

TERESA DZIEGLEWICZ

Postcard from Standing Rock

I wish you were here.

I know, every day
I was supposed to leave
yesterday. Pack up
the hollow bones of the tent,
stop feeling, each night, like a stowaway
in the sway of the grass.

But,

you

know how I love
this work, the tiny snapping turtles in the river,
the wild plums, tart on my tongue,
my days full with kids weaving drums, the bright sinew
holding everything together.

You're already back in Missouri, keeping lit our garage sale lamps,
when, after school, Val and Alayna surprise me
with the camper, *home, sweet home* sign hung on the door,
and the deep blue curtains Val stitched just for me,
with the strawberry Pop-Tarts in the cabinets,
nestling in.

And I know then I can stay. And I will,

nestling in,

with the strawberry Pop-Tarts in the cabinets,
the deep blue curtains Val stitched just for me,
and the camper's *home, sweet home* sign hung on the door.

When after school, Val and Alayna surprised me,
you were already back in Missouri, keeping lit our garage sale lamps,
holding everything together.

My days full with kids weaving drums, bright sinew;
the wild plums, tart on my tongue;
this work; the tiny snapping turtles in the river.

Know how I love

you.

But

in the sway of the grass,

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I stop feeling, each night, like a stowaway.
The hollow bones of the tent
packed up yesterday.
I was supposed to leave,
I know. Every day,
I wish you were here.