Remains

Soft down caught in grapevine wire,  
grey pinions flung across the flowerbed,  
a trail of yesterday’s flight spread  
from top of fencepost  
to the hedge below the clothesline.

After Teatime

I collect them all,  
hang them like drying flowers  
from ceiling beams,  

pin them in a box,  

billows of steam  
dried in plump squares  
of translucent paper,  
each dyed in hues  
of sips remembered,  

tuck them in drawers,  
potpourri pouches  
with scents of peppermint,  

wild sweet orange  
infusing linen and delicate lace.

Sara Klassen