

e wheel.  
d dimly  
and on

## THICKET

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in blue  
l Rush  
other.

*Cathleen Micheaels*

e said,  
ie gun  
y pull

Jesse

said.

Dora Lee drives carelessly and Pearl  
gives me a worried glance and I nod but I can't  
contain my happiness—windows rolled down  
blackberries ripening everywhere  
Dora Lee's Buick speeding down the canyon  
and Dora Lee laughing asking me Are you sure  
there are plenty of figs and before I can convince her  
she tells me she wants plenty to candy  
for Christmas and Pearl too nervous to do anything  
but remind Dora Lee to slow down for heaven's sake  
Pearl in the back seat surrounded  
by hangers & buckets & empty strawberry flats  
and just looking at her I feel the way I did  
when I was six and my brother and I set out  
after butterflies with nets he made from hangers  
& my mother's old nylons. I don't care  
if we ever pick figs! I want Dora Lee to keep  
gesturing wildly at thickets of blackberries  
exclaiming Eight sisters! living in the Midwest  
—can you imagine? I don't ever want to stop  
I want to hold on the way Pearl clutches her hat  
when the road dips suddenly and Dora Lee announces  
I haven't felt *this* good in ages!