

The Visitor

By Idra Novey

Does no dishes, dribbles sauce
across the floor. Is more dragon
than spaniel, more flammable
than fluid. Is the loosening
in the knit of me, the mixed-fruit
marmalade in the kitchen of me.
Wakes my disco and inner hibiscus,
the Hector in the ever-mess of my Troy.
All wet mattress to my analysis,
he's stayed the loudest and longest
of any houseguest, is calling now
as I write this, tiny B who brings the joy.

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