

Sligo

by Cecilia Durbin

Deer with long legs fawn
against the barren, trying.
Shiver in the hollow, sweet
mud and sharp fir freeze
to see your face. Still
thawing creek drops pulsate
under the accidental,
the ephemeral vitrine.
You're running water,
and there you are.

Tremors, slick and snow
white tile, pull at the sink.
Corporeal ascension hallows
lucky rubble, cleans it. Even
mirrors rattles with each
fallen brick. And belleza,
I have heard your animal noises.
You know that they shake me, but
how can I say what scares me?