

Buckled

The spoon buckled & blistered.
The glue stuck to the wrong side.
The map was bent beyond boundaries.
It woke you from a dream, plunged your hand in blue:

Life
aboutfaced when your child rose
with leukemia
and gazed out the window.

The backyard:
its agate shone like a battleship.
It was up to you now to scale the snow
in buckets of shadows

the tin roof beating
in the Arctic.
The Tundra Bakery lit up,
teeners ganging there Saturday night.

As if she had outgrown life, the garment grew too thin.
Your ears were ripped off like jackals' in the wind:
mica.
The sinew & shrapnel of bringing a child into the world.

Quick sparks flew from the spur of the moon.
A daughter taken into time:
face fixed to the wind as to the mirror,
stars for hair. Or the bird plunging in.