

Penelope

The room is hung
with shadows of old macramé
just on the touch leather sides
of poets' Collected Works.

Chintz faded
the curtains drawn.
A palm's heart
beats in the dark.
A few larger spasms
and it could split
the brass slave bracelet
that binds it round;
the leaves are elegant as ever--
they can play it cool
those green jazz trumpets.

Your suitcase is a trombone
swirling dark notes
on the eau-de-cologne air.
You call them Dolphin Blues
say you were lonely for me.

I taste a vortex
headier
than your love.



Drawing by Suzanne MacKay

Poem by Elizabeth Jones