Christopher Barnes

SAUCER FULL OF MEMORIES

Not a Madeline but —
I see things.
Andrea’s stargazing a drawing pin,
its jiggle-flick skewer
in her eye. She rethinks
upturned tips,
heel-toe heel-toe,
square-toed shoes.

But for her monochrome poster
of Che —
prick, prick, prick,
a thumb brunts,
runs through
to a steady state.

Jane Williams

ATTACHMENTS

periodically I lose what I become too precious about

that indian scarf I wore for definition disappeared
from my pale neck on a mountain walk
I didn’t know it was gone until I’d descended
sheltered from blurred edges and a cryptic sun

a ring I couldn’t take my eyes off
silver emblazoned with a golden spiral
every conversation every ulterior move