

Poets

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Lago di Como

I search for a stone to sit on,
So I can look down into a valley and write lines
about a house I enter to find you.

I try to keep walking but after the storm
branches flood the path,
make me squint and crouch.

What I cannot peer through is memory,
a girl in a rosebush
thighs stuck with petals, scratch marks scarcely visible.

What floats into view
is a door I cannot go through.
But I want to go on and on until I reach you.

At the threshold of the house
I imagine fishhooks tethered to sunlight,
an old shirt hanging on a line.

It is after your bath,
your hair is wet and you are in front
of an oval mirror, rimmed in silver.

You are combing your hair.
O for an afternoon, eyes wide open,
filled with the moisture of love.