

Three Poems by Emily Cornish

A Poem For Swear

Voices of geese rend the stillness
of this morning.
A woman wrapped in a man's overcoat
looks up-
she thinks
"they are escaping"
the shortest days knit of sickly yellow light.
The bulbous gray clouds compacting earth.
They are escaping
the days of being stuck inside—
the fruitless phone calls,
the relatives who offer the same advice,
the long minutes spent staring
at the swirled dregs of her tea.
She continues
down the sidewalk.
Piles of red and amber leaves
have bonded to ice.
She is happy here
in the silence of the sleeping world.
Soon her husband will wake
she will eat a breakfast of complaints.
She turns back toward the house.
The clouds are heavy this time.
They know her too well.
Her fury has been gathered like snow
awaiting the right wind.

Dream Keeper

A wing on the ground. On the way in.
A dragonfly's wing. The pattern of rain
clinging to a window screen. Such a little thing
seems large on the pavement.

Devils Darning Needle, some used to say.
Lift the wing from the ground. Hold it
up to your eyes. Striking, even without the
body like a half remembered dream. Here is far

from water. Its body could have been
many things, purple, saffron, blue, green.
moonbeam. Full of promise, keeper of dreams.

Strange dragon we crossed paths today.
I would follow you anyway. To come across a
piece of my soul like a single dragonfly's wing.

Picture of a Camping Trip

Fair Haven, NY. We disturbed the night as we pulled into the Glen. We always set up in the dark: the scrapes and leftovers of that nine to five day.

In that darkness we're never tired as we snapped tent poles together and breathed in the damp. For a little longer resisting the impulse to zip out

like stars onto the playground while no one was there, wood smoke weaving into our hair. We'd watch moths collecting around the lanterns. Their tan and papery bodies

brushing our outstretched fingers. You spoke then "Do you know, the woods are full of wings?" while we combed through the low branches looking for

bullfrogs. We went to bed but never to sleep. There were too many stories to tell. They seemed to taste better and become more tangible with aura of the woods.

Around 3:30 I found this picture. You were inducted army. Do you know every forest is full of wings?

Emily Cornish is a graduate student of art history. Her work has been published in *Clare Literary Magazine*, *Broad River Review*, *Susquehanna Review*, *Grasslimb*, and *Helix*. She reads, writes, and experiments with poetic form and content in Milwaukee, WI where she lives with her significant other, Brian, and their cat, Zed.