

# In April the Bloodroot Blossoms

They've found the bones of a fish  
over three hundred million years old  
poking from a fresh slice of Pennsylvania  
roadcut. Rudiment of an upper arm bone  
suggests it's a missing link between  
animals who lived in water and those who first  
ambled onto land.

Meanwhile, out in the stellar  
sea, the space station crew circles home  
listening to a strange drumming coming from  
the instrument panel. Sound of flapping metal,  
something broken, large or small, something  
they hope they can fix without disaster.

Here, on solid ground, we limp along,  
dodging the angry flak of words or bullets.  
Spring comes in all its gaudy green pubescence.  
Earth goes on curtsyng, this way and that,  
to the sun. It's like the game Pin the Tail  
on the Donkey, all of us blindfolded, fumbling

toward something solid on which to attach  
the blessings or sorrows we hold at arm's  
length. Life is desire searching for a form.

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JACKIE BARTLEY'S work has appeared most recently in *Nimrod*, *Spillway*, and *Calyx*. Her latest collection, *Ordinary Time*, won the Spire Press Poetry Contest and was published in 2007. She lives with her husband and two crazed Dalmatians in Holland, Michigan.