

THE GLEAM OF HER

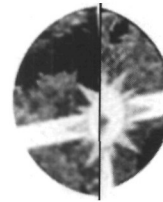
Here people wear pointed hats
and words can appear and dis-
appear like music.

Lines of rippled light
reflect flames.
All is dark, still.

Rising from a pool of golden
blocks, chest high in honey,
licorice lips kiss the shadows.

I remember the heat of the sun on my face
as I waited, the gleam of her

leather knee high boots, the smoothness
of her metal thigh band, the short-
stemmed rose still sticky.



—Amanda Shrader

MORNING SONG

I send my song on breath blown through your hair.
And you, my fool, who can't lift up your voice,
can't taste my rose perfume upon the air,
look up toward the moon where I entice.

To thy sweet mistress come by flowers crowned.
As once you whispered pale touch-me-nots past
swamp candles in perspective, moonlit bound
until the blue light conjured you at last,

come back and bring the blue bird's morning song,
reflect the frost of moonlight on my brow.
With breaths of wonder we shall hum along
until soft moonbeams christen fresh this vow:

With lunar shadows on our skin of blue,
my song's for me alone, to share with you.

—Amanda Shrader