

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.