

Untitled

By Jessica McDermott

You've made your bed,
Now lie in it – the cloud
Mother cried. Her voice
A lick of fresh air
Or a push off a cliff.
The blackberry bush is darker than a bruise and
Still not sweet enough to eat-
At least, not yet.

Father as Island

By Jessica McDermott

Old mask, familiar father, still an island
far and away from his kids. Not an island
that can withstand a hurricane or losing another job –
but one that wears weathered gloves to mend
barbed wire fences and feeds rib-worn horses
that aren't his own.

An island that doesn't visit
or say I Love You
or even remember the city you live in now,
but one that somehow sends a card on your
birthday like it's always been there,
waiting for you to come ashore.

Jessica McDermott's work has appeared in *The Apeiron Review*, *Manifest West*, and *Green Panda Press*, among others. She received her MFA in creative nonfiction writing from the University of Idaho. She and her twin brother co-run the online poetry press Line Rider.