In a village by the River Maros,
Carpathian Mountains – 1890
György Kovacs, a landless farmer,
Married Victoria Varadi, aged seventeen.
The daughter of a peasant,
my great-grandmother.
The bride brought her dowry chest:
Cross-stitch tablecloth and linens,
folk motifs of birds, hearts, and tulips.
Carrying the bride’s bed:
Goose feather duvet, pillows.

György’s wedding shirt Victoria sewed.

Blue-painted table and chairs, a bench.
Oak cupboard, a present to his wife.
He brought a wagon, horses, a flock of sheep.
All the farm work done by hand,
harvesting wheat, rye, potatoes, cabbage,
beetroot –

Flax and hemp woven on looms of the weaver.

Spinning sheep’s wool into skeins for knitting.
Lime washed mud-brick cottage.
Victoria wearing a wedding párta headdress,
green-ivory ribbons and gold and silver glass beads.
Calla lily and white roses bridal bouquet.
Fiddle music, zither, and cimbalom.

Lime washed mud-brick cottage –
Blue-painted table and chairs, a bench.
In the life of a peasant,
what tortured his heart,
hiding in reed marsh and field?
Eight years of marriage.
Three sons and one daughter.
György Kovacs deserting wife Victoria.

He went back to his first love –

Folk motifs of birds, hearts, and tulips.

Ilona Martonfi’s poetry appears earlier in this volume.

---

**JOANNA M. WESTON**

**Beach Fire**

we burn huge logs
charm perils outward
keep dragons back
with hawthorn
and sweet grass

dthis hour’s dancers
tall grey-bending
around standing stones
cast shadows long on sand

let me gain traction
for courage to dart
out into night
with fire’s flare