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by Tara Kelly Wallworth

A picture of her rests on our bookcase sitting in an airport bench hamming it up for the camera 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!"