

Antelope Island on July 4th

When Memere died, I stopped bagging groceries,
told the manager I had to go for a drive.

2,500 miles later, we floated in the remnants
of Lake Bonneville with brine shrimp and flies.

Buoyed, our worn bodies bathed in the Great Basin.

Bison shuffled through mixed grass fields
as we watched layers of landscape—salt flats,
blurred heat, brown hills, blue mountains—

three sisters thinking about the “For Sale” sign
on a chestnut tree back home, about 60 Frances Street,
about Memere’s thin spider veins,
and the rosy cheeked Hummels lining
her mahogany bureau in southern Maine.

Three sisters thinking: sometimes you need to drive to a great lake
and let the salt carry you for awhile.