

## Alone

Is it a cry? A song?

Take a finger to stir whiskey  
as lover's lips were once traced,  
and find a river undiminished,  
the distant sweetness burning.

Craving feeds gestures,  
giddy intoxication and this is  
Chagall's celestial swirls or the curl  
of swaddled roses upon the table top  
beside paint brushes & lined-up cigs.

The so-called Spinster & her dignity,  
that artist & the craft; this is need,  
a deeper belonging brimming  
but held in check.

To have a room of your own  
is to gather up the world like an angel,  
fallen, & caress his head  
in your good strong lap.