

## Catherine McGuire

### Verisimilitude

*Certainly it is a great happiness to be able to turn the things which happen to you into stories. It is perhaps the one perfect happiness that a human being will find in life. But it is at the same time, inexplicably to the uninitiated, a loss, a curse even. – Isak Dinesen, "Second Meeting"*

This is not me, wandering the pages –  
oh, the house – it's true – the Irish clan,  
the cage of fear have some resemblance.  
But I assure you: these words arise  
from unknowable shores, not mine.

Chickens, now – chickens are real  
(who could make them up?)  
And the rose-and-lavender yard.  
But I left out the scattered feedbags,  
leaky hose, discouraged hours...

And before you peruse the sex scenes, know  
I cobbled them from more skilled writers  
(or lovers). What do I know?

Swept up in unexpected words, chattering  
like a telegraph key, I swirl my pen along,  
letters linking, looping, falling onto the page  
from a vast dark cloud of unknowing.  
Stories are born – parentage should not  
be questioned too closely.

**Catherine McGuire**, a retired therapist, won the 2012 Seven Circle Press Poetry Prize, has three self-published chapbooks and one, *Palimpsests*, by Uttered Chaos.