“Thick” and “Rock Gold”  
Terese Gagnon

**Thick**

_Dwell dwell dwell_

Within the worn spine

Of a world

Bound together

By the cohesion

Of sense and memory

Here the earth is tender

And exists to be known

As you, to it

Here the tulip poplar's branches

Are couplets

For the mind

Their arch stitched

To the hem
Of history

The sound of the

*Kati-did, kati-did, kati-dids*

In the August night

Is a well

That the soul

Settled into

From whence

It will never

Climb out

The taste

Of sour blackberries

And knowing where to find crawdads

Are love letters

That stretch backward

And forward

Splitting logs

In the cold
For a woodstove

Is both a rising
And falling
Action

From a bedroom window
Watching the decay
Of a blue plastic tarp

-across years
Is sensory detail
Etched in the bones

When the sparks
Fly
From the bonfire

And become lightning bugs
Mount
To the star-speckled sky

And the creek
Rumbles full
From the rains
The magic
Is So thick
You can almost

See the hand
Of the writer
-almost

And tomorrow
We will board
The yellow bus

To count plastic kangaroos
And dream with our eyes
Out the window

But for tonight,
Ours is the
Truth

That is published
Only in the whisper
Of the *pines*. 
Rock Gold

To tell a story
Is to mine the quarry,
Of life.

And come back
With a little chunk,
Of that

Which made the mountain.

Terese is a poet and anthropologist from the woods of northeast Georgia. She is a graduate of the University of Georgia. Among many things, Terese is interested in landscape, memory and the rich world of sensory experience—forms of literacy and a language all their own. She can be contacted at terese@uga.edu