

## MAIA SNOW

*I Left My Mother's Home*, 2014  
oil on panel, 48 x 48 in



courtesy the artist

## NORA BOXER

### Nostalgia

a golden age  
without arbitration or  
loss

just a small shack by the sea  
when you lived on idealism &  
collective bread

the stones the honey &  
the promise of it all singing

your youth tied in braids & sure of  
enough time for loneliness to unfurl  
like a bright ball of thread

Then he came with promises you both believed  
to be written by the trees

though eucalyptus was invasive  
and its bark was known to peel

promises like buckets of bees  
that could pollinate or  
sting

And still the past was so pastoral  
and still you carried like an ache  
through monsoons & other losses

the memory of a code of a  
navigator's shack on a cliff by the sea

where you unfolded your world to him by  
the coral sun and never once thought

of the coming  
of the stars stitched with night  
of the decade of alone ahead  
you would be dreaming yourself

Poet and fiction writer **Nora Boxer** went on a pilgrimage to Rumi's tomb this year. Her fiction has received the Keene Prize for Literature, and she recently completed her first novel, *Detail in a Round Globe*. She offers a Sacred Correspondence project via [www.noraboxer.com](http://www.noraboxer.com), where more of her poems are available.