ANGELA SORBY

Timber Queen

*Olympia Peninsula, Washington State*

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.

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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.

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