

ALLISON ATWILL

Coral Moon, 2012
Acrylic on birch panel with silver leaf, 48 x 36 in



COURTESY: THE ARTIST

FREYA ROHN

Cottonwood

Branches lie at the foot
of my bed tonight:

the dry cracked leaves
a rattle of gull eggs

the color of earth
the color of backlit windows
after a forest fire burn

and the smell in the dark
is not of summer or
the approach of fall

but of past springs,
of river walks when
I was more brave

pressing blackberries
on your neck in blind
sun, a shipwreck of sugar

and ink on your skin—
the reminded surprise
of our unstaid longing

and the sap from these branches—
strong and clean and resined
and fine—lies here after
we have gone to bed

as if this gift
from our son
is calling back to where
his own body began.

Freya Rohn is the deputy director of curatorial affairs and programs at the Anchorage Museum in Alaska. She has an MFA in creative writing from the University of Alaska, Anchorage, where she received the Jason Wenger Memorial Award for Poetry. Her poetry has appeared in *Cirque* (under the name Kirsten Anderson), *Bellingham Review*, and *Sugar House Review*; is forthcoming in *Colorado Review*; and has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize. She lives in Anchorage, Alaska, with her husband and son. www.freyarohn.com