Kate Fox

*Who became a professional medium after she reported the*

*"Hydesville rappings'' of 1848, and who later confessed to fraud.*

When I was thirteen, I thought I would grow

pale as lace, forced to sew and sew

my brain into a filigree

of threads and holes. Then I learned

to crack my toe-bones until they echoed

like raps from beyond the grave.

Soon, my body was a bag of tricks,

a telegraphic alphabet: croaks, moans, clicks.

I wore black gloves and a veil wrapped

around my face like a wasp's nest.

I charged a dollar per deceased

and fifty cents for stillborn babies.

And what do you know? The spirits spoke,

rapping *shall we gather at the river-*

Do I wish I'd married a farmer

like my father, with burrs in his beard? No;

I cleared eight hundred bucks a year,

though the frontier of the dead was closedI

moved like a pioneer into the deep

recesses of my knees and throat.

**Sorby 7**

*Knock-knock!*

*Who’s there?*

It was always me,

never an infant with coins on its lids,

never a fisherman caught in a net. I was the whole

heavenly host. I was as good as it gets.

Third Coast

8