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## Oquossoc

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SARA GELSTON

OQUOSSOC

A locked door is a sign of distrust so the bolt and latch are removed.

Other signs:

how I lie awake imaging a cabal of men assembling at the driveway's end, or a flock of grackles forming overhead to sell me out, come in, come in. *There is nothing to stop you.*

Birds and their truth. If there is nothing to fear then why my unease with the two deer feeding on the sumac in the side yard, who seem happier than we? *No doubt,* call the grackles, so I shoo them off with a metal spoon and pot. We smell the smoke of a cigarette in the woods, which is troublesome because we are alone, and not smoking.

That will come. So too will knowing the only times we are meant to see others is in passing cars or a trip to the grocer. Signs they are there: small rocks kicked up from wheels, bushels of blackberries picked by some hand, chalked letters confirming *local.*

We are to be wary of anything foreign but not to show it. If a voice slips through the open door it is that of a friend we have not made yet. If a hand finds its way into our life, we are to shake it, wrap it in ours and keep it close. If it should come to rest on the tip of my hip in the night, I should say welcome, welcome. *Make yourself at home.*