

2018

Grandfather's Garage

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Recommended Citation

Maroste, Mary (2018) "Grandfather's Garage," *The Laureate*: Vol. 17 , Article 54.
Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate/vol17/iss1/54>

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Grandfather's Garage

Mary Maroste

On Sunday, in a one car garage with deer blood floors,
every wasp wants to be cypress pollen or lightning.

The ratio of land to water is changing:

red paint bubbles on the porch swell with humid air,
my throat covered in candiru & needles

from the blue spruce my parents
planted when they visited from Munich –

gnats circle freckles of light on the dew webbed lawn,

Bill polishes his boat named after his granddaughter,
the dust pebble moon illuminates fog patches rising over the evergreens

& somewhere in the world a turtle
wishes it smelled like oil.

Right now, there are so many things living
& I am in a bathroom with no windows picking dried glue off my palms –

the sky, a thick dark plum.