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Uses Of Enchantment

*It is therefore that I would have woman lay aside all thought such as she*

*habitually cherishes, of being taught and led by men. I would have her,*

*like the Indian girl, dedicate herself to the sun.*

**-Margaret** Fuller, 1845

I'm pulling weeds

in the Woodmont beach

house garden,

while in Puget Sound,

beyond the chaos of roses and peas,

sunset ignites

bonfires underwater.

The flames spread.

The ballad of the dead

is sung beneath the surface in slow

sync with anemones,

saturated by the deep

pull of a story

that's truer than zoology,

but seems strange

as a speaking salmon,

or a seal with a scarlet pelt.

The story explains

that though dusk will always rekindle

under Puget Sound,

my grandmother will never swim

up from under death

clenching her golden teeth.

All that's left is a handful

of enchanted seeds

that she packed into the calcium

spines of my mother and me,

that force us upward

like stalks from beans

driven crazy in love with the sun.