

At the Top of Kingsbury Grade

Madison Weiss

The legend goes like this:
an anchor dislodged from granite rock
turns Arthurian child into mermaid

And so, she paddles to its chiseled iron
her lungs constricted in Sierran waters
Knees scraping on memories

of summers in sunburned youth
spent planning, heisting
To no avail, the anchor remains fixed

in time (summers five through fifteen)
and space (beside the diving cliff)
Her legs remain separate, sapien