

POETRY

THE HISTORY OF THE STORY

The other actors are reenacting
the history of the story
by taking their leave:
dropping trails of buttons
napkins and teacups;
which she places into her apron secretly
while walking down rural roads
carrying water.

She believed
there was something wrong with her;
that she needed no one:

going to the doctor
feeling weak in the knees
as the stethoscope listened to her heart;

having her hair cut in the summer
by strangers;
smiling as the fingers
grazed her scalp with scissors.

I see her
as myself and her at once
as a child
in an open pasture
against a gray expanse of sky
without fences or roads.

She is standing with a cow
and softly holding onto her neck; humming.

I can smell the warmth of the cow's neck
the paced breaths coming out as steam
as she presses her child's cheek against her.

A breeze before the storm comes
and there is a slight sway of the cow's udders
as she turns her head around

Poetry

as if she can see the storm coming
but does not care
because she is safe in the arms of her child.

Emily Panzeri