

I Always Wanted To Be Good At Taking Pictures

Not to save
your skinny fingers
braided around
a bouquet.

Or the little mouth
unlatched
from your breast.

Hangman, drawn
with crayon stumps,
a few letters left.

But to reach
your brown eyes

across the table crumbs and uncleared plates.

Our image has changed. The equipment too,
more definition than we can see.

I always wanted what you meant
when you said
close enough.

Incandescent

The February night couldn't care less. But looking
back from the street, our little bungalow
still keeps its bargain with us.

You and I both know spring will come. And I promise
to be tidy. Prune the yews. Grease the gear that turns
the garage door. The forecast calls for rain.

Will the sump pump hold up? The porch bulbs are burned-out.
Replace them with new LEDs? So cool to the touch,
a glow without fire.

I need to remember, read the box before leaving the store.
For the illumination desired, and for the spectrum
that will shape our light.

Inside the window, the lamp set by the timer is on.
Our son's room. Even though he's far away,
we still call it that.