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My Maggie May

by Tara Kelly Wallworth

A picture of her rests on our bookcase
sitting in an airport bench
hamming it up for the canera
-knees pulled tight to her chest
flaming red hair, everywhere freckles
taking a "toke" off a mighty joint
in broad daylight
contrasting, defying
the establishment around her.

Behind smiles Maggie throws
apple cores, banana peels, grape trees
out windows.
Garbage to reincarnate on lawns and streets:
"Biodegradable".
Beatnik, hippie turned political yippie
she vanished in the Peace Corps
her social conscience loosing touch
with family.

Now my Aunt grows moss on her roof
calling it her... "Mushroom House"
while people in town advertise their
...architectural statement.
The shinglesturn up in either side
giving it an Oriental look. Two great wings
ready to take flight.

This house has become intimate with Maggie
she has that effect
even her jeep is called by name: "Mr. Mikey"
...far as anyone remembers
she never knew a Mike.

Maggie's leaving
her artistic side calls
somewhere off Monhegan Island-"a watercolor Mecca
whatever that means

My mother says
"Who will buy THAT house?"
I shrug my shoulders, staring blankly
but I'm thinking
"I would!"