PENELOPE SCAMBLY SCHOTT

Earthworms

I love the worms, their pink corrugations breaking the dirt to make the earth breathe.

Sometimes I mourn how they stretch in rain, lie swollen and bleached over pavement,

a pink and tragic nation of the drowned. Consider that loss: an earthworm can live

four to six years. Summers and winters, winters and summers. I know a woman

whose newborn took three difficult breaths and then he died and nothing on this earth

could bring him back. She dressed him up in a nightie and a sweater and a little cap

crocheted by her mother. I have wondered whether anyone took a photo, but I don't ask.

Penelope Scambly Schott's most recent books are *Lovesong for Dufur*, poems about the small central Oregon town where she goes to write; and *Lillie Was a Goddess, Lillie Was a Whore*, a verse history of prostitution.

RON MILHOAN

Mother Memorial, 2013 oil on wood panel, 4 x 6 ft



credit: R.Blitzer Gallery

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