

I'VE NEVER BEEN TO AMSTERDAM

Megan Kaminski

A story about longing, about cracks in glaciers, about paper-wrapped packages to imagined places. When it's early afternoon, I have no will. No thing left my own to carry in suitcases or sequester in closets. I have a drawer filled with pretty things that I am saving for the right moment. Endless shelves of books and letters stacked. A marmalade cat that swats my friends' faces when they try to kiss him. And there is another story. About wrapping dead things in handkerchiefs and burying them in damp clay beside the garden. The nest of newborn squirrels and so many birds crashed in glass on the north wall. About fathers working in canneries and sisters who stay out late. And the story I search on spring nights, barefoot in borrowed apartments. A story that might hold the ice from calving hold flights a few days before return to the continent. A story that follows like a city like ambush like a brick wall.

THERE'S NO USE RESISTING THE MORNING NOW

Megan Kaminski

A recurrent dream, a visit to the dress shop,
the baker sleepy by seven and bread crisped
in the oven. We dig a hole for the missing,
mend fences in the wind. The distance across
hallway almost wide enough to give way to
river to stream-wending mountaintop, carrying
moth-eaten sheets to laundry to cedar-
lined attics too late. I returned after five days
and saw no bones. No remainder of feast
spread across table. No misplaced dinner jacket,
nor crumpled letter calling to its intended.
Here I am here. And dreaming for the next
hibernation. Somnambulant dressing for
afternoons alone in the snow in the wake
of storms yet to come. Wind pressing against
window onto nose onto fingertips piqued.