

## Wilderness House Literary Review 6/3

*Robert Vaughan*  
**ELEMENTS OF K**

### **FIRE**

She chased sirens to burning buildings.  
She was motivated by excitement, loved flames flickering.  
Her favorite time of day was sunset. Shards of blazing colors.  
Kind, although not warm, over our multiplying menagerie.  
Occasionally she'd scald dinner when interrupted by the Charlie Chip man.

### **AIR**

When I asked how reindeer fly, she cooed, "Ask your father."  
She felt trapped, a bubble, like butterflies floating on high winds.  
During long road trips, we'd sing, my entire family, harmonizing like the Von Trapps.  
Unless angered, she was easy-breezy, fair-minded. My sisters claimed I was favorite.  
She could be kinder to strangers than loved ones.

### **WATER**

Her childhood spent on a Finger Lake, her spouse rose from aqueous roots.  
She chauffeured our swimming lessons: tadpole, tuna, shark; knitting, sitting in the car.  
We saved a drowning baby bunny from a pond, she let us keep it. Named it Twitchell. When we released him into the woods near our house, she cried.  
She preferred white-water rapids over tsunamis.

### **EARTH**

She relished downhill skiing, and fast cars, was thrilled by speed.  
Encouraged us to cultivate our garden, hands in the soil.  
She was stable, organized. Not into housework. Spiders had their way.  
We planted gladiolas for mother's day; rising annually by the garden shed.  
We released her to earth; ashes to ashes, funk to funky.