

PRESERVE

Clouds come out of the cereal factory feeds it to the sky.
Burns its grains and gives it to machines. Silkflower
and snowevil brittle by the roadside. By salt-stained.
In a cloudy dark. In roads. In a field to the north
close to the known precarious border in the field.
Was the border. It faces north. Lace and thorn.
You can't pick those flowers, they shatter!
Serves you fundamental.

Ladies feed grains to the sky and their daughters
attend the school. Pink lipstick and shiny purses
made from taken grains. Across the border
the clouds are different. Snowevil denser, petals
more translucent. They have their different
kind of factory. In summer they all die. In winter
they are permanent. The summer wasn't real
and isn't her. I mean here
their clouds decorate their purses.

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