

A Broken Embargo

The night exhales pink salt
on our backs and on our necks.

From the grass sprouts curiosity, we sink down
to find ourselves in.

I've known you in classrooms and I've known you in cars.

Your eyes blink stars when

you find the mole on my inner thigh.

The veil of summer clings on damp skin
Boundaries undulate, a hot highway.

Pebbles in a line on your chest point
towards indiscretion,
I follow without a compass.

The lake winks a falling star –
come on in, the water's fine.

The edge of the dock is the decision so
let's go in lips first.

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Afton

The metro flanked
by the Minnesota and the St. Croix
like the stitching on the front pocket
of a shirt, two hues
of blue – a place

of backs strained but not broken by the far-stretching days
spent in fields of strawberries, soybeans, corn, and cucumbers.

A house painted clean white with a deck trimmed in green
for summer dusk and shade, for Darcy
the neighbor dog,
quarters the lives of two friends who happen to be lovers.
Sills hold the air even in the dry of winter –
spider and snake plants, a peace lily, jade,
and a string of red chilies drapes the living room in heat,
in spice, while jars of pickled cucumbers boil in the light
and modern art of silver-stemmed cherries imitates a child's mobile.

In the white cleaned house
on a quarter acre live the two
that, now twenty years ago, buried
the desire of having children
in the soil of the jade.

Wild Orchids

Sunspots on a petal
Remind us to write 'I love you'
In pen.

A dying orchid
Rues the time.

Flowers of Life II

Blood is darkest on the bottom of the feet.

A string from the scalp to clouds.
Enough to keep the feet from sinking.

Thaw

Twenty minutes east, blue suburban
moves to a place not home –
but assured like an over washed sweater.

I-94, free fall through downtown
the first drop of a rollercoaster, paramount
to set in motion a change in position.

St. Paul spring, molding newspapers with the melt, last summer's beer
cans unearthed, the nude ground blushes.
I've been sleeping under dust-covered eyelashes.

Afton, the alarm at 6 a.m.
My eyes pour light, held behind the lids
the months of gray.

A house on a small lot on a road
flanked by wide farms,
my body unbends with the distance.

My wisdom
as ripe as a new bottle of wine,
the spring that saw the earth born
but emerges wet and gasping
for first breath.