

## HATPINS IN THE STORM, MT. YPSILON, 1915

Lightning transmutes the figure  
this one a tree  
in the snapshot.

Grandma's mountain outing  
The weather electric  
The ladies girls  
in high laced boots  
The dresses heavy layers  
waving, unstuck and waving  
those hatpins in the storm

Because she heard it was harmless;  
the magic buzz they made,  
like an insect mind of her own,  
she like Marie Skłodowska C.  
at the top of the world  
was somehow safe.

This is where  
in the story  
she would pause

Returning down the ridgeway  
they found a horse and man  
struck dead; smelled the flesh.



A young boy, his son, glued  
in her mind all of these years  
thrown from the horse's back  
was alive.

This is where  
but only once  
did I ask  
how the story ends.