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## She Waits Like Some Sharp Cheddar in the Pantry

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**Lyn Lifshin**

**She Waits Like Some Sharp Cheddar in the Pantry**

huddling in the dark  
on the shelf  
less exotic  
maybe than  
women flashy as  
Camembert,  
intense as St. Andre's  
soft cheese,  
less outgoing  
and sure of their  
direction than  
women who know  
who they are,  
like Jarlsborg or  
Swiss, clean cut,  
in suits, sipping  
Chardonnay as  
leaves go blood  
and burnt siena.  
She prides  
herself on being  
free of holes a  
tongue or finger  
could get stuck  
in. Only her  
thighs soften,  
so long alone,  
still creamy as  
Havarti, as blue  
spreads under wraps  
where what ripens  
is dying