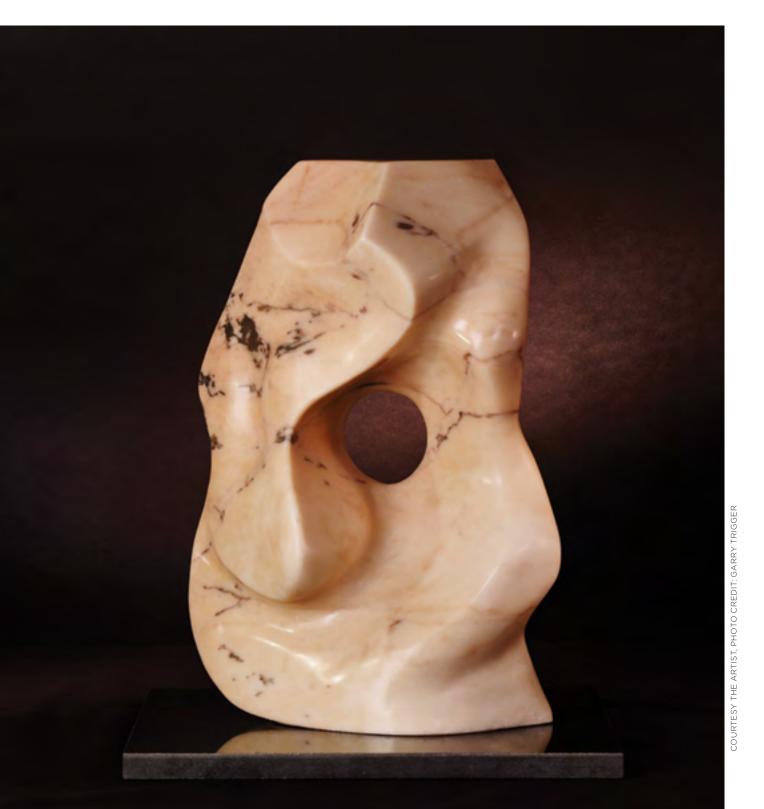
MICHAEL BASHISTA

Emergence, 2014 Portuguese Rosa, 14 x 21 x 8 in



BECKIAN FRITZ GOLDBERG

Enchanted Egg #3

You see its interior moon which is at first the only light. The walls are curved like the body of a bald airplane. Here, there is only waiting. The flowers are waiting to come up and die. The birds tick tick waiting to have their heart attacks. In the corner, the TV's blue aura flutters and licks the wall, while the girl sits and watches, waiting for the family to come on. Bang, bang, goes the TV, bang bang. Here, there is only one season. The potatoes stay buried till they are ghosts. A one-eyed car drives in the night around the snowy lake over and over in the same moment, so the distance never occurs. You see the moon in your brain like a shimmering gumdrop. Kiss, kiss, goes the TV. But Mother changes the channel and tells the girl, Wait till you're older. The ceiling is domed like the sky. Exactly what kind of space is this? What moon in what living room, what car revolving the pearl-faced lake—and the girl's broomstick horse laid next to the TV. It is like the little chaos one might find in a doll's head. Ha ha ha ha, the TV goes. From the kitchen Grandmother says, You don't appreciate your father. But Father is circling the frozen lake in his car, headlight poked in the dark. The trees are waiting to fall down, shore ice waiting to crack, a place becomes a minute. The moon absorbs your eye like a little pill. You'll always come back now. Baby, Baby, says the TV bouncing its reflection off the wallpaper rosettes and then begins to snow.

Beckian Fritz Goldberg is the author of several volumes of poetry, including In the Badlands of Desire, The Book of Accident, Lie Awake Lake, Reliquary Fever: New and Selected, and Egypt from Space. Her poetry has appeared in Harper's, the American Poetry Review, The Best American Poetry 1995, and Field. She has been awarded the Theodore Roethke Poetry Prize and a Pushcart Prize. Goldberg teaches at Arizona State University.