

*In Which Dorothy Appears*

In a meadow of poppies, we sleep before the snow  
falls & wakes all but you. No cheekbones to trace,

no crystal ball when you go. No one who hears  
the branches that scratch this daughter's window.

Red tree. Dark morning. Gut-punch of gone.  
Sometimes it takes just one gust of wind to forget

a mother's face. Twice Dorothy woke in worlds  
she didn't know, & twice she met the same friends

in a different place. I need someone to explain.  
Show me a road & I'll follow, follow, follow . . .

What is a black box if it holds nothing but bone?  
This beach sand & gravel, ashes for answers.

Of all those fall nights that we sat to the Zenith,  
no one saw Dorothy's mom. We got Emily

& Henry. A terrier. Some witches. A twister.  
If this is about remembering, it's about believing.

Let a window frame slap my face.  
Let me forget some other story.