

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.