

whitecaps and the imaginary skulling
of knees, and the woman and the man
who fished away from us, while I clutched
my purse; the catch they hid
from us while the optical illusion
of the sun died away,

all of it as essential as water.

THE HOUSEWIFE DREAMS OF ORDER

They say a spray of lavender
hung upside down in a closet,
they say lemons. But she
knows better. She lets

the old screen off its hook
and stands clear. There,
it is morning. It is morning,
and noontime, and evening again,

yet she has not moved.
She is planted squarely
in the space of their comings
and goings, she is waxen

and broad leafed, her shoulder
blades oiled as a fine wood,
her mind swept clean.
Nothing moves in her, no

shadows upon the triangle
of her throat and neck,
no kerchief. The wind is a rosin
which plays her hair.