

TWO POEMS BY LUCY KING

ADORE

Her body,
a loose braid,
windy light on the wheat field,
aromatic wood
smoke and sweet pea.

Adoration escapes
the garden,
sprawling, curling away.

The earth once
had a calm balance,
now it trembles, swollen
with this runaway plant.

Like a child still,
hidden in the copse,
rolling on the ground,

I pull back
the lips of a snapdragon,
feel its imagined sting.

LAKE BAIKAL

Trucks drive across this ice
but I still move
with soft, shuffling steps,

as though to keep
the lake from noticing.

My eyes cannot touch
its blinding,
white expanse.

My lover, mirage
in the distance,
refuses my hand.

Now and then,
a creak and shudder
like an old house settling.

I wait, silent
with jaw clenched,

fear both
the breaking in
and breaking apart.