

Ice arch, Luna Island  
laura ferlanti

Ice arch, Luna Island,  
all sunshine and gloss.  
And here you are, in my homestake, the fort I built.  
There's a small iron bucket inside the unembellished dwelling we share,  
in it memories of loved ones lost from Redford and Gloucester.  
A brother's model tugboat, a sister's single ruby and a navy blue hard cover book I saw my  
mother read.  
We love the misty air, and how its cool droplets kiss our swollen lips.  
There's a fire on the sister island and there's nothing we can do about it.  
If we were in Redford or Gloucester things would be different, but that's not where we are.  
We are in my homestake on Luna Island resting beneath the ice arch.

