

CRYSTAL KARLBERG

Storm's Coming

I would like to wear more silk now. I would like to know
single malt whiskey the way my mother knew

her lovers, a highballer in the tallest of tall towers. Take
an hour. Take all the time you need. I would like to have had

a fast youth to recall like that time in Detroit that never happened
because Michigan, because motorcycles, because I cried

when my sister said, *Stay there. I'm coming to meet you.*
Who knew she'd be so cool with me asking

if our father ever played the guitar and what medication
does she take before bed? Heaven is full of sharks.

I mean, they have to go somewhere. A pond is nice
on a warm day, but there's nothing like the ocean: far-off

sandbar, all ours for the taking. What planet is this
we've been calling home? My mother knew a vulture

when she saw one, so it stands to reason her mind
just isn't what it used to be. The fish rots from the head

or so she says, and I wonder what company she's been keeping.
The flora is calling. Lichen hangs in the balance between

our hill and the neighbor's. I have wanted to feel moss
against my bare feet for months or maybe years. Who

can remember? My words flounder tonight, held under
with lead sinkers. *Trust your gut* is actually good advice

if you know how to listen. Stones knock together
and the music is a hook. I'm lured nightly by the physical,

by a chemical anchorability I couldn't spell
and didn't know I needed.