

Clariss: LINNÆI

# FIELD GUIDE TO ALMA AVENUE AND FREW DRIVE



SARAH ANN WINN

Lugd. bat: 1736



- Monandria.*
- Diandria.*
- Triandria.*
- Tetrandria.*
- Pentandria.*
- Hexandria.*
- Heptandria.*
- Octandria.*
- Enneandria.*
- Decandria.*
- Dodecandria.*
- Isoandria.*
- Polyandria.*
- Didynamia.*
- Triandinamia.*
- Monadelphía.*
- Diadelphía.*
- Polyadelphía.*
- Syngensia.*
- Gynandria.*
- Monoccia.*
- Dioccia.*
- Polygamia.*

# FIELD GUIDE TO ALMA AVENUE AND FREW DRIVE

SARAH ANN WINN

a winner of the 2015 Essay Press  
Digital Chapbook Contest  
selected by Krystal Languell



#73

## ESSAY PRESS CONTEST SERIES

## CONTENTS

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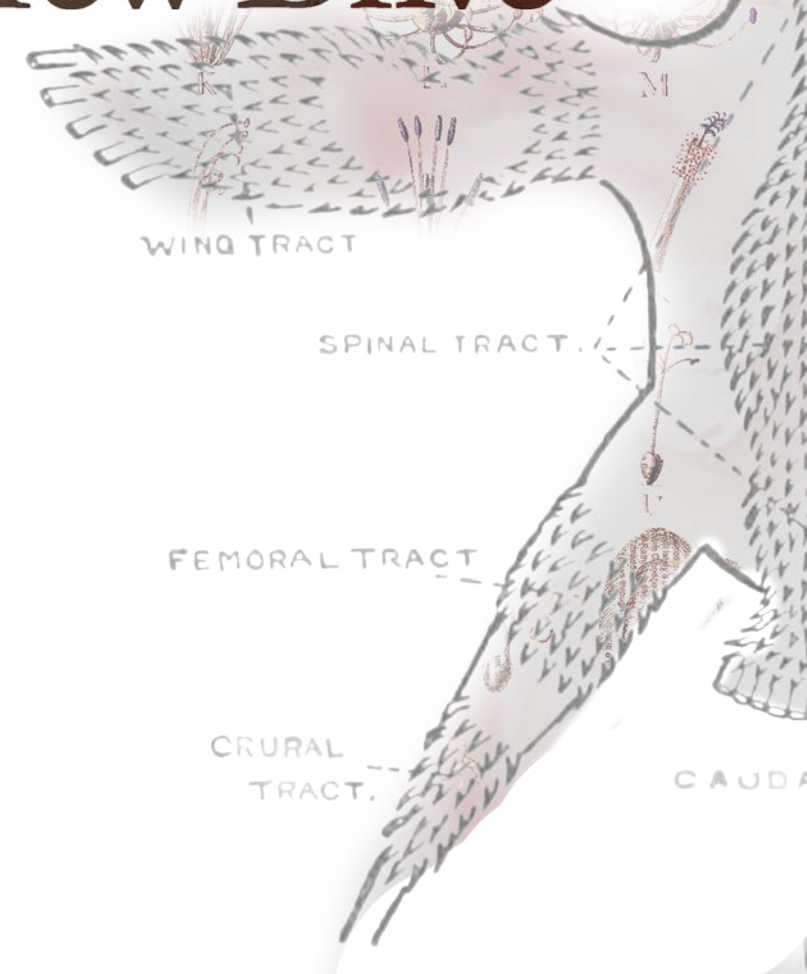
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## INTRODUCTION

– Krystal Languell

Recently, in a review I wrote, an editor cut the phrase “20th century.” But I thought it was important. And here, both in Sarah Winn’s *Field Guide to Alma Avenue and Frew Drive*, and in the wider world, the shape that memories take has shifted dramatically. Winn documents the old documents (see how a noun has become a verb?). She traces the ways we used to keep track of one another (“A list of names and telephone numbers under class headings. A pencil line, drawn along a ruler, runs neatly through those confirmed deceased”). Pencil and paper: we still use these tools, and they may be the connective tissue that links the past to the present, since so much material is lost or junked (“She said *I didn’t think anyone would want the tools. None of you knew him. None of you are carpenters.*”). Through her A-Z appendices, Winn indexes for the reader evidence of life, though the things themselves may be long-since gone. And what’s more, she catalogues both inheritance of family and of nature (recollecting a particular tree, lake, island), sites of childhood adventure presented unsentimentally. The places stand as characters in their own right, and Winn leads her reader through the bramble and seaweed.

# Field Guide to Alma Avenue and Frew Drive



## POND LIFE

### Plate 60 Newberry Family (*Aeshnidae*)

Blue darner, *Aeshna*. Diagonally striped lawn, beside swampland, cat tails and milkweed verge tiger lily. Blue-eyed darner. Child of child bride, pale blue eyes and a taste for lake water, a taste for old paper, triangles of dog-eared pages crisp on her tongue. Ponds and lakes.

Green darner, *Anax junicus*. Cut-off jean shorts, green wrist band, mark of Celtics, follower of Larry Bird. Pale-blue-eyed maple climber. Binder full of scratch and sniff stickers, her favorite is bubble gum. Scratch the one picturing the dragonfly. Littoral.

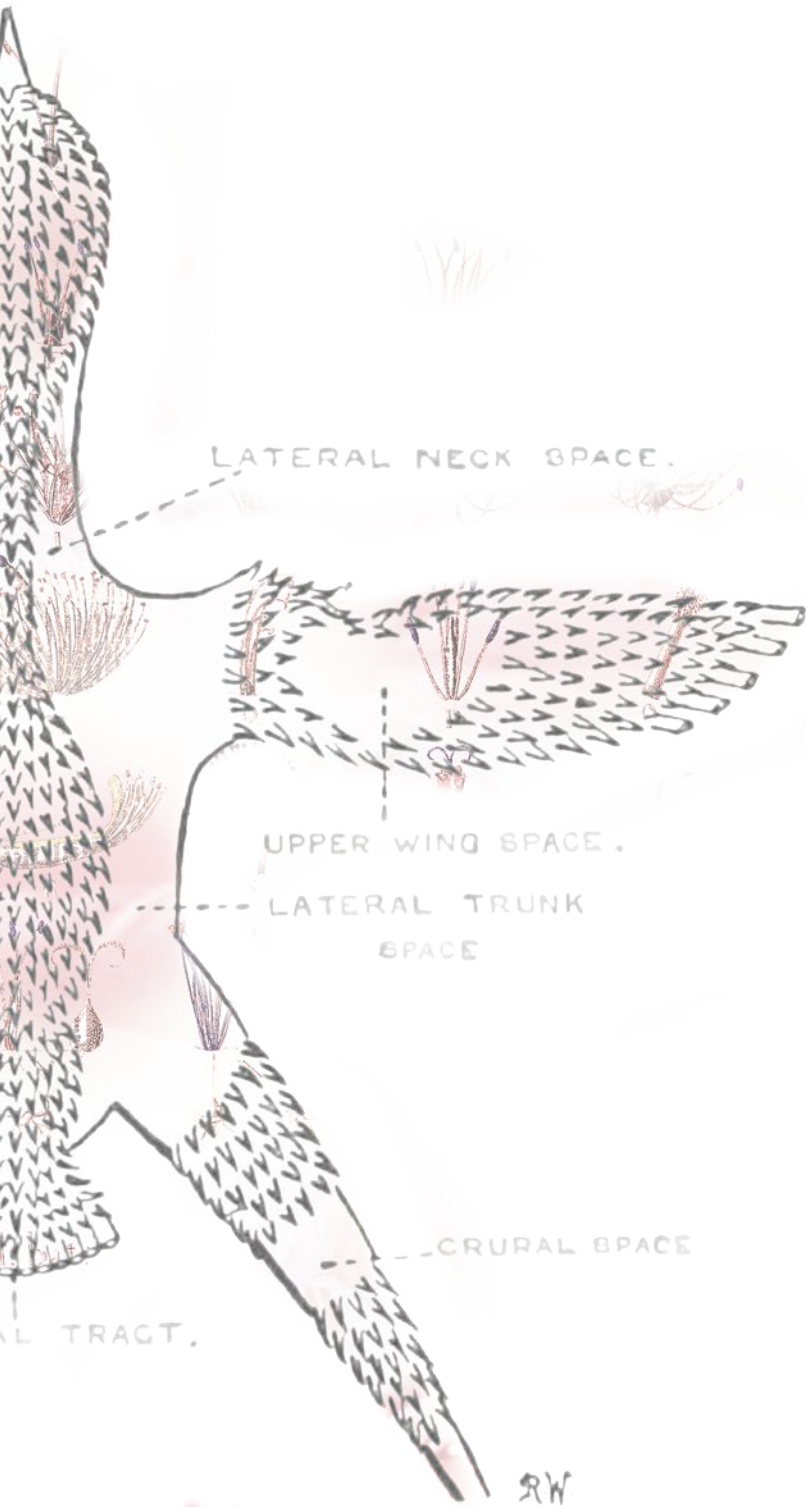
### Plate 61 Pond Damsel Family (*Coenagrionidae*)

Bluet, *Enallagma*. Named for Loretta Lynn. Wings the oblong memory of loss, fluttering fast enough to be almost transparent. Ponds and lakes.

### Plate 62 Skimmer Family (*Libellulidae*)

Meadowhawk, *Sympetrum*. And when I found that my grandmother once sacrificed her sight as a seamstress, threading needles in a factory, punching a line of embroidered flowers others would wear then ruin in washing machines, her needlessly neat stitches wasted, the poppies fluttering under her belly, my sudden gulp of regret. Out of swamps, low brush. Nearly flightless.

Eight-spotted skimmer, *Libellula forensis*. Lakes and ponds, ponds and lakes, eye-level algae. Glass-worlded.



## NOTES FROM IN-HOUSE FIELD SURVEY

- + elders may be present singly or in pairs, always accompanied by a child to study the lay of the land in secret
- + recrumpled paper to reshape waves
- + calculated the number of pedal pushes past the distant shore, graphed the lily pads, marked points from the bottom of the low hill to the screen door and then calculated the increase of stories in relation to time
- + furtive ethnographer
- + diffident geographer
  - see* conclusions drawn with tears and pencils, eraser crumbs scattered like maple buds over her desktop
- + return to update results, to report findings:
  - disappeared weather vanes
  - barometers and residents gone missing
  - how the shrinking numbers affect the dwindling demographic
  - how the drive-in theater has closed down and she never got to go
- + after the lake has been raised and lowered 20 times since—she is always presenting the worn dictionary

{which is to say:  
*I want to understand you*  
which is to say  
*I do not understand*}

## APPENDIX A

**Fig. 118** Photograph, hand tinted black and white. Five women, standing in front of a small white house. Hand written note on reverse reads “Denise, Loretta, Peggy, Helen, Joyce, Thelma Newberry, not pictured.” The word “not” has been scribbled over.

**Fig. 130** Map c. 20—, with scattered handwritten notes along Route 50. Legend includes symbols for dilapidated barn, used book stores, and yard sales.

**Fig. 137** Scrap of blue felt, cut in the shape of a rabbit. Stitched in silver are the words “Bye Bye Blackbird!” A black iron-on silhouette of a bird pecks at the punctuation.



## APPENDIX B

**Fig. 182** Framed black and white photograph of a woman on a small sailboat, c. 19—, wearing sunglasses, a small attentive dog at her feet.

**Fig. 225** Red leather journal, lined and unlined. Water-damaged pages make the ink illegible, but the drawings are mostly intact.

**Fig. 227** 5x7 manilla envelope, acid proof. Contents: Smell of clothes dried on a line, their shadows move in the sun—waving arms, and flipping up skirts.

**Fig. 230** Newspaper clipping, *City Paper*, March 12, 20—. “Melt Causes Flooding at Texas Falls.” The words “winter,” “century,” “weddings,” “blanketed” are circled in blue ink.

## APPENDIX C

**Fig. 233** .mp3 sound file. Recorded 10/17/20—. A woman hums a lullaby, the noise of occasional traffic intervenes. A siren. A bird, concerned for its young repeats its song.

**Fig. 239** Pencil sketch, *spigelia popovkin*, pinkroot, which stretches to the ground when it blossoms to bury its own seeds in the earth.

**Fig. 260** Three-dimensional paper figure, insert. When the book opens, the origami rises into concentric folds of mother and child. Artist unknown.



## APPENDIX D + E

**Fig. 485** A curved line in the bumpy ice, drawn by the blade of a white figure skate.

**Fig. 596** Mobile made of string, paper, wood. Five Viking ships drift in circles overhead. The fifth, larger than all the others, has no dragon helm, instead a long pointed form, possibly that of a loon angles from its bow, up and away.

**Fig. 600** Audio cassette, unraveled in curls and tangles. Rewound, a woman's voice whispers the same five words again and again. *Promise me you won't forget.*

**Fig. 611** Bolt of grey cloth, folded into a neat square about one meter by one meter. Opened and laid nearly flat, a glittering lake too large to shout across, said to be bottomless.

## APPENDIX F

**Fig. 800** Men's shaving kit, containing a bottle of Old Spice, 6 oz., mostly full, a weighty electric razor, and a half used tube of Chapstick, still imprinted with the shape of its owner's lips. The case is monogrammed with the letters J. H. P., stitched in precise red thread.

**Fig. 802** A silkscreen of a pond skater moving across the water's surface, a fish's mouth approaching at an angle, printed in delicate lines on a dusk colored T-shirt.

**Fig. 810** Twelve handcrafted wooden rowboats, c. 19—. Three neat rows rest on the grass beside the docks, oarlocks empty, oars at rest in the boathouse.

## APPENDIX G

**Fig. 701** *Vogue* dressmaker's pattern. Eleven straight pins hold together the pattern from the '50s, housewife, pearls and heels and roast chicken not included.

**Fig. 731** Oil stain on smooth cement garage floor. Shaped just like the profile of your great grandma's cameo brooch, that one pale, this one dark, both ladies typically displayed on weekends.

**Fig. 752** Wax envelope containing a curling lock of red hair, labeled "Barb," dated 19—.

## APPENDIX H

**Fig. 118** A silk scarf, painted with a map. Unrolled but not yet straightened over the table so that the rivers and mountains are shadowed in cobalt ink.

**Fig. 120** A question, posed by an airplane mutely scanning the landscape, *Which of the lakes is mine?*

## FIELDS AND FORESTS, INLAND SHORES

### Introduction

*Identify houses as you would birds, by markings on their wings, on their fields mowed with latte designs or the frowsy swampland across the road, gone golden, gone goldenrod, gone tiger lily. Seen in profile from a speeding car, you may only be able to identify the outline of their bodies, baroque with wild grapes, until you come to the porch which gangles, knees folding and unfolding from steps to run inside for a pop.*

### Plate 70 Wetlands and Drylands

Poppy, *Papaver rhæas*. Ephemeral. Land stripped of blooms. Stippled fields then cloudless skies. Gone by winter.

Cattails, *Typha latifolia*. Common, familiar. Depth of stand depends on depth of water. Narrow swaths wave beside deeper ponds, preventing erosion. They keep shorelines intact, guard memory. In floods, in swamps, they grow tight and populous, trying to filter harm. They dream of muskrats, flicker redwing blackbirds, draw nesting mallards, though they have no children of their own. Edible rootstocks and shoots. They offer every part of themselves to use, holding nothing back. Become baskets and nests, fold over when it is time.

### Plate 71 Shores (*sung to the tune of "Heads and Shoulders Knees and Toes"*)

Swamps and sled hills, ponds and lakes, ponds and lakes,  
ponds and lakes.

Swamps and sled hills, ponds and lakes, lakes and ponds froze over.

## NAMING THE LAKE

One of five reservoirs. Not a lake, but *my* lake, Hower Lake. Islanded, my land grown by dredging, then, once the depths were scoured, raising water levels, lowering. Shores once submerged, emerged, every year differently ragged, trailing seaweed, messy with bobbers and rotten logs.

Not an island, *our* island, the island. The way we said it named it. Inflection cultivated, hours counted by hundreds spent wading, immersing, repeating our history to each other. Our history. Our lake. Hower. Ours.

We claimed its best island, one shaped like a popped balloon, mottled and green. The inside revealed its dustier green. Interior of our own country. We were its only natives, but someone else hung the rope swing, someone else's feet evened out the shoreline.

We glared from it at fishermen, too close in their bass boats, their radio louder than ours. They were even more sun-glazed, usually standing alone, or seated, hopeful in their beer cooler browsery.

We looked at lily pads and knew depth, from swimming eye level with lemon-scented blooms. Their insistent secret roots so like our own. We sang a hymn of home:

*Grant us the strength of the lily,  
with her elegant emerald  
skirts spread to conceal her  
own, our own, our frogs waiting,  
our hidden sunfish nests.*

## APPENDIX I

**Fig. 857** A shadow box, divided into eight rectangular compartments, three empty. Contents: a red-and-white-bellied fishing bobber, a heart-shaped stone worn smooth, a small dried lily pad, the moon's reflection on a still body of water burnt into a flat piece of driftwood, a friendship bracelet, woven with teal and white threads, still knotted.

**Fig. 868** A gallon-bucket-sized mound of sand poured on a table. Beside it, a toy boat is propped on its side.

**Fig. 871** 2 sq. ft. concrete slab, taken from a neighborhood sidewalk. A crack interrupts one corner, responsible for hundreds of scraped knees and broken mother's backs. It is roughly the shape of the Cuyahoga River, near the gorge.

## APPENDIX J

**Fig. 207** Cross section of a house. A series of buttons line the visible foundation. Labeled in unevenly inked typewriter letters: 1 *Heater Room*, 2 *Living Room*, 3 *Dining Room*, 4 *Kitchen*, 5 *Lavatory*, 6 *Family Room*, 7 *Landing*, 8 *Upstairs Bathroom*, 9 *Cedar Closet*, 10 *Girls*, 11 *Hall Closet*, 12 *Grandparents*, 13 *Sewing Room*, 14 *Attic*, 15 *Vestibule*. Pressing each causes a light to progress through the rooms. *Kitchen* button plays a recording. A tinny sounding man's voice delineates the contents of the bread drawer on any given day of the week, surrendering the secret of the ironing board hidden away.

**Fig. 221** Unwritten schedule, uncompromising as law:

*Monday wash day*  
*Tuesday ironing*  
*Wednesday baking*  
*Thursday groceries*  
*Friday bank day, dusting*  
*Saturday vacuum and*  
*baths*  
*Sunday rest*

**Fig. 260** A flyer for classes meeting at the fire station. Ladies are welcome to come learn furniture repair. Ladies are welcome to come learn tailoring skills. Ladies are welcome to come learn how to be more in the home. Ladies are welcome to learn, welcome to content themselves with domestic expertise.

## APPENDIX K

**Fig. 217** A map with red lines sewn in from city to city, crossing state lines and ending abruptly in places without dots, without a known name. Each line anchored with a different smiling photo of the same elderly couple, holding hands. Nowhere on the map does the figure of my father appear before 1983.

**Fig. 217a** A map full of pins with flags with dates beginning 19— and ending in 20—, marking a series of locations, enigmatically linked by the numbers, silent when concerned with story.

## APPENDIX L

**Fig. 11** Two-story brick building with double set of windows, reflecting halved trees and sky, disjointed. A girl inside would be invisible.

**Fig. 13** A posed question. *How would it look to the neighbors, with you up here til all hours of the night?* Listed below in pencil are all the hours of the night, roughly erased, paper rucked up, torn in places.

## APPENDIX M

**Fig. 144** A manilla folder, labeled *Coventry High School Alumni Assoc.* Contents: Five blue ribbons emblazoned with a gold circle. Cutouts of the number 50 allow blue to peek through the gold.

**Fig. 155** A list of names and telephone numbers under class headings. A pencil line, drawn along a ruler, runs neatly through those confirmed deceased. Lines grow denser and more frequent higher on the list. A blue line is drawn through my grandfather's name. The ink is running out, so in places the line crossing him off is almost invisible.

**Fig. 156** A new list begun in another place, the same pencil lines drawn through the living. The line wavers running through my name.

## APPENDIX N

**Fig. 1** A life-size x-ray of a woman's lungs, shadowy places, and cavities. Age browned letters "tb" are scrawled on the label at the bottom of the x-ray. His mother was told to hold her breath.

**Fig. 2** A halved woman's heart. Signs of weakness caught too late are still invisible to doctors.

**Fig. 3** Color 4x4 snapshot, labeled "Easter, 19—." Two girls pose hand in hand on the sidewalk, in ruffles. The older squints at the photographer solemnly. His shadow stands on its head beside them. The younger laughs and waves her basket. Their mother has faded just as tulips opened. The girls will go to church with their grandparents.

## APPENDIX O + P

**Fig. 27** Yellowed envelope containing paper dolls.

**Fig. 27a** The first doll is wrinkled to softness. Her features have long worn away. She wears her hair in a bun, and her black dress is unchangeable.

**Fig. 27b** Second doll in curlers is paper clipped with a rusty clip to a folded cutout of a crayon-drawn refrigerator. Inside is drawn a block of government cheese, four bottles of RC Cola, and a mostly empty jar of pickles. The doll's hands are punctured with needles. Her eyes look cloudy. She has a homemade prop so that she can stand.

**Fig. 27c-i** Third doll represents all her sisters. Her/their red hair ironed on an ironing board, her/their freckles. Her/their quietly faulty heart. When she changes clothes, she may appear half as young or slightly older. There could be seven of her.

**Fig. 27j** The punched-out remnant of another doll, a cardboard window to the world, girl shaped. Look at ugliness, and this fourth doll is ugly; look at beauty and she is overcome with beauty, filled, spilling over with the swath of daffodils in the berm, which grow out past her edges, and when the moment goes, she seems larger, full of loss, saturated with a lack of color.

**Fig. 28** A grey ball of roads, carefully untangled and wound neatly, ready to be reknit.

## APPENDIX Q + R

**Fig. 1611** Gene Stratton-Porter's *Girl of the Limberlost*. Hardback, first edition. Dog-eared and age-splotched. The imaginings of lakeside girls are pressed between its pages, still bright. Full knowing of loss. Limber, a flexibility in losing, the main character also is able to extend her reach and find space once occupied.

**Fig. 1612** Closeup picture of great-grandmother's signature on the title page. Evidence of a separate preface, unfinished.

**Fig. 1619** Sheet music for an untitled lullaby, copyright 19—. Paper foxed and watermarked, alternate lines end with the sound of two slender trees bending in the wind, and the sound of leaves rustling. The song ends in a baby's cry for her mother, unanswered, unanswerable. Note penciled at first staff, *Piano 4 hands*.



## APPENDIX S

**Fig. 144** A whorl of dark in the pine-board wall, the pattern of milk dropping down through coffee in the morning.

**Fig. 156** Creak of swing in the middle of the night, rasp of leaves against the window.

**Fig. 166** A questionnaire half completed. The handwriting wobbles mid-page, the pen pushed nearly through the paper checking boxes in the pattern of argyle socks.

**Fig. 167** Angora cowl around the moon. Loose knit.

## KING JAMES VERSION

*for J. H. P.*

Roadside picnic snapshot, undated.

Stanley thermos full of sweet and hot extra lemony tea. Plaid wool blanket, Navy pea coat, Old Spice, fried bologna sandwiches, crackers and cheese. A book whose spine is torn, *Little Women*, repaired recently by nearby roll of duct tape. A 1923 Liberty silver dollar—the year he was born—made into a money clip.

Time to go to the bank

Time to go to the garage

Time to go to church

Time to repair, to research, to replay

VW Bug, black, 1968

VW Bug, green, 1975

VW Bug, black again, black, 1978

Mailbox: flag up

Contents of coat pocket:

Open roll of peppermint Lifesavers, clean cotton handkerchief, white square, initialed, still smelling of ironing day. Work gloves, burnt on side of right index finger, bristling with slivers of pine wood.

Songs whistled at scarred workbench:

“Through It All,” “When the Roll is Called Up Yonder,” “Old Rugged Cross”

Songs whistled in the heater room:

“Beautiful Ohio,” “Shenandoah,” “Oscar Mayer Weiner” ditty

Breast pocket contents:

Mechanical pencil, index card of riddles.

Solution to riddles:

Because there never was a 10<sup>th</sup> dollar.

An egg

Leave the youngest alone on the shore alone til the final trip across.

Custom:

Nook for grandmother clock, window boxes, Christmas candle holders.

In bulk:

Graph paper, black pepper, wood toothpicks.

Water damaged:

Books on shelf closest to the hill

Graduation watch (still runs when wound)

Wood gutters (rotten leaves, rotten gutters, all rotten)

Perfect angles:

Crook of his arm

Trajectory of his life

Candid Polaroid, undated.

I am at his elbow, walking down the uneven brick street, now paved over and renamed.

## APPENDIX T

**Fig. 141** A pencil shaving from a carpenter’s pencil, broad and flat, cut with a pearl-handled pen knife.

**Fig. 143** She said *I didn’t think anyone would want the tools. None of you knew him. None of you are carpenters.* Our relationships a matter of paper and ink. Her recipes for apple pie and the house he built for her from scratch.

**Fig. 144** *landing: (n.)* 1. A place where two sets of stairs pause. ex: “We came in at the landing, and could have gone up to bed, or down to sit in the living room, bereft of words.” 2. A dock, a place for passengers to embark or disembark, for goods to be loaded and unloaded. ex: “The gray wood of the landing was smooth and familiar under her bare instep.” 3. The end of flight. ex: “The end of all landings is peace.”

**Fig. 145** Thick black line through the word “peace.” Under it blazes “Except when it’s fire.”

**Fig. 146** Thinner blue line scratched through the word “fire.” Neatly printed words carefully written on the diagonal: “Except when it’s flood.”

## APPENDIX U

**Fig. 1780** Moth pinned to cork board, wings pattern of dictionary's page, some words bolded. They say her finely inked wings are composed of scales. They say she will not fly again once you touch her, that the words are permanently changed.

**Fig. 1811** A marred fallen leaf, the spectrum of apple colors. The page where small jaws gnawed a name.

## APPENDIX V + W

**Fig. 215** From a set of measuring spoons: the teaspoon, the tablespoon, the quarter teaspoon, the half teaspoon all lost. A single spoon remains, its measure bent to anonymity in a baking accident.

**Fig. 219** Logs on a beach, evidence of identification rotted away. They form a family tableau, the longest resting its head on the lap of the shortest. It is not always known who will take the role of the nurse tree.

**Fig. 306** Do you remember the slip of shore, the waves which dwarfed the boulders, where we saw, or hoped to see a ghost, planted his face in the window, dug a channel for his shanty in the cold wet dirt?

## APPENDIX XYZ

**Fig. 10** After palmed loop, examine the lines between your pointer and thumb. The thread may touch the place you slapped into pavement when you ran to find your sister, a scar of bloody urgency and forgotten news.

**Fig. 11** Repeat Jacob's ladder. A stack of ladders lean horizontal against the garage, a stack of sated climbing. Enough rungs for history learned by rote. The arch of the foot aches, remembering.

**Fig. 18** Untie the loop. Unmake the figures, unknot the string, put the string in the drawer. Put away the progressions. Flesh out the forms.

## LOST WONDERS OF ANCIENT ALMA AVENUE

*The pothole shaped exactly like the birthmark on the cousin's leg.*

Forgotten for years, until a snowplow excavated traces of it, and, for a summer, they remembered both, one faded, the other filled in.

*Double row of buckeyes, constant bloom.*

The trees grow 30-50'. Thwarting bare feet year round, their smooth kernels dried and rolled arounds drawers and under pillows, wished upon, warded against. It was said a daydreaming student could smell them in math class from an open window from as much as a mile away. Now when she hears of the extinct American chestnut, its cousin, she wonders what color the hearts of their blossoms were, thinks of tracing the last child who walked home under their fragrant guard, who also tried to avoid treading on the fallen.

*Miniature house in May Miller's back yard.*

Once, the wealthy summered here. The shaded house, guarded by a martin's mansion, built for a painter. The screen porch faced the lake. The nearby house is now the only one left standing, shades a foundation, 10 by 10, marks where its miniature once stood.

*Grand Daughter Island, uncertain origin.*

Experts debate whether or not the island rose from the weeds, but it is said that before the dredging, the island would appear from a mist the morning after a ringed moon, lily pads sliding back to allow the sleek shores to emerge. By midday, and in memory, it is gone, seems unlikely.

*The Lost Tools of James H. Provence.*

No edge can be so clean for so long. No handwriting so measured at 90. Superstitious workers sprinkle sawdust from his bin on their own sawhorses, not for luck, a charm for every blow to strike true.

## BEATITUDES FOR SAILORS

- 1 *En plein air* painters set up to capture the grace of the passing flock of truckers, their cap twitches and calls, the occasional tobacco spit line issued from their mouth as a brief trill before settling back in their nests.
- 2 A full set of traffic in the bundt pan of the beltway, baking in the sun. If the chopper removes the highway, the cake of cars pulls away neatly in a metal wreath.
- 3 Unfamiliar lights in the church, a new congregation, a group of strangers reassembles every night to sort their troubles into morsels they must swallow, must digest, must accept as part of their portion if they are ever to leave the table satisfied.
- 4 A clock whose hand inked numbers tumble around, out of order. Next to the hours of 3, 9, 6, and 12 are the words “dock,” “tide,” “anchor,” “astrolabe.” Turned over, it reveals an inscription next to the wind up key “Every clock has a breaking point. Turn three times, then query within if no sound.”
- 5 A waterlogged manuscript entitled *The Sailor’s Beatitudes*. One foxed dog-ear marks “Blessed are the wave tossed, for they shall appreciate the calm.”
- 6 Handling instructions lack the last few pages, partial suggestions for how to open a long lost letter from your dead.

## FUNERAL FAQs

**Question:** *Should we play a hymn when viewing the folded flag?*

**Answer:** Forgiveness is not a window full of fingerprints wiped clean.

**Question:** *What arrangement is best?*

**Answer:** Obvious, not associated with youth, with lace. Order seasonal. Perhaps mums splayed out in firework patterns. Or form a waving row, mimic an empty pod filled with pebbles after the seed is gone.

**Question:** *How can mourners hold it together?*

**Answer:** Hearts will turn with difficulty like wheels over too large gravel, will go on, despite fear of broken axles, fear of being stranded in an unfamiliar drive after midnight.

**Question:** *When does the funeral director approach the bereaved with the wedding band, and tell the story of the clever string trick to work it free after 60 years of use?*

**Answer:** It may arrive with the bill, just after visiting hours, but before the graveside service. Paperwork will signal the mandated return to normalcy.

**Question:** *(Partially obscured by white noise) graveside?*

**Answer:** The muffled drive to the index of souls, where the grass is mathematically mowed, best to arrive at equally timed intervals, look for anniversaries, mourn again the first time you forget.

**Question:** *Why do you seek the living among the dead?*

**Answer:** It gives the living something to do.

**Question:** *What is it like, after?*

**Answer:** All the wrong words. We know without knowing, remember taste, can sometimes taste the scent from the mums, can hear the salt drying on your cheek.

[Commuters on their way to work blast music through open windows.]

**Question:** *Who is speaking?*

**Answer:** Names, even engraved, fade with time.

**Question:** *Is there any wisdom you can pass along about the future?*

**Answer:** A good game of gin rummy, the feel once a pebble is removed from a shoe.

**Question:** *(Obscured by garbled voices)*

**Answer:** Yes, every day. Another Answer: No, at least not that I can recall.

**Question:** *(Spoken above noise of shuffling paper in a paperless room) Are you still here?*

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I'd like to thank the editors of the following publications in which these poems appeared, sometimes in slightly different versions:

*Conium Review*: "Appendix U"

*Great Weather for Media*: "Appendix C," "Appendix D," "Appendix E"

*Hayden's Ferry Review*: "Appendix V"

*Lines + Stars*: "Appendix I"

*Lost River Review*: "Notes from In-House Field Survey"

*Quarterly West*: "Appendix O," "Appendix Q," "Appendix R"

*Requited*: "Appendix L," "Appendix M"

*RHINO*: "Appendix P"

*Switchback*: "Appendix N"

*The Poetry Blog*: Appendix H," "Appendix J," "Appendix K"

*Trickster*: "Appendix A," "Appendix B"

*Tupelo Quarterly*: "Pond Life" and "Fields and Forest, Inland Shores"

*1110*: "Appendix F," "Appendix G"





## AUTHOR BIO



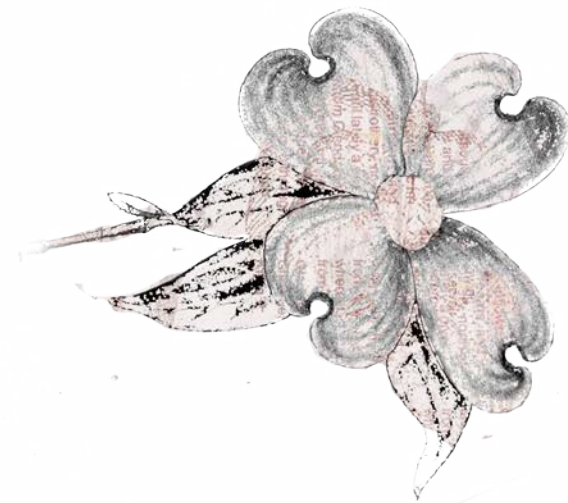
**Sarah Ann Winn**'s works have appeared or are upcoming in *Five Points*, *Hayden's Ferry Review*, *Massachusetts Review*, *Passages North*, and *Quarterly West*, among others. Her chapbooks include *Haunting the Last House on Holland Island* (forthcoming from Porkbelly Press, 2016) and *Portage* (Sundress Publications, 2015). She holds a Master of Fine Arts from George Mason University and a Master of Library Science from Catholic University of America.





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Handwritten notes in cursive script, likely a list of names or terms related to 'Andria'. The text is arranged in approximately 15 columns and 20 rows, with many words starting with 'Andria', 'Andria', or 'Andria'. Some words are underlined or have small annotations next to them. The handwriting is dense and somewhat difficult to read in places due to overlapping and fading.

