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The Blue Glass Bowl

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LADY MOON

Her face is powdered white against the sky
 Whose ballroom black tuxedo holds her close
 In ardent tango wedding thigh to thigh,
 The moisture of two mouths in breath betrothed

She wears a gown of gossamer and gauze
 Embroidered with small shadows of desire
 That flit across her smile and give him pause
 To see her crescent lips outlined in fire

In moments just as these are passions cast
 In marble white as death and bright as love:
 The stillpoint arch and sway of moments past
 Enduring in the endless dance above

The lady moon embraces night her way
 Until his darkness is concealed by day.

— *Freyda Libman*

THE BLUE GLASS BOWL

Lime-crust glasses,
 saucerless cups dismissed,
 I stop
 to look at a cobalt bowl.
 Chipped on the rim,
 lustreless, it still
 catches light
 like an old movie star
 whose famous eyes are clouded,
 black hair dull and snagged,
 yet, when she passes by
 people turn and whisper,
 “Didn’t she used to be somebody?”

— *Constance Vogel*