



Emma Croll-Baehre

Collette

The echoes of your words drift here along the
highway bleached from snow the crab-apples
have turned apricot gold in the minus twenty two air
the blue truck still remains embedded in December tall
grasses shiver in the easy wind as eyes greet the
ghosts of whimsical youth chalk blue bay stretches far
magnificent corporeal vein this life force between fraying
landscape beyond the kitchen window
beyond the small mound of grey-green earth where the
murmurings of tawny mermaids were audible
to her the cold has become parasitic
to you and me ashen feral dog croaks the ode of our street
small square black windows bloated plastic nativities glowing
embers of apathy every storm this road crumbles
I hear the spittle of ice clacking like fingernails
against the opalescent dark window in the
residue of vulnerability we walk.