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Northern Michigan as Still Life

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Northern Michigan as Still Life

Mary Maroste

It was almost spring
[the trees were still dead & tired]
when ivy climbed to my bedroom window
& stole an earring with a small amethyst –

grandmother left in the middle of my confirmation
& whittled small dolls out of dried corn in the church bathroom –

this wasn't something I was ready to stop twisting through my fingers.

**

I broke a small glass bottle against my driveway,
feared I wouldn't change,
feared my grandfather's heart would kill me –

I can't protect myself –
a bat curled against my dead windshield.

**

The sun was out for the first time since my dog threw up blood,
we skipped rocks over Lake Superior, my lip split open –

call it something; resurrection,
black fly,
7 small ducks.