

POETRY

SONJA GRECKOL

Memory Matters

Sound and Light

When I was four I knew
that Blondie and Dagwood
lived in our old Marconi

I knew they were home
when the light was on
and I heard them talking

Skin of the Universe

When the pike breaks
the surface of the pond
and stares at the clouds

I see my daughter's eye
blink through the glaze
on my mother's photo

Mother Watch

In slant winter sun
the staghorn sumac
camouflages starlings

until they ambush me
when I burst round
the home turn

Small Disturbances

If we each have
an arrow of time
with its own future

Then I can know you
left before you miss
me leaving you

Equilibrium Restored

The probability
that our bubble will
unbreak is not zero

but I could plan
on surer bonds
years perhaps