

ON HER ABSENCE

Kenneth Samberg

You can see in me that time of year
when wintry winds scourge the whitened streets;
and hasty businessmen and housewives
rush to warm retreats;

that time of year when postal service is slow;
when smoke from buildings and harboured boats
poses in the air like sculpted snow;
when feline faces peer through massive coats.

This soul of mine—like the throbbing city
around which winter curls
its hoarfrost tail—waits silently
for your return, warm girl.

METTLE FATIGUE

Jennifer Drummond

I feel like
returning myself
under guarantee
saying
either replace my heart
or let me see
a definition
of fair wear and tear.

I have been
running in
long enough.