my old teeth.  
    He carved three ducks  
        out of the only maple tree I ever loved,  
three months before he burned the earth  
    with skid marks he fell asleep painting.