



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.

Sara Klassen



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.