

Cabin

MICKIE KENNEDY

A stew softens on the stove.
On the counter, a cup of black coffee.
I still have a closet full
of fishing poles and tackle: lures
my dad and I tied decades ago.

Once, I cast the line
and caught him in the shoulder.
I watched him slowly remove the barb,
turning and twisting the metal
until it came loose.

Mom made a cobbler,
dropping measured cups
of pancake mix into a bowl,
a cigarette dangling from her mouth,
an impossibly long wand of ash.

In the far back bedroom,
where my parents slept, the same
yellow curtains, push-button phone,
a white ceramic cat with exaggerated eyes.

I remember standing in the doorway,
watching them sleep. Mom
curled into Dad, the low hum

of their breathing. I wanted to burrow
between their bodies,
but I knew I would ruin
something delicate,
something already almost gone.

