

e wheel.
d dimly
and on

THICKET

in blue
l Rush
other.

Cathleen Micheaels

e said,
ie gun
y pull

Jesse

said.

Dora Lee drives carelessly and Pearl
gives me a worried glance and I nod but I can't
contain my happiness—windows rolled down
blackberries ripening everywhere
Dora Lee's Buick speeding down the canyon
and Dora Lee laughing asking me Are you sure
there are plenty of figs and before I can convince her
she tells me she wants plenty to candy
for Christmas and Pearl too nervous to do anything
but remind Dora Lee to slow down for heaven's sake
Pearl in the back seat surrounded
by hangers & buckets & empty strawberry flats
and just looking at her I feel the way I did
when I was six and my brother and I set out
after butterflies with nets he made from hangers
& my mother's old nylons. I don't care
if we ever pick figs! I want Dora Lee to keep
gesturing wildly at thickets of blackberries
exclaiming Eight sisters! living in the Midwest
—can you imagine? I don't ever want to stop
I want to hold on the way Pearl clutches her hat
when the road dips suddenly and Dora Lee announces
I haven't felt *this* good in ages!