

Blueprint

I am a child of the heartland. I'm also the aging niece and granddaughter of builders. Raised on fairy tales, fables, and faith, my history's part magic, part riddle, part roofless awe.

Fowler House, in my day, had 49 doors and 72 windows. Now a century old, it was built on the edge of a lake dredged from swamp—waters of dubious origins that still run, metaphorically, through my veins. It's that personal. You may sense a watery presence invisibly lapping within the poems, along with the imagined voices of mercurial creatures.

You'll need to know some poems summon my preteen self. I call her Lar-kin. It's Irish for "fierce." Larkin's name also denotes an old-world songbird and, more tellingly, as described in the Urban dictionary, "a mystical, bird-like creature . . . stubborn and mischievous. Gentle and calm if it likes you."

Her name crops up in the titles, but I hope you'll soon recognize her voice, born of daydream and ego, hurt and hope. A voice long-silenced.

"Naming is a way of hoping," Eugene Peterson said.

One last note: My uncle and grandpa sheet-rocked over the kitchen side of one double-hung window. You'd never have known it was there, but for the casement and glass visible from our back stairs, which seems fitting for a midcentury family tragically given to secrets.

Think of me as Eldergirl, swinging open the turquoise door.

Will you join me?

Laurie Klein

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