

One Radiant Morning · Jane Miller

Like a smile breaking over teeth,  
the teeth of an approaching horse,  
one radiant morning  
a train from Paraguay arrives.

Girls emerge, a whirling of paper skirts.  
Not the sun  
but pink itself in their cheeks.  
We sit in a cafe across the street.

*The clock is not ticking, we think.*  
We hope they'll enter the park  
and lie still in the rosemary.  
It's delightful to be shy.

The bells ring, one for each jealous lover.  
It's our lives we exaggerate, our misfortune  
we watch converge on the square.  
One hot day we discover a sombrero full of longing.

A drop could change everything.