

MARGARET MONAGHAN

Delft Farm

You were born into inelegance like the neap tide.

Three words that hovered overhead were
Baking and indulgence,

Which is the opposite of the *Ginkgo biloba*.

And was nigh your father's world of lobster shifts,
Your mother's last wick, the middle disturbance.

They too hovered like a ghost or slung bird.

By morning, a goat had wandered to the smooth lawn.

The grandmothers weren't afraid or nuisanced
But emerged in chains of actual gold

To pet the goat and pose with the children.

It won't be horrible. Hair of the girl
Will resemble hair of the girl.