

JOHN LAMBERSKY

## The Answer

I was never sure if you left it on purpose or by mistake.  
That last box sat around the back of the house, covered by the small shelter  
of the overhang tucked under the deck, protected from the elements,  
so it would not fade or change.

Standing at the kitchen window, a person could just see it,  
if when you were washing the dishes you got on your toes  
and leaned over the sink, as I had done, at first every day, then less often,  
and recently maybe once a week, whenever I remembered.

But yesterday the open gate reminded me to look again.  
Dressed from work, glancing around the corner, a hot feeling on my neck  
I saw that spot empty; nothing to peek at while doing the dishes,  
left wondering how long it had been gone.

## Curves

She was a study in curves  
spilled out across the bed.  
It did not take an artist to see the coy  
beams of light that played on her breast  
like a painting, except that she was  
not a dimly lit aristocrat,  
nor was she a field of blurry blowing  
flower petals and butterflies,  
nor even a bowl of fruit on a harvest table in  
some sooty Tudor room, window casually open.  
The way she filled the bed was more like mercury,  
pooling in the low spots, gently swaying,  
round and elemental and poisonous.

