

Norah Myers

(UNTITLED)

put your palms beneath my clavicle and
under the silverblue dusk and frozen stars
brush your mouth below my ear and tell me
so gently that you forgive me

release the sorrow from my bones
like ice cracking into bits of diamond
and tiny green shoots rising to the warmth
of spring's first sun

but now
on this winter night before the twilight gives way
to a dirty moon and pale raw morning
kiss the tears that freeze upon my face
and hold me through the hours as i dream

ease this hurt that has lingered from september fires through
a cloudless summer sticky with regret and tireless thirst
to the first perfect snowflakes as they flourished
in a flurry in the sky

give me the peace that i would
give to you

and the chance to show you
everything that you have meant to me

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lipstick-stained coffee cup
crumpled white bed sheets
two am silence brings no answers

forehead against the shower tile
dark damp curls and sore scrubbed skin

one foot in front of the other
disconnected from the world as it streams by
drifting, dragging memory and heavy limbs

hope rubbed raw

meaningless muttering maniacal mad

mademoiselle

the phone's always for somebody else