

Transformation

By Theresa Cocolin

The summer she turned thirteen
the house became smaller,
walls suffocatingly close,
and rooms too full of family.

Her mother, sweet and calm,
who ate the back and wings
of Sunday's fried chicken,
who never raised her voice
(Except for those times when
her last nerve was rubbed raw,
then petitioned the Lord
for help, as no one else would,)
suddenly seemed too thin,
so unlike other mothers
with edges less defined,
and her father, who always
made her giggle with glee,
was now not so funny.

Her sister became stupid,
changed boyfriends like winter socks,
laughed or cried as conditions
deemed necessary at the time.

The only constants were
the little sister who
played with her baby doll,
built a playhouse by the woods,
who seemed quite content
in her solitude, and
a brother who loved battles,
still waged wars with anyone
who dared to cross his course.

The screen door framed the trees
and the blue sky beckoned.
Past the barn the rye field
stretched golden to the edge
of woods, all mingled green,
dark and mysterious.
She cut a swath into

the golden, prickly sea
'til near the center
she lay down, felt the sun
beat down on flesh and bone.

The sky stretched forever
while the bearded rye bent down
encircling, enclosing,
yet freeing her at last.

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