

Spring 2017

Drizzle

Jean-Mark Sens

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Jean-Mark Sens

Drizzle

doesn't truly fall
its own density floating in the air
when you step out into the street the acacias
stilled into a grey scale of zillions of pixels
particles from an ethereal spray
merely moistening your face, curling your hair,
leaves absorb in a glistening gladness
Ash Wednesday, drizzle a blessing
absolving with freshness yesterday's hangover.

Looking for a House

-alone-takes measure of your steps
streets with innumerable names-till some catch
Louisa, Dryads, Lesseps, Piety, Flora.
Houses, rooms you visit hesitantly-traces of home to find
Constance, St. Peter, Desiree, Irene
names and virtues-under a blue eave you hear swallows
they nest against a beam, a rustle of a little gurgling
like a coffee maker, wings like paper crumpling.
You had a lover once, and to eternity, who could name every tree
close to her at every new branch, inside eye of a trunk
your heart to her knock at the door like on the sound box
of a guitar
amplified, warm and dark, the palm of your hand on her bare
shoulder
your feet crossing the curb-you are looking for a house,
a house alone.