



Marta Croll-Baehre

Cigar Box

above the flaked wallpaper—streaked strawberry
Bravais lattice tiny elephant trunk
hooks hold decade-old West African violet
striped white—purple—fuchsia marbled gumballs

moth balls lie frigid prattling in the stern
of the upstairs guest room parched memories
sticky in small dried up cigar boxes
la douleur exquisite—great Elephant tusks

from Namibia in your brown canvas
coveralls you dry up, cover up in
their chock-full asparagus gardens—
dormiveglic at the round red kitchen

tables plucking chartreuse ceramics from
the chalky, dusted windowsill—daylight
seeps in oblong shadow into the carved
skeletons of waterless bonsai leaves

withering in Onitsha's thirsty grounds
windmills matted in the prickled gray grasses
you kneel in silence—palms bleeding into
the parched splinters of hundreds of amber

elephant tusks, curling upwards—white-knuckled
endangered—to a stiff and bloodless sky.