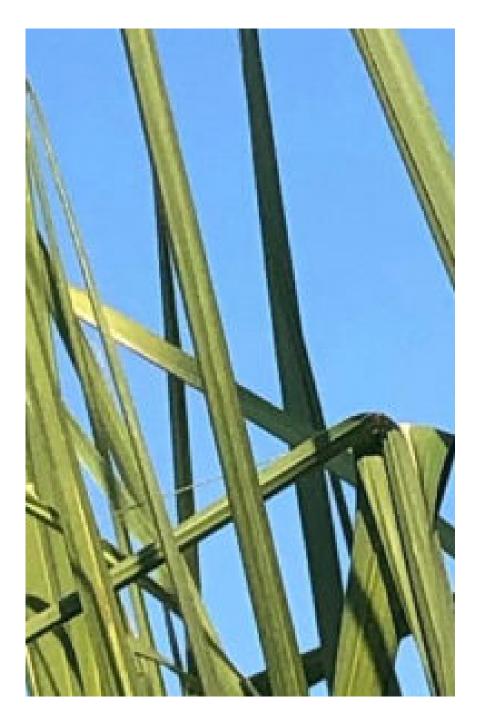
New Poetry by Betsy Martin: "About What You Have," "Female Figure in Photos," and "To Missoula"



GRASSES QUIVER BEFORE / image by Amalie Flynn

## ABOUT WHAT YOU HAVE

In my dream Dad, age one hundred twelve, has his first cell phonebig and square, with a rotary dial. With a proud index finger he dials my mother, gets her voice mail. Together we lean in, listen to her low, drifty voice, its mist so warm on my ear as it rises from deep underground. I ask Dad for *his* number, but he can't recall it before fading into the passage. He's left me messages, though, like: When eating fish be careful not to get a bone stuck in your throat; when walking tuck in the tummy; think about what you have, not about what you don't.

## FEMALE FIGURE IN PHOTOS

fourteen-year-old mop of hair sullen air in mod raincoat on London sidewalk with beaming scowling father brother seventeen leaning on brick wall in black-and-white flannel shirt no cigarette yet mien as in movies seen through a puff of smoke

college-era long hair akimbo arms eyes narrowed to spot foe in tall grass

sixty odd in a museum at a window face a little wooden and through the panes an autumn-leafed tree flames

## **TO MISSOULA**

The cold air her pillow of courage, she skirts the northern rim of the nation.

As she crosses the Dakota Badlands, where even the hardiest grasses quiver

before earth's uprisings and revolutions, her eastern forest home has tilted

and is sliding over the rim!

She pulls her wings in closer to fly fast and low

over layers of pink and gray guts squeezed from deep under.

A tail feather tears loose,

whirls away;

she almost bursts into a plume of magma.

Night cools into dawn.

She parks the car, steps out into a new world, a young woman with compass and camera and a crown of mountains.