

# Same Old

MARY CROW

The same old story is different with each  
re-telling. What did mother say? One  
of the sisters asserts her truth to the other's  
incredulity—someone has to be right.  
Was the forest dark or light? Chiaroscuro  
Doesn't count. It's not logic but will,  
the will to win. The trail in Mohican Park  
leads to Lyons' Cave, deep and murky  
with its rocky brow above the spring  
you can drink from, or could. And the dark rot  
of leaves under the oaks sprouts morels  
you can fry, spongy smoke on the tongue.

You can't make people get along.  
Are the sisters speaking? One sulks  
outside. The other begins again,  
the audience all her own. Branches  
break their fall, and the few grasses  
are shriveled. Why enter the forest at all?  
The arrowheads have been harvested,  
and all the bones filed into needles.