

LOCAL AUTHOR: KRISTA LUCAS



Krista Lucas is the recipient of a Nevada Arts Council Fellowship and a Robert Gorrell Award for Literary Achievement from the Sierra Arts Foundation. Her poems and stories appear in *The Best American Poetry 2006*, *Creative Writer's Handbook*, *Poets of the American West*, and many literary journals. She serves as the gifted and talented specialist at Zephyr Cove and Jacks Valley Elementary Schools.

If you are a local author and would like to see an excerpt of your work appear in the *Tribune*, please e-mail Jonathan Purver, the *Tribune's* Literary Liaison, at authors@tahoe-dailytribune.com. Please include your name, a brief summary of your work, phone number and e-mail.

Forever Stamp

"Is that a guarantee?"

Benson Benjamin's response at age 87 when the DMV clerk handed him his renewed driver license and said, "This one's good for another four years."

I have the same question about the Forever Stamp, USA First-class written alongside the cracked Liberty Bell. Forty-two cents, good for an ounce. Good through the depletion of fossil fuels, the rise of oceans, the desert's expansion, the disappearance of the atmosphere as we know it; good in domes and through World Wars. Accepted by all mail carriers in all countries for all time, none of whom will ever laugh in the face of an optimist who once invested in stickers. Good through exponential growth, the spread of new viruses, meteors, A-bombs and H-Bombs, letter bombs, the nuclear winter, the return to sticks and stones. Good when only cockroaches remain, scuttling in the rubble, to find Forever Stamps so they can mail themselves to planets with younger stars for suns.

Published in Redivider, volume 7, issue 1, Fall 2009.

Letter from My Ancestors

We wouldn't write this, wouldn't even think of it. We are working people without time on our hands. In the old country,

we milk cows or deliver the mail or leave, scattering to South Africa, Connecticut, Missouri, and finally, California for the Gold Rush-

Aaron and Lena run the Yosemite campground, general store, a section of the stagecoach line. Morris comes later, after the earthquake, finds two irons

and a board in the rubble of San Francisco. Plenty of prostitutes need their dresses pressed, enough to earn him the cash to open a haberdashery and marry

Sadie—we all have stories, yes, but we're not thinking stories. We have work to do, and a dozen children.

They'll go on to pound nails and write up deals, not musings.

We document transactions. Our diaries record temperatures, landmarks, symptoms. We do not write our dreams. We place another order,

make the next delivery, save the next dollar, give another generation-you, maybe-the luxury of time

to write about us.

Published in Margie, volume 4, 2005, The Best American Poetry, 2006; Creative Writer's Handbook, 5; and New Poets of the American West

September

Evening gray sifts through flesh-pink clouds, fading light scattered on the patio before the porch swing, where I sit beside my mother and grandmother, where we have lingered at twilight other days. Now looking at their profiles, I see the time-progressed sketch of my own:

same nose and blue eyes, the shape of our face giving way to wrinkles, chestnut hair thinning to white. We are one woman

between facing mirrors. We cannot see around our body, past where the tunnel takes a turn, unknown passageway for the train we await here

on the patio. We talk of memories, the breeze, the birch leaves turning colors of a sunset.

Some must have boarded, or will, ahead of their mothers, and some together, but as far back as we can see each of us has gone in order, each taking the place of the last.

Published in Quay, spring 2009

The Day I Die

Will be a Saturday or a Tuesday, maybe. A day with a weather forecast, a high and a low. There will be news:

a scandal, a disaster, some good deed. The mail will come. People will walk their dogs.

The day I die will be a certain day, a square on a calendar page to be flipped up and pinned at the end of the month. It may be August or November; school will be out or in; somebody will have to catch a plane.

There will be messages, bills to pay, things left undone. It will be a day like today, one I pass every year, not knowing, a date I might note with a reminder, an appointment, or nothing at all.

Forthcoming in The Kokanee, 2010

I Listen to 'The Twelve Days of Christmas'

One partridge in a pear tree sounds romantic, I guess, but by the time she gets the turtle doves, French hens, and calling birds, let's face it, enough is enough. And how are all these sent, by the way? Through the mail, by train?

The five golden rings I can see. One for each finger and the thumb, if she's into jewelry. But then we're right back to fowl. Six geese — a-laying, no less — so more on the way. Did her true love have his sights set on a farm, or a zoo? Was this her warning of what life with him would be?

And if he loves her so much, where is he anyway? Couldn't he spend some of this money and effort on coming to visit? But no, he sends an entourage in his place. Eight maids a-milking, which I assume includes the cows. Although, being maids, they might at least help tend the birds.

Nine drummers drumming, ten pipers piping. All those musical instruments, all the noise! And is she having to put these people up? Personally, I would have drawn the line a long time ago, stopped answering the door, started marking parcels "Return to sender." But maybe she wants to be gracious, so I suppose if you can't beat them, join the eleven ladies dancing. The twelve could pair up with the lords a-leaping, all two dozen of them, twirl away into the sunset, and leave behind the honking chorus of birds.

LOCAL SERVICE GUIDE

Support Your Local South Shore Businesses and Keep Your Money Here!

Windows



Serving all your glass needs... Including insulated units, mirrors, shower enclosures, glass table tops, etc.

HOME, AUTO & BUSINESS Window Sales & Installation

775.588.1853

NV Lic. #55483A

CA Lic. #820690

Winter Services

SNOW BLOWER SERVICE & REPAIR

We offer same day service on tune-up & oil change with pick-up and delivery anywhere on the South Shore.

30 Years in S.L.T.



DON KOVACH
530.577.4417

Monday-Saturday 8 - 5pm
South Lake Tahoe, CA 96150

Winter Services

SAW TOOTH SNOW & ICE

PROVIDING PLOWS & SANDERS FOR PICKUPS TO LOADERS

INSTOCK UNITS READY TO SHIP

- HENKE REL 12' LOADER PLOW \$13,350.00 FACTORY
- SNOWDOGG 8'6" V-BLADE PLOW KIT \$4900.00 DELIVERED
- SCOOPDOGG 8' SKID STEER PUSHER BOX \$2600.00 DELIVERED

Great deals on other sizes and brands including parts. Prices plus tax and delivered to a commercial location in Tahoe.

775.970.5558

WWW.BROKENTOOTHSNOW.COM

To Have Your Business Included... Call Rachel 530.541.3880