Jean-Mark Sens

Drizzle

doesn't truly fall
its own density floating in the air
when you step out into the street the acacias
stilled into a grey scale of zillions of pixels
particles from an ethereal spray
merely moistening your face, curling your hair,
leaves absorb in a glistening gladness
Ash Wednesday, drizzle a blessing
absolving with freshness yesterday's hangover.

Looking for a House

—alone—takes measure of your steps
streets with innumerable names—till some catch
Louisa, Dryads, Lesseps, Piety, Flora.
Houses, rooms you visit hesitantly—traces of home to find
Constance, St. Peter, Desiree, Irene
names and virtues—under a blue eave you hear swallows
they nest against a beam, a rustle of a little gurgling
like a coffee maker, wings like paper crumpling.
You had a lover once, and to eternity, who could name every tree
close to her at every new branch, inside eye of a trunk
your heart to her knock at the door like on the sound box
of a guitar
amplified, warm and dark, the palm of your hand on her bare
shoulder
your feet crossing the curb—you are looking for a house,
a house alone.