**My Body’s Blue Marsh**

Sandra Fees

My body’s a blue

way station

for prismed dragonflies.

A maturing biome

amassing globe-thistled

meadows facing

the sun, the neck-

line edged in Queen

Anne’s lace

My vertebrae, a multi-

use trail, the interlocking

trek and trace

of memory and regret.

It’s the lake-womb

that’s the wild core,

its water torrents

harnessed now

and fringed by soft-

legged bulrushes.

But beneath the freshwater,

the past gets eyed

season after season.

There, a lost farmland where

once fruit trees swelled

and shocks of light

offered these rumpled arms

the promise

of moonglow pears.