

Knowing Memory by Carrie Deleskie

Spring

I.

Father calls from the shed:
a squirrel's gotten in again,
chewed through all his cords,
left my toboggan rope.

II.

Yesterday the last of the wood
went ember and the oil's been out
for months. A woman from
the Co-op came by the house
with a job but I was busy, down
at Lawrence's beach.

III.

A friend said he was leaving
for the city come April. He
left menthols in the mailbox,
a note in the carton.

IV.

Been down, playing piano
at Grandma's old place. Sure
she'd like to hear a tune, see
the hardwood grow worn.

V.

Juniper and lilac unfurl by the abandoned
wharf. Someone's etched their name in
a rock since November. Someone else lost
their windbreaker. On the shore whitecaps
peak up and fall and peak up and fall and
peak up and fall and peak up.

Morning's Meditation

White light on
your cheek at
8 a.m. The window frame
divides your face into four.

Making coffee before you
wake, I run the tap,
stop to feel cool water
on my wrist. Wait for
the burner
to turn red.

*Have you ever considered
present without past?*

The sun on your face
shot through with light
shot through with dark.

Déjà Vu

The way I swear
this vision, this smell,
this taste, this sound,
this touch, this body,
this body, this body's position
in the kitchen
has been *exactly* here, lain
silent on the cork floor
some ancient &
ageless hour
ago.

Photographs of Blue

I.

A beach stone,
a nest of closed palm.

II.

The light off
Tea Lake, making
her eyes more and
more memory.

III.

That sound
you gave
when the last
door closed,
fast.