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## Looking for a House

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.