

**“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 *pin*es.

## 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](mailto:terese@uga.edu)