

The Time in This

Audrey Lovett

She measures time with two hands—the tired
Arc of the flowers, the vague slant of light
Over the sill, the traces of inspired
Artistry still crayoned past the off-white

Of the walls. This is the resurrection
Of sentiments (she remembers the taste
Of them: the acerbic tang of affection,
The wine-dry reserve of interlaced

Fingers) behind the slow curve of their smiles;
This is the sound of remembrance – the toast
At brunch, the heartbeat hammer of the miles
Resonant between the mainland and the coast,

The mute march of seasons as they appear
And disappear into days, months; the year.