

Linden Tea

on the screened porch,
the leaves dripping
in the back yard in
moon light, paint
pulling from the
garage. It's 1919,
Stella and Mary on the
glider embroidering
night with the nuisances
of men. The sons pull
hoops from pine barrels.
One daughter who wants
to dance holds on to
the brass bed, rolls up
on her toes, wishes
her hair wasn't frizzy.
Spirea moves toward the
house with yellow
roses, a wreath of
moon. Linden flowers
dry in the pantry on oil
cloth bordered with
tangled strawberries
for tea that will warm
them more than their men

Lyn Lifshin