

Lisa Olstein

NEGOTIATION

You take the mortar, I'll take the pestle,
the weight we laid five years before the door.

You take the door, its flank and hollow.

You take the hollow morning we set out,
I'll take the conch shell, the sea.

You take the sea, our kitchen window looking on it.

I'll take the kitchen, the potatoes,
their rough edges, their eyes.