

driving us through a wood

my father makes out a stag
between pines in the mist

He pulls over for us to observe

I ask him to take a picture

*No, he says
just look*

*and remember—remember
for the rest of your life*

interview

I want her to speak of it all

To liken herself
to that ancient noblewoman
who bore a child

on the battlefield

hoisted it in one arm

and wielded a sword
with the other

*You make me feel like
I'm on my deathbed*

*Ask my sister—
her memory is better*

seiche (/ˈseɪʃ/ saysh)

A phenomenon that occurs within a confined body of water such as a lake, sea, or pool. Once disturbed, the enclosed water may produce a “seiche” or standing wave that moves across its surface or, when below, between the warmer upper and colder lower layers. The wave does not break.

arizona

It is a place where all that lives
has hardened and bristled
against the world without

It is a place where a man can beat his wife and daughter
and then his second wife, his son, and three daughters
then his third wife
without reckoning

I remember the red winds of a storm—
desert-shocking hail on a field

We are all pelted and bruised on our backs
wind herding us against fences

Through our cries I hear the laughter of my father
his face red, terrifying—

the storm the very cracks of his teeth

the cicadas emerge

leaving papery husks
on our citrus trees

These dark, silvery insects
frighten my older brother

Knowing this, my father
finds a dead one—

tells my brother
to hold it in his hand
for two minutes

My brother cannot do it

My father holds
his wrist

places the cicada
in his palm

The rest of him
shakes terribly

interlude

found-text dated 1877 describing events
near my mother's home

A MONSTER IN ONONDAGA LAKE.

he and his son were fishing
when surprised

by the sudden appearance
of a monster

It swam
along the surface

for several rods
then sank out of sight