2016

Landscape of Toxic Ferns

Mary Maroste

Western Michigan University

Follow this and additional works at: http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate

Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation

Maroste, Mary (2016) "Landscape of Toxic Ferns," The Laureate; Vol. 15, Article 28.
Available at: http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate/vol15/iss1/28

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 administrator of ScholarWorks at WMU. For more information, please contact maira.bundza@wmich.edu.
The very first shape I made was the shape of the great barrier reef. Coral cut my foot, handfuls of marbles spilled into my open wound. One was an egg, the egg of a bright green bug. The clinic didn’t treat bugs. 

Was anything saved? asked the toad in a blue coat with gold buttons. A red wagon, a snowball, chapped lips & the memory; rain puddles covered in dust. The landscape was repopulated with more toxic ferns. This is a story about living with defeat.

3 of 5 posters on my wall were wet, I was a bad influence on the gerbils at the pet store. Each of my scars received a name & they used their names against me.

I wasn’t the only one using my toothbrush, man slime, red wine, foam. The toad wasn’t sure which was the prayer.