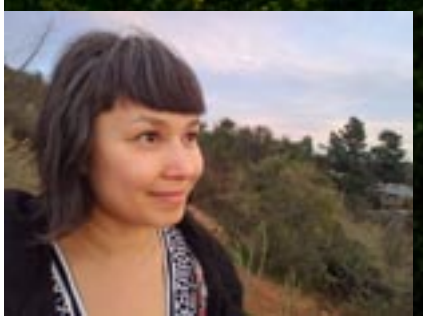
Our Cabin

Beth Marquez

My radio tells me the legend
of the winter so cold
        it froze the flames of burning building,
left it a solid flower
blossoming its curved fingers
toward the sky,
paled the reds and yellows
and left it half-whole
all winter.
And I think
this is how it was
        after I left
after that pain that
earthquaked the air
        until nothing in me moved.
That I am the wood
        that slowed in its dying
that I am
        the stunned, breathless fire
that I am
        the stern forest
        averting its eyes.
That I am the one
stumbling across this still wonder
just as the frost breaks,
time snaps back to its doing,
the sudden shaking of the air
startling me to ashes.



BETH MARQUEZ is a poet from Altadena, California. She has been published in anthologies from Moontide Press and Lucid Moose Press. Her poems have appeared in The Nervous Breakdown and the Damfino literary journals. She is a 2017 Pink Door Fellow and Pushcart Prize nominee. She holds a Ph.D. in Biostatistics.