

Wilderness House Literary Review 6/1

Sandra Fees

Rosca de Reyes

The priest
pulled the tiny
figurine

from her thin
slice
of ringed bread.

Someone joked
it was
meant to be.

She stuffed
the plastic Jesus
in a pocket

with all the other lords
while she drank Tequila
read Neruda

and calculated
the end of time
on her iphone.

Wilderness House Literary Review 6/1

Geography

Just as expected
blue mountains
of Pennsylvania
stretch behind
farmer Smith's field

Mother
reclining
in a magazine
dipping
and rising
in sleep's indigo print.

There's a map
of the back roads
between here
and there
spread out
in her lap.

She has a poor
sense of direction.

This land
is her only garment.
Teach her
to wear it
like evening
not armor.

Wilderness House Literary Review 6/1

There's Too Much at Stake

If nothing's at stake
no one will ever love me,
no one will ever hate me,
and the tulip will never open.

I will not know left
from right. I never did.
Smoke will curl away from me.
I will suffer gas pump angst.

If nothing's at stake
dandelions will never grow
between cracks in the sidewalk.
And my grandmother,

the one named Vada,
who leaned, for comfort,
into the kitchen radio,
would not have spoken pretty words

like it wonders me
in her Pennsylvania Dutch dialect
or refused to let her husband's name
slip out in all the years

after she found him
dangling from a tree
like a hook from a crane: Raymond.
She knew, then, if not sooner,

there's too much at stake,
learned to place herself
in that little house in Avon

Wilderness House Literary Review 6/1

where nothing much ever happened

and no one asked her
to speak of it. Thinking of her now
it wonders me: if there's
too much at stake.