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Abandoned

Molly Boyce

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"Yes, a wish."

I close my eyes then open them.

"Did you make a wish?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, that's it. It will come true."

"How do you know?" I ask.

"We know. We know."

The straight-back one cups my chin in her hand, a hand with purple veins like worms from the ground. She looks at me a long time.

"Do not forget your family, child. Do not forget where you come from. Will you remember?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Good, child. Good. She says and drops her hand from my chin. "You may go."

I find my cousins in the tree swing in the front yard.

The talcum from the old ones lingers in my nose as I turn to see them on the front porch. They wave. Then, I see them no more.

They knew. They knew. I am not afraid, anymore.

ABANDONED

Molly Boyce

time in a bottle

retelling my life,

washed up by a storm

found lying on far shores

now for the whole world to see

my fond collection of sand

in abandoned shells

GUARDA ESPIRITUS JARS Eunice Bridges

