

MORGAN CORONA

The Box Step

I wear my grandmother's ring,
and I never take it off.

I dream of her
waiting at the top of the stairs
in our old home.

Her hair is silver,
her earrings gold.

She takes my hand
and leads me downstairs
to the kitchen.

In the fluorescent light
her veins are lavender.

She leads me
in a box step,
back and forth,
to and fro,
dancing in a square.

She smiles at me,
but when I look
at our joined hands,
my ring is gone.

I stop dancing
and search the house—
I look under furniture,
check my pockets,
scour the yard.

I wake gasping,
still searching for the ring,
which is on my finger,
where I left it.

Morgan Corona's work has appeared in *Catamaran Literary Reader* and *Matchbox*, and is forthcoming in *Plain China* and *Miramar*. She will be attending the MFA program at Oregon State University in the fall.

IRA UPIN

Omelette, 2015
Oil on Panel, 72 x 72 in

