

POETRY

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I AM AN UNWILLING ASTEROID

Mom, one day you're going to die.
me too. And the dog
Shriveled in August
and the big white pine in the yard
that sprazzled outward like the wool pom of your hat
frosted with fungus.

We hemmed the tree to firewood
and reduced the dog to ash.
My childhood tree fort, crenellation and turret,
was only ever one wide plank
laid across two limbs
like a blanket in your lap.

This Christmas you hid in my stocking
a sponge dinosaur, the kind
that swells form pill to football
when tucked in
to a bowl of tap water.
Next day it dries back to extinction.

Joke gift, small token of absorbency
I could have passed on to my nephew
or tossed
in the donation bin at mass.
I tied a brick around its thin green neck
and threw it in the lake.