

Subdivision

Elizabeth Ross

Workers dragged your body
from the pool of daffodil

preservative. Six years old,
you slipped

from the car where
your father, a picker, told you to wait –

he had returned
for his pocket watch.

After you drowned,
my mother made me take

swimming lessons:

I held my breath
and floated through blue

water, skin glossy and fresh.
Flowers bloomed in black

buckets outside the corner grocery
store. I rode my birthday bike

breathlessly past new pink
homes as bulldozers crushed

the greenhouses. You saw the glass
edge of the surface. Sunlight

dropped a splintered ladder down.