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My Poems

Mardelle Fortier
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MY POEMS

Mardelle Fortier

drop like fragile
Christmas balls in the rich night;
fall in a blizzard,
snowing me in; knock
on my door; call
imperiously on the phone,
then hang up. My poems
pose, preen in skinny
swimsuits, then run away
in pink shame; smile,
frown, hug me, pull my hair;
shield me in clean blankets
of a far-off childhood;
expose me to cold scrutiny
of peering strangers.

In long evenings we dance,
as gold enchanted frost
of a hundred stories
blesses my windows. I
laugh in a room growing enormous,
spin closer to full rose firelight-
become myself.