

Maria Fresta

TWIN

You migrants and refugees:
you all have one.
She lives inside you,
shakes the mix up.
She's in there,
somewhere,
denied but existent somehow.
Perhaps at moments when
you catch the honeyed scent
of perfectly steamed rice,
or when opera singers
soar through satellites
and a frangipani mist blooms
into an Indian dusk;
she'll twist and turn within you.
She,
who you might have been;
heaves dimly inward,
clatters without hope
for impossible light.

SECOND LOVE

Because you are my second love,
I cherish you more,
kiss the swell of your shoulder,
stroke sculptures around your collar bone.

Because you are my second love,
I want you more than the first;
linger lushly over your body,
fearing you might turn out to be my last,
or worse,
that the third may not deserve a poem.