

THE WOMAN WHO COLLECTED ANCHORS

Olivia Holmes

She was constantly purchasing anchors—
odd ones, old ones, golden ones with ropes to match
—until the turbulent morning she noted,
for all of her anchors, that she was adrift
and she had to distinguish the offer “adventure”
from “lost at sea.” Then she took to embroidering
chains at the borders of all of her sails,
and to hoisting the flag of the Lock and Key,
so she would not appear to a passing ship
like some sickly looking catch set free,
or poor flotsam tossing aimlessly,
but a well-built boat with a priceless cargo
docked, for the moment, mid-ocean.