

CAMBRIA COUNTY

MAGGIE, NOON & NIGHT

*Bedford, Pa.*

Going to bake bread  
water from the well –  
such peace

I go to the door in the bright evening  
God shrinks back from your uplifted hand  
I try not to cry out

On the starway  
light is thick  
I hear alleluia rising

CAMBRIA COUNTY

CUTOUTS

*Portage, Pa.*

It can come  
from any point on the compass  
I await

On rails,  
by canal  
cloth arrives, coal leaves

This new quilt pattern  
I am making  
is called "Leaves' Patter"

AS THE BROTHER

*Frankstown, Pa.*

Going to shoot deer  
I stand still in a secluded spot  
sun reaches my back

I linger  
though I will have to move

I find berries  
and tie some up in my kerchief  
trying to remember the spot  
to tell the girls

*Now!* – the steaming carcass  
Weeks of food  
from felling her leap

VISITING

*Holsopple, Pa.*

The roads  
twist and turn  
between woods, between fields,  
sometimes through a woods

The patchwork of the fields  
lies over these hills  
like a quilt

Cornmeal mush  
for breakfast with maple syrup  
and sausage  
my grandmother's strong tea

Yesterday, the bed of moss  
in the woods.  
And now, going home  
in the wagon.  
A fall breeze.

My mother will ask  
about the guinea fowl.  
I have eggs for her.

MOTHERING

*the Moxham section of  
Johnstown, Pa.*

We planted a pair of lilacs  
on either side  
of the back yard

under one, lily of the valley  
under the other, a sandbox  
where redheads could play  
in the shade

The cherry tree, the apple tree,  
the pear tree  
were all planted by Mr. MacDougal

The girls' father ordered  
tulip bulbs from Holland  
and we planted the tulip bed

I gathered fieldstones  
for the wall  
with our next-door neighbor

We will live  
differently from my family