

## Two Poems by Anne Britting Oleson

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### A Cup of Tea on the Porch

Last day of June: heat and malaise  
overtake her, and she considers  
her best-laid plans, only to find them wanting.  
A fly drones against the windowpane.  
The air stagnates; the open door  
waits in vain for a breeze.  
Even the cat, always weighing  
the necessity of movement,  
has decided in favor of sprawling  
on the bare boards of the floor.

A beautiful afternoon:  
why shouldn't she stop  
and gaze upon it, only sipping  
at this cup of tea? Yet  
she breathes the unease, the sense  
of something missing—something waiting  
just over the horizon. *Something*.  
She drinks her tea, watching  
the slow drawing-on of afternoon,  
then, resting her eyes for a moment,  
takes a breath, then focuses on  
the leaves patterning  
the bottom of the cup.

## **Dream of Spring**

Press your forehead  
to the cold glass  
against which snow flutters  
and sleet ticks  
like the winding down  
of an old clock.

Close your eyes against  
brilliant nothingness  
that slices like  
a dull knife.

Pull the blanket tight  
about your shoulders,  
shivering, shivering.

Dream of a sun  
gentle as a lover,  
sweet and hesitant  
as a first kiss.

**Anne Britting Oleson** has been published widely on four continents. She earned her MFA at the Stonecoast program of USM. She has published two chapbooks, *The Church of St. Materiana* (2007) and *The Beauty of It* (2010). A novel, *The Book of the Mandolin Player*, is forthcoming from B Ink Publishing in April 2016.