

AT THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY SPAGHETTI DINNER

BETH
MCDERMOTT

At the Historical Society Spaghetti Dinner,

I meet Lucy, who
elects to document

barns approved
for demolition: photo-

graphs that are keep-
sakes—that's all.

She doesn't enter
a barn, or take wood

cores with fifty to one
hundred rings,

but leans out her
car window before

the match is lit: *click*:
then tags her photos

with neon post-
its. Her *Gone* is not

a red-checked table-
cloth that a photo-

grapher can burn
away like fog; he

stands as close to the
subject as possible,

narrowing the depth
of field. Our district rep-

resentative is serving
pasta; the police

chief is spooning
sauce. I think of the

barn that Lucy missed:
it burned down

while she was
canning peaches.