

Le Triomphe d'Art

Elisabeth Murawski

The boy counts on her
not to turn,
brings the shovel down

hard. She yelps,
rubs the bump
sprouting on her scalp

as he races down
the alley, streak
of fox. Useless to tell

their mother, champion
of sons. The girl
pats and smooths

the man she's made
from three spheres
of snow, gathers

bits of coal
for the face, a row
of buttons. Order

pleases her, soothes
the sting
of broken trust.

It's almost dark.
Her feet are numb.
The wind from the lake

bites her skin. Home
is where that yellow
square of light is.