Spring 1993

Throughout the Duration of the Pulse a Heart Changes Form

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Tonight as you return
   to our blue sea cottage, see
how the rosewood horse gleams.
I have touched everything.

The white hibiscus
   hover against the window,
   their red stamens craned like candlewicks.
   Winter in this rain-soaked village

   and still the fleshy roses bloom, evenings
   sweeten with the smoke of eucalyptus.
I put out a bowl of pecans. I sweep
the white tile floor one, two, three times.

How nervous your absence
   makes our friends, as if by marriage
   we were blown into a single figurine.
   After many weeks alone, we will turn

   our simple lives toward each other.
   I bathe my limbs carefully.
I perfume the blood beats.
As the yellow spider crawls
into the mouth of the yellow lily
or the butterfly brushes against the blanketflower's eye—
drinks there—so too I've flourished
with each stroke of the body.

Though nights when I could not find
even a kind voice on the radio, outside my window
starlings filled the pomegranates, starlings filled the figs.
They ripped open everything. They spit out the seeds.