

Jude

by L. N. Partlow-Myrick

I imagine her blue eagle eyes piercing the ground
and river bottom, darting about like dragonflies,
listening for a piece of magnolia twig or rock or feather
to emerge, to speak a story she will believe.

Smart women are not easily persuaded.

I imagine her huddled over a stew of found treasures
from Mayfield, the Potomac, Hedgesville West Virginia,
placing, arranging, gluing each gem into a whole,
the aroma of bewitching art wafting through the air.

Creative women are alchemists.

I imagine a brief smile flickering across her poker face,
belying the primal joy only a contented Earth mother feels
upon weaving bits and pieces of places together, to tell
a certain story, to ensure she lives on and on and on.