

## Driving over the Snake Pass under a Shed with a Goldfish on my Lap Ruth Taaffe

These were the final items to repatriate  
taken over the hills to my first home  
-the cats had gone ahead two weeks before.  
Young enough to still depend on parents  
we knew the baggage that we did not take  
could be left at their door and kept for us.  
Tied to the roof rack like a tortoise shell  
the shed, unconstructed, was just boards of wood.  
I peered skyward as you drove, for any shift  
in light foreshadowing some avalanche  
of splinters. We kept the radio off,  
tuned in to creaking and the steady slosh  
of fish water that I was powerless to stop.  
We had no idea how our life would be  
rebuilt a thousand miles away or why fish,  
when moved into some larger water, grow.