

On Firedance Island
by Sue S. Leth

My Father's death was accidental when
I was invitro. I became a woman, a grown-up
orphan, there would be no infant, no child,

I understood

My Mother built the concrete wall when
I was invitro. It was meant to come between
us, before we'd met,

I understood

At birth, I became the sole proprietor
of a dark well where she stored
the improprieties of an unfaithful
husband in a three year marriage,

I understood

Fear, regret, anger, sorrow, remorse,
were not allowed to exist in her
consciousness, her piano was her
emotional outlet,

I understood

Manuel deFalla's Firedance was all consuming.

The frigid hard resonance – pounded over and

over – was alarming, discordant, exhausting,

I understood

Alone in my crib, I rode the waves of dissonance

meant to drown a bewitched love, and a child's basic needs.

Alone on a raft, I knew not to make a sound to

disrupt her music,

I understood

I understood

I understood

Sue S. Leth retired from higher education and private business in 2012 to continue her writing pursuits in St. George, Utah. All of her aunts and uncles, including her grandparents lived in Lewiston, UT. She spent summers and the early years of her life with her grandparents, M. E. & Viola Kent. Richmond, Cornish, Smithfield, and Lewiston were her stomping grounds growing up. Dr. Lloyd Kent, her uncle, was a large donor to Utah State University.

Sue is a member of Redrock Writers, USPS, Dixie Poets, and Heritage Writers Guild, where she served as Contest Clerk for USPS, is former president and currently Grant Writer and Funds Dev. for HWG, currently serves as Exec. Dir. for St. George Literary Arts Festival.

Sue considers St. George a Mecca for writers and continues her efforts to give back to the writing community.