



things the light kept



Poems for the ordinary hours

rose ellis

I / ORDINARY HOURS

The kitchen at six

*No one has asked the light
to make something of the room.
It arrives anyway,
laying a warm hand
on the back of a chair.*

*The cup you left
holds a small, cold moon.
The bread waits
in its paper coat.*

*For once, I do not hurry
to improve the morning.
I stand in it
until the kettle calls.*

I / ORDINARY HOURS

A small inventory

One blue button.

A receipt for oranges.

The name of a street

I thought I would forget.

How little it takes

to keep a day

from disappearing.

I empty my pockets

onto the table

and find I have brought home

more than I went out for.

Outside, the rain

is making its own list

on every open window.

I / ORDINARY HOURS

What remains

*The flowers have finished
being flowers.
I leave them another day.*

*There is something
in the way they lean
toward one another
without the work of blooming.*

*I used to think beauty
was a thing arriving.
Now I am learning
to recognize it
putting down its bags.*

*The vase holds water.
The window holds the afternoon.
Nothing asks to be replaced.*