

Kersten Christianson

Windfall

Sometimes you're lucky
when above the door, the horseshoe
hangs upward; the found street-

penny wished upon and pocketed;
the stem of a four-leafed clover anchored,
twirled between index finger and thumb.

Sometimes you're lucky
when the tattered, skin smooth
St. Christopher's medallion

hangs from the rear view mirror
of your grandmother's Cadillac, fish-
tailing to the rhythm of the drive

like the drop of ice cubes
in her afternoon drink.
Sometimes you're lucky

in the win of a rabbit's foot
dangling from a ball chain
dyed hot magenta or lime.

Sometimes you're lucky
when you read your future in the cards,
draw 21 on a Blackjack table, pull the slot

machine's lever to the clink of a payout,
the spill of change in a metal tray.
Sometimes you're lucky

when you bet on the ice breakup
of far-away northern rivers.
Sometimes you're lucky.

Grace

for the blue of mussel shells among dried grasses
bits of seed, of cracker crumb trails
that the hand-fed ravens match your walking pace
tufts of deer fur, of beard lichen, honey dew green, to line snug nest
sheltering branch of hemlock and spruce in a cacophony of sleet
the double lidded eye curiously catching your gaze
for black pearl feathers that reflect all colors, sun prismatic
soft warble and preen of a mate along the guardrail
wings outstretched to catch the dip and dive of the wind
currents at changing tide

The Elephant in the Room

Slump and plunge
headlong into the
breakers, its trunk
salutes the sky,
the hazy sun,
as if greeting
an absent mother.
This is the elephant
without a room,
housed in the pocket
of joy.

Kersten Christianson is a raven-watching, moon-gazing, high school English-teaching Alaskan. When not exploring the summer lands and dark winter of the Yukon Territory, she lives in Sitka, Alaska with her husband and photographer Bruce Christianson, and daughter Rie. She completed her MFA in Creative Writing/Poetry through the University of Alaska Anchorage (2016).