

ELEGY

FOR DEAN

by Sandra Beasley

The gift
was hasty—
my lover's name
erased, mine
written in,
that Southern
hospitality.

The gift
was fig jam,
preserved
from a local tree.

No. The gift
was the embrace,
the *you*
are kin of it.

We gathered at
your house—
casket in parlor,
Four Roses
on the table.
Half a country
away, the figs
wept their sugar.

Illustrations by Natalie K. Nelson



POP

by Sandra Beasley

We call an unpuffed kernel
the *old maid*

but really, she's just a lady
who read the fine print.

Sometimes it's enough—
pan, oil, flame.

Sometimes you must
hold the water within you.

*Sandra Beasley's latest collection of poetry is
Count the Waves, published by W.W. Norton.
Illustrations by Natalie K. Nelson.*



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