

DEANNA ALLEN-KEE

I need to remember that child,
always cold
who squatted by the red clay road,
stood against the house
to soak up sun
although the Lake Superior wind
always found her.

If she had known
as her fingers dug in hard clay
what would be unearthed in life,
she might have hidden
forever,
or eaten the peanut butter sandwich
she threw away punctually
every noon,
and grown bigger.