

LORI SHINE

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*Past Kitchen*

All windows can you believe it  
 blazes in summer cracks in winter  
 soup working and jam from the windfall grape arbor  
 pale greens

lit by forsythia

Looking in at night from the slope yard like  
 watching perfection's sitcom

here

take these if you need them

Sticky corner where the mop was  
 and you, dazed from the airport  
 running through sweet tea

The second-floor part of the tree  
 is our part of the tree  
 sleepyheaded iris frame the world  
 and me trying to pack up the view  
 one hand  
 on a green windowframe

molting its layers of paint

And the stained glass  
 left for karma

I needed the glass

(do you think they threw it out  
 not seeing  
 the light spelling luck or home

artlessly  
do you think  
                    was it found)

say it:  
            I brought the paint  
instead of the window  
bound now  
to carry this table  
from room to room