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## Throughout the Duration of the Pulse a Heart Changes Form

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Sandra Alcosser

*Throughout the Duration of a  
Pulse a Heart Changes Form*

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.