



1990

Thursday at 10:15

Pilar Stewart

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Thursday at 10:15

herb tea
stains lips and
hands wrap,
circle cups
in quiet.
corners of eyes
glance
 stare
 stare
you are dark
 and shadows
 dust
etched with charcoal
 distinct outlines
no melding or covering
but a
face, oval and known

If there were green canopies
or rose rotting
dampness of the cellar
behind the shadow
of the garden in bloom
I would not be surprised to see you

If I smelled incense
thick yellow, air with dirt
camels' hoofs pressed in sand
I would not be surprised to see you

If I went far away
where no eyes I
understand gaze there
you would be.

you are
 meant
you are
 placed
like my hand
my foot
the curl near my ear
there you are
and I,
stare.

—*Pilar Stewart*