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## Adirondacks

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DEVON PONIATOWSKI

# Adirondacks

My father bought a lake in memoriam of a glacier:  
the tapioca simmer of his dead mother's hum  
as she sieved honey into tea.

I read her kinked hair as a bird's nest.  
If I pawed it, I'd trigger abandon.  
She whistled often, the sound of roots inking silt.

*My mother would have loved you.*  
The words that rock me to sleep.  
Her moon visage follows me in cycles,

parses slats of light across my pillow.  
I dream her underwater: mermaid-finned,  
turnkey eyed, liquid. Salt dissolving skin.

She survives: a porcelain bird figurine  
lolloped on mantle. My father cried  
twice: when ceramic met concrete & when

twine & glue couldn't cradle splinters. Now  
it's him & the lake. In May he rows,  
spooning the moon from the water

into a bale jar. The mountains erode to  
the rhythm of his metallic clanks while I write  
of her hands gardening empty rooms.