

Edges

PAINTINGS BEKKA TEERLINK

Home

This is the house of bones:
Clavicle, scapula, sternum,
the skeletons of mill workers before us,

and before them the place
where deer came to bed
every winter;

before the deer, the unimaginable
pines, thick and tall
as redwoods.

This is the house of femur, phalanges:
A woman so poor
she tied her hair with shoelaces.

It is not a sad house. It is one hundred
years strong, settled. It is our home now:
At night we watch the stars

from our bedroom skylight. They shine
like bones tossed into blackness
for a dog too lazy to fetch.

ELISABETH FARRELL

Edge of the World

