

[Two poems written for my 2008 Creative Writing course at Messiah College. "Untitled" was published in Messiah's Spring 2009 Minnemingo Review.]

We

We spent an afternoon
Chasing the watermelon juice
As it cascaded over our knuckles, our eyes
Shining as our tongues
Devoured the sticky trail.

We spent an evening
Languishing in the kitchen's dusky heat
Inventing a tabletop
Choreography to the rhythm of breaking
Bread and clinking silver.

We spent a night
Shivering in the dew,
Our skin iridescent beneath the clouded moon
As we watched the black horizon
Reinvent itself in a haze of gold.

We spent a morning
Erasing the scars imprinted upon our skin
By the folds of the grey woolen blanket
Before exchanging plastic keys
For broken promises at the front desk.

Untitled

I requested plain panes of glass,
Smooth, transparent lens to replace
The tarp obscuring the new bay window.

As a surprise you brought me a mural, stained
Glass—bright, exotic, a blue flame
Burning against a storm black sky.

We stood, shoulders brushing,
And I stared, sidelong, in admiration at the reflection
Of the painted glow upon your familiar face,
Watching the shadowed rays drape your eyes
In veils of indigo.

You became a blue eyed stranger
As the filtered light flickered across your face.
Unsettled, I turned to gaze
Out the bay window,
Remembering, too late, that I
Could not see through.