

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