

**CATIE ROSEMURGY**

**Diorama (woman who watches the forest fill with twinkling lights)**

Slowly, the town recovered, and we all became women. The only things left were white pines and our long streaks of sweat.

We gladly joined the slash marks and counting of the forest.

Oh, the repetitive, vertical things that we did at night. The unreportable events. Oh, the choral activity characteristic of young women.

We worked hard and surrounded the object. We picked it up and sang to it, no matter what it was: laundry tub, baby, husband, secret, map, bone.