

*A Hudson View**HER^E THERE HERE, THERE*

Stephanie Sears

Rooms hastily escaped
when their walls might have kept me
from another self.

I stand here feeling my absence
stigmatized upon the siphon play of sun and shade
the tense stillness of midnight
and its frond tapping on a windowpane,
haunting the sharp remembrance
with regret irremovable.

I stand here by
the sincerity of subequatorial dawn
its rose-tipped display like shells strung
across a painted tapa as
the wave's rise and tumble pours
onto its morphing colors.

There a lighted window
peers into winter's face.
Fire slides off silverware,
traffic burns a lava trail
through the snow below
and underfoot a rug smells of toast
and of the cozy outdoors cold

while far, far to the East
meditative and fragrant
a gilt and crimson haven
extends Buddha's smile
to noon's wallowing sun.

Each room carefully restaged
as by a child's fingers
running over the cherished lines
of a steadfast dream...

Time upsets its schedules
replacing a 'was there'
with a 'here again'.
Memory redistributes me
across latitudes and longitudes
in a pageant of deaths and rebirths.