I'm finally sitting in one of the two chairs on the porch I had built on my deck five years ago, the porch being Ron's folly; but at one time I thought,

Well, this is a good place to entertain, if I entertained, which I didn't but talked myself into it, thinking, why not turn it into a porch I could enjoy, sitting here

With a woman, she sipping a Vodka Collins, with a dash of orange, while for me, Jim Beam on the rocks, both of us listening to the easy tones of wind chimes, the occasional Bark of a small dog, breed unknown, while we watch late afternoon change its clothes for evening as we continue sipping, talking, watching, as if we were here together.

I am sitting in my den, my head hissing like a leak in a forced airline, but nothing ever comes out, not even something as small as the letter i or a cone of air rising from an iron, hissing except when I sleep; but every night since Jane left, my dreams
Are bizarre, out of round, like being lost
in a strange building, no time left to fix
my being late, always lost and late—
so last night, after my wine, I pleaded
with Jane to return in my sleep, to calm
my night life, so that, when I woke up

The next morning, my body would cease
its usual dance. Last night, I slept without
dreaming, woke calm as if I were a child,
and thanked her, as I have since her death,
for changing my life, this time for coming
back to do the same, for the better, again.

JUDITH SAUNDERS
ARTIST

Elaborate drawings filled your notebooks,
crowded the margins of memoranda:
caricatures of boring speakers,

portraits of colleagues, anatomically
intricate close-ups of flowers
and insects, fantastical landscapes

harboring genial monsters. Formal
efforts with oil, ink, watercolor
or charcoal you sometimes (not often)

finished and framed. When you worked with clay
you left the studio with hand-shaped
pottery designs, one-of-kind

and minimally useful—no sets
of dinner-ware for twelve. Did we need
a lidded pot, shaped exactly like a bulb

of garlic? A serving dish for olives—
long and narrow, slightly crooked—stamped
with symbols from the Chinese zodiac?