

## Guest Room

Our children were conceived  
 in a carved maple bed sent  
 from Milwaukee on the train  
 by my husband's grandmother in 1937.

Last night, celebrating thirty-five years,  
 we turned back its eyelet sheets,  
 the floor seeming to lower beneath us,  
 the bodies of all the women

my husband *could* have married  
 crowding around the foot  
 of our bed, handing us their weary  
 hearts, struggling to remember

him. I offered them my hands, fingernails  
 with sunken moons. Our shadows blended  
 on the wall. Through the open window  
 I saw glaciers, snow folded

in their laps, and wondered if they were  
 breathing. This was the same  
 carved maple bed where, so many years ago,  
 the stork left our children in the dark of night.

## The Holding Room

In a plowed field at the rim  
 of the southern Utah desert  
 one of those Schnebbley brothers

found connected bones,  
 the skull of a young girl,  
 and a set of terrible blue toenails.