

ANDREA SUMMERS

When finally my contempt can only shrug
and rancor rubs its eyes in yawning languor,
I will be a droop of syrupy morning light
puddling in through wavering pane.
I will be anonymous
as hotel towels; taut
as hospital corners; simple
as a piece of paper.
I will be a bedsheet gaping on a clothesline;
a pale orchid posing sunward on a windowsill;
a nascent black-dotted iris
tracing stitches of flinching sail
wed to aching scrim of sky.

