

Transience

The red room with
the green couches
and the spinning chair
is gone.

All the furniture is gone.
And the piano is gone.
The stove tops have been
replaced. And the man
who replaced them is gone.
And the other man who sat
on the chair with the kids
is gone.

The girls are old.
Their childhood became pictures.
The youngest who wasn't
even there when the picture was taken
is old, and even her childhood
is gone.

Dialogue Box

We will never meet.
You'll marry the red-haired girl.

I can feel it from across the country--
You succumbing to domestic bliss.

Nothing personal,
But words don't smell
Or taste like anything,
And nothing
Can replace the visceral,
Magic of touch.

Silicon and servers
and words make noise
and nothing else.

poetry by *Jaclyn Moryan*

5

In You

In you
is the steady beat of
a gentle heart.
a repetitious comfort,
a tin drum,
and a chronic ache
in me.