

SARA MICHAS MARTIN

Return

I walk to make certain I was ever there.
To find the car I once discovered

buried in the pines. As if it were left
for the mushrooms to affix. For crows

to pull batting from its seats. Small
when I see it. Body rubbed free of paint,

roof caved like a chocolate egg left in the rain.
And the myths are gone: the witch

I thought placed it here, the silver horses
that drag cars from many roads.

Now I imagine, before trees filled in,
someone drove it just this far

and parked. Up here the water
driving against the northern shore

is just one layer of silence
spread thin inside another.