

Lucy Sieger

Escape of the Profound

The Garonne meanders, a slow hand,
like your breath arousing my sleepy skin.
It's morning at home, you're by the river too,
our river, foggy mists a balm to broken spirits,
blue herons carving another day from the sky.

Let the river answer, I am told,
but I've come so far, and I have no questions.
I finger the greenness of grass at my feet.
An ant, band of white draped around its neck,
sashays across my notebook.

Do even the insects wear scarves in France?

A question! But on this point, on all points,
the river is oblique, intent on its journey to Spain,
unaware of detours to elusive clouds.

For dessert, you can buy a pint of Ben and Jerry's, or you can do this

Visit the corner of your herb garden, tipsy with sun. Pick two vigorous fistfuls of mint—not spearmint or orange mint or chocolate mint—just plain old mint, aromatic as morning. Pull out your wooden cutting board, scarred with a thousand meals, and your Wusthof knife, the one that reminds you of Julia Child all grainy and exuberant in *The French Chef*. Take the 1960s steel colander that belonged to a mother-in-law you never met, and give the mint a quick rinse. Chop until it's lacerated with mintiness. Mix with crushed pineapple, buttermilk and sugar, and freeze for six hours. Every thirty minutes, stop what you're doing (e-mail, beating rugs, making love, whatever) and mash it up with a fork.

With discipline, you will create pineapple mint granita, the best dessert on this or any other planet. By complicating a task that could be spooned from a cardboard carton, you will, inexplicably, perfect the proportions of your life.

Escape of the Profound and For dessert... are Lucy Sieger's first published poems.

Lucy Sieger

The Cool Side Of My Pillow

Life bears down with sawed-off heartbreak.
Who amongst us earns a pass?

These things I know:

Turning my pillow to the cool side
soothes a sleepless night.

Gardening glossies anticipate the sheen of spring
days after I kick the Christmas tree to the curb.

A compliment on the cashier's dangly earrings
and their prettiness lights up her eyes.

Making the mundane sacred
is my daily glimpse of bliss.

No matter how low life dips in declarative baritone,
it's all moments, just moments strung
around my neck like shimmering pearls.

Blessed is this lustrous world
spinning a web of the innate,
every breath a resurrection.