

POETRY FINALIST

Dictum

Rosemary Royston

Go outside. Find a garden. Take off your shoes, then your socks, hose, or tights and put your naked feet in the dark soil. Your bare feet in the cool, clay-moist soil. Think of your mother. Even if she beat you, bit you, left you, lost you, loved you, burned you, chained you, bathed you, fed you, nursed you, hugged you, hated you, disowned you, slapped you, tells you what to do, tells you all her miseries and those of her friends. Your feet are still in the soil. Feel the loam between your toes. This is your mother.

Rosemary Royston lives in northeast Georgia. Her work has been published or is forthcoming in The Comstock Review, Main Street Rag, Alehouse, Literal Latte, Public Republic and Dark Sky Magazine.