

1-1-1994

Timber Queen

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When the Sasquatch
finally stumbles into Forks,
he's tiny, the size of a grainy
newspaper clip.
Trish, the 1973 Timber Queen,
spots him from her perch
on the blue porch.
As she stands to squint,

her fat feels wrong,
like someone's mother's
hand-me-down sweater.
He might be a rat
from the town dump
but he walks upright
and clutches a mess
of maidenhair ferns.

She always knew
he'd come too late to carry her
into the Hoh rainforest
where nothing dries
so nothing dies completely:
the robin's rotted wing lifts up
as huckleberries sprout
between its bones.

When the Sasquatch
finally stumbles into Forks,
no one runs for a camera
or rings the *Enquirer*.
Trish gives him a bowl
of dog chow soaked in water.
The sun is so bright
it ought to be warmer.