

## SCOTT CAIRNS

### *My wife jumps crazy*

My wife jumps crazy into bed, still wet  
and shaking from the shower.  
In a very little while  
she'll be warm enough to dress, dry enough  
to move through a cold room. But now,  
she is cold and shaking, eager  
for the warmth of arms and legs together,  
the warmth of close breath.  
And I am glad for cold mornings, glad for the simple  
shock of waking, and for the occasional gift  
of a cold and shaking woman getting warm.

### *You Say Kalaloch*

You say it, *Kalaloch*, and the word  
holds your tongue like a lover. You know  
the chafe of sand, the rough touch  
of south wind. Whole years  
would discover you still wandering this beach,  
a woman in worn clothing, only a little mad.  
*Was it here I found the raven, here  
the swollen dog?*  
The tiny black snails  
are good to eat; you can boil them  
in a coffee pot, pluck them steaming  
from their shells, taste the sea  
rising in the meat.  
You know this place, have grown  
familiar with its taste, its salt  
smell. You have brushed its sand  
from your wet body, rubbed sand  
from your brown skin. Even as you  
turn away you carry *Kalaloch* in your hair.