**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.