

## FEATURED POETRY, LATEST ISSUE

From Elise Paschen's *Cicadas*:

Forty years ago this night (a whirl now with the cicadas' never-dying thrum) inside the rambling family beach house, you slept, the stone sleep of an eight-year old, until the sirens wrenched the house awake.

Years ago, trains freighted cattle in cars headed to the Chicago slaughter yards, but your Uncle Charles, a meat-packing heir and bachelor, who owned this once-estate, stabled his Jersey cows behind blue-tinted glass, providing milk for his weekend guests.

Our rented house, built on the site of grass tennis courts, remains flanked by aging sycamore, hemlock. A map displays the summer gardens, Rabbitry and Ornamental Bird Pond. [Read more.](#)

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