

## PINK REMNANT

**BETH  
MCDERMOTT**

Behind the row of swollen  
Scotch pine, a farmhouse.  
Blackbirds on the rooftop wait:  
any one is the snag-turned-

thread I let go of. I've heard  
that in winter, all it takes  
is one pipe—its slow  
frozen crackle. A steady

expanse at the expense  
of its container: a pyramidal  
shape that contorts and  
curtseys, or a pine that is not

harvested early. (If you do  
have a pipe freeze, do not use  
an open flame.) Christmas  
tree growers lop female

flowers off to retain shape.  
Before the row of swollen  
Scotch pine—leader after  
leader was apt to grow crooked—

this farm's toilet, cradled  
in a ditch. Candy pink in the coal-  
colored slush. Watch  
the garbage truck not take it.