

DAWN, DUSK, HANDOVER

We figure in this play like athletes
in a relay race: doing our leg,
delivering, then stepping off the track.

Blood, a string of pearls, his, hers,
a breath that comes about, passing on
the baton of seed and growth and harvest.

Dawn: this glass dome piece, mine.
looked at with new eyes,
shaken alive, dusted from the mothballs

wanting to mark her spring, her debut
by bringing forth and branching out
-a thread from me to her...beyond.

Dusk: a quiet laying aside, perhaps,
of thrills and purple dreams
becoming flights of fancy,

a hemming in of lining
that brought into the open
fruits sown in hibernation.

Handover: gift-nothing tangible
like passing on my dress, a vacant
chair to fill, keys' transfer.

Just a taming wrought by time
mood swings, old streams gone dry,
hot flashes. Haves turning have nots.

Reminiscence. Releasing. The
presence of a catch inside my throat
for something sweet, conceding,

hinting at chain and sequence,
at matriarchs and minnows
that makes a mess of my mascara.

Therese Pace