

from Juked #5, Spring 2008

LINES OF POSSIBLE FRACTURE

Lightning scatters the tree beneath  
her eyelids. *Duckweed* she whispers  
between flashes, the dark distance  
tentative, the blue-greens in bud.

The book says, *Alzheimer's is the closest  
thing to being eaten alive slowly*. But it  
doesn't tell how to barter with this late  
snow, give it a marsh of reeds elsewhere

to settle on. To find her, I make myself  
a stranger, come to her like an open cage.  
But nothing I try coaxes her inside.  
Her life belongs to another story,

the one where rain shudders to snow  
and covers every bend of the road  
as if in search of something. What  
does it matter now — she doesn't feel

strange or cold. Why else does she  
wander barefoot into the storm  
if not to name what's left of our  
world before the next act of erasure?