

Postcard, from
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ON SYMMETRY

The trail to the lagoon where the creek and reservoir meet is unmarked.
From the watershed, preferably in closed toe shoes,
one must walk along the steep edge of the mountainside
cast above the freshwater.
The path ends over top an outcrop pitched above the lagoon.
The water below is confined by the rocky hills on either side.
Pine trees watch over the patch of grass and dirt we lay picnic blankets and towels on. Along the edge of
the water,
water spiders walk,
spinning thread
waiting for the next bather to jump in.
God must've made a mistake.
A mathematical error
too much tension, not enough weight.
In the distance
a meadow of aspen trees stands
bathed in sunlight,
protected by a hawk of mosquitoes
hovering over tall grass.
The cold water steals the feeling
from our fingers and toes.
half in half out
I watch the swimming circles expand
trace my finger from edge to edge.

GHOST STORIES

Flowers entwine themselves like weeds rooted along the path of childhood
poppies tail behind lining the dirt drive to the cabin perched atop the hillside
wild columbines claim the acre in bunches.
They say if you don't like the weather here wait until the arm of the clock ticks another quarter.

A blanket of lilacs greets you at the door
cornucopia of blossoms outside
but the interior remains a desolate landscape
the silence only broken by a glass of chocolate milk spilt over the loft's railing edge
the garden ends as soon as the house begins
The corners pitched to lead you up the spiral staircase
toward the purple bedroom
where the empty dollhouse sits.
capricious weather within.

A monster in the closet eyes you through the crack in the double doors
at night wind shakes the cabins logs, stretching apart their wooden ends
you clutch a teddy bear beneath the quilt you've knighted protector
while the rats sleep soundly against an insulation and drywall bed
childhood memories repeat themselves again.

TAMING THE SMEW

I learned to read here
I remember this
passage,

‘The story goes
your childhood
spoke to mine for this is
the only metric
we may measure time.

We watched the yellow fallen leaves
whirlpool around our toes
laughter, and the rustling of first kisses
out on the paved road
the corner where the home
met its maker.

One spoonful of sugar
in a cup of earl grey
a side of biscuits
fresh from
Willesden Junction bakeries
learning to share
never came so easily
two bodies held together
one arm over the other
a hand searching
for something to grasp
in denim jacket pockets.

Spring resting in your mind
I wanted to see you smile
under the branches of the willow tree
but you let your brow furrow
watching the smew dive below
the infinite green water.