

Nancy Takacs

God, in the Garden,

being the woman you are,
you should know about the milk
in the Mason jar,
the cream so thick at the top
from the little Jersey
next door,

how a teaspoon
on your blueberries
will butter your stomach,
flutter in your tapioca
that begs for an infusion
of lavender, with a pinch
of mint on top.

You should know the handkerchiefs
of your great-grandmother
are biting the dust
after years in the trunk,
and unfold them to
sew a chemise
from all the lilacs
and wild roses she tucked
up her sleeve.

You should know you are
snout and tentacle,
a brazen hornet.
I am mad too.

You are a Northern Lights
beer and a plate of whitefish livers.

You are a tail dangling from the willow,
a sweater of shaggy balloons,
and a bite of sassafras.

I look to your cedar fingernail
and your haloed cookie,
your grapefruit flea
and choppy engine,
your drowsy llama
and drizzle of rust,
your paddling syllables,
your fruit cellar full
of invisible jewels, your
ruby toes, and topaz hooves.