gleams through the tear like bone. and the wooden stretcher bar deep until the paint bleeds and slash the canvas, cut Then I want to take the knite retuse to settle in their pattern. colors vibrate like bees, torn to bits, the pieces lostto have your vision pierced with a stake, When it is wrong it is awful

on water, light retracting in raindrops, like moonlight, reflections wet heavy but needs to feel light lot of paint here, thick Use the large brush—big bristles—

My Dear Ring:

Yes, yes, I love you-

were we not made

Do I not wear you

And then how naked

I am so marked by you.

I confess once or twice

unchartered, unclaimed,

but I missed you, my dear and in truth want no other.

day and night, wet and dry,

only remove you when dough

or dirt threaten your beauty?

circles where your gold should go-

in twenty years I have taken you off

Rest easy-I'll not put you asunder.

just to see if the world feels different

I feel, and a slim whiteness

for each other?

## JABIN Ymef?

toms trom stars, flickering and glowing.

asiund suid desb shining in my darkest and it will be the stars -wobniw ym abistuo taarts tent se ysion shouting, cartwheeling —əəətəq uəəs seq əuo ou wolley a yellow what do they know of beauty? -Intitusedru ers are unbeautitul fiset won tast won -fried I rep feet work

.tdgin to

# syeads asnon ani

blew soft through curtains

Still there were late

tes esuontuo nA

Bare teet caressed

with blood and wear.

in the back courtyard-

summer evenings when the air

no beach roses growing there.

wλ biguks, pocked and scarred.

γης counters turned mahogany

fish, tending children and nets.

after gutting, scaling, salting

Grease layered hard-to-reach places;

there wasn't much time for niceties

later tented over knees for modesty

in beds shared with sisters, white sheets

(Provincetown, MA)

dreamed in my rooms. Now you breathe roses

Five generations of Portuguese fisher families

blushing in the air, but back then

shrouded their cooling bodies.

and years later, soft worn,

when they gave birth,

səlgnins ym rebrug Tong ago girls slept

my bones remember all your stories. Sheltering your fleeting sleep, my floors buckle like the rolling sea. Splintered, splinted, sanded, scrubbed

where the breeze sweeps clean their dreams seeking a weekend of rented peace Long hot days till with revolving beachgoers out my bright windows. look and look at doors with keyholes; a tamily trom the city: the little girls marvel In the breath between spring and summer, the snowy light gives way. to an artist who paints all day until Off-season, the landlord rents cheap of short-timers moves through my rooms. and rebuilt, now a parade Torn down to bones of living near the sea. The tamily could no longer pay the price no one was left to continue the line. But when my last old fisherwoman died

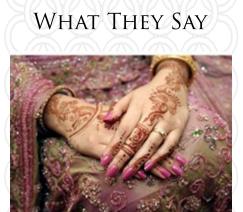
> .seibod gnigeels to and whispered against the skin cut from old sheets

## DUO

### Dearest Finger:

I don't know if I've told you nor too loose so I slip aboutjust right, so I'm always facing and shine. I remember your joy tiny but brilliant all the samejust the right size for your two puny paychecks-my gold band, are you, too, still true?

how I love your slim shape, your warm cylindricalness and the way I rest just so: not too tight, the world with my sparkle when you received memy winking blue eye. I love you, I do-



**KARA PROVOST** 

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kp85@hampshire.edu