

Down Memory Lane

*A THOUSAND HONEYED SECRETS SHALT THOU KNOW*

Sequestered in a dappled bower

Flowers    primroses

pink and ivory//they support our bodies//petals bruised to  
near transparency

NO that's wrong

It was a hallway//August heat//in the half-darkness  
tasting sweet, tasting sweat

Children's voices in the driveway

Our voices stifled, corner close, fingers fumbling.

NO not fumbling---we knew where to find it, tumbling  
over, we fell upon the laundry tied up in a sheet to go to  
the laundromat