

Kimberley French / TWO POEMS

UNTITLED *(for V.M.)*

you are wearing
the amber I put
around your neck, before
the break

you left it
that one morning
on the doorhandle

I put on your pajamas—
the softness
and the smell of you

the morning light —
on your desk, the walls

the candle
long out

the liquid in its glass frame
shimmers, as the rays
smile upon it
the clock's hands still
sweep across its face

UNTITLED

a pumpkin face droops
left there on the porch

I walk toward it
treading on skeletons
of leaves

inside you bathe
in the moonlight

your face too white
and patterned in the slim hands
of branch shadows

snow flies through the window
and clings to you

you are —
still as
correct as

ice