

Martie McCleery Palar

Structure

A flowering tree is a white Formal embroidered by embarrassment.

The wind rushed away like a young woman running

into ripped jeans a flight jacket

Colette's novels

pink-paged notebooks

a rage of blossoms.

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Twilight harbor.

The too poetic stars come out.

The fading blue:

It's gone.

The air too tight.

I can't breathe as if suddenly startled.

I've been trying to mend evening's gauze.

A fisherman has strung his hammock between two trees.

I would find a place like that for you.

Swinging is a sensation of swimming.

When weeping

always remember the ocean:

The way you can slip through any net

in your cool sideways movement.