

Rory Harris

Christmas Eve

the sky lets go a few drops of rain
a couple of daughters pretend sleep
& the echo of carols on television
is enough on top of three glasses of scotch
to add the weight to tears



afternoon

whole orange of sun
an elbow of beach around us
children lie belly up in the tide pools
like parrotfish, not talking



skiing

skiing the terracotta rooftops
a suburban heartbeat
push started & coughing
a line of credit as black as the road

