

Wilderness House Literary Review 11/1

Deborah Leipziger
North End

The cannoli shells lie waiting
Like days in a calendar
To be filled

Their Florentine fragility
Heaving under mascarpone
Lemon, ricotta, mocha

The Italian grandmother
Raises her hand to pull down the string
To close the box

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Light Time

What is the half-life of grief?

Grief is not measured by clock or meter

No, Grief's metronome oscillates

Its pendulum heaving, breathing

between Grief's spiral galaxy.

Light years, light days

Grief is tidal.

Accept those paltry tokens

coming on the waves of Grief --

tiny shells, fragments of past and future.