

The holy card in Morstein

by [Anne M. Higgins](#) in the [March 14, 2018](#) issue

In black and white, the children cross the ridge  
Over the chasm.  
The angel, in fluffy robes,  
Hovers over them, guards them in all their ways  
Although the bridge is narrow  
Rotten woods  
Where some of the slats are gone  
And even the rail has fallen.  
I stare at this card,  
Smaller than my palm,  
Which I've found  
In the top drawer  
Of the dresser in my Aunt Julia's bedroom,  
Which seems to be black and white  
In my memory, or brown and gray,  
And in my memory it's November  
Or February  
And the window by the dresser  
Is as small as a cereal box,  
With worn wood sill and chipped paint  
And dusty glass  
Overlooking the farm yard  
The chicken house, also brown and grey,  
The water pump,  
The frost bitten grass,  
And the outhouse, just visible,  
In the far east of my sight.