

L A D I C T É E

Mme. Le Fèvre, and family
At St. Malo.

In her kitchen, folding
Something in a white bowl.

Her window looks on the sea, blue
Pails filling with stones.

Tidily, you hand her through
Her bright world.

I am listening close. Again,
Run her through this day,

So I can hear the phrase I need
To know—Mme. Le Fèvre, turning over

“Stiff, sugary whites,”
At St. Malo.