

Orange / Lee Van Demarr

for Linda

This grainy orange, stringent and cold
From the icebox, lies in segments,
Its skin in stories of hemispheres,
Dismembered dreams of the sun, stacked
Loosely on the table. The clock beats.
Already the plum, purple as an old
King, is gone and soon this orange
Will be gone. Fruit for breakfast,
You said it would be delicious:
It was almost too sweet,
The juice strong and distant as white
Kitchens. In the mountains you were
Sure-footed, your eyes deep as Chinese
Enamel, I couldn't chip away any blue
Or burn or dissolve into orange juice.

Thoreau's Fossil Lilies / Brenda Hillman

"We find ourselves in a world already planted . . ."
A Writer's Journal

Years later, critics would be saying
you had to look just off, in parallax,
to see your own face in that
"filthy pond."

They'd be calling you names
they could not afford to gauge
their own needs by.
Truth was, you'd found

these lilies; they made you forget
John Brown, sweet gale,
and pickerel dart.
They were rock, but they were

flowers, laughing at the corners
of their centuries;
frozen at one time
but now, little cauldrons