You Melt in My Memory

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YOU MELT IN MY MEMORY

You melt in my memory
like a Dali watch
your essence
slips out of my
body openings
to mingle and dissipate
in the air I breathe.
In search I breathe
familiar air of shared places.
A tatter, a shred
seeps back
to leave again
when I do.
My childhood gone
just like that
one day.

JAN SPIELMACHER

THEATRICS

I have witnessed the midday drama:
Theatrics of a royal red cardinal
Dismounting on the snow-covered black of a branch,
Framed by my window,
Staging a silent performance,
Anticipating applause:
My celebrated star in bright array.

Until, unduly mocked by an envious gale,
He struggles to perform his last encore,
To draw the climax to a timely close,
But at last, in high feather as dramatists often are,
He nobly leaves the limelight,
Perhaps to pursue more promising careers elsewhere,
And I, in peaceful contemplation, drop the curtain.

CAROL GYSELS