



POEM **KRISTIN CAMITTA ZIMET**

PAINTINGS **NORMA BESSOUET**

Solstice

Maggie on tiptoe, out of breath from zooming banisters, her engine panting, bounces in place, ransacks the freezer for the popsicles of punch we poured and tooth-picked yesterday, dark orange cubes, with winter sunset sides slipping already in her mind; she's ready to bang them from the tray, clattering cubes to cup, prize them away, hot-footing back upstairs, where girlfriends shake the rafters.

What's this? She swings a baggie by its twist, the lifeless color of quick-set cement. Sand from Neponsit? Over and over she hears how I grew, diving hands deep through grainy heat, feeling the melted castles wash into crevices and creases of skin underneath my suit, sticking as I sprint, barefoot on tarry streets, to the gray house I think will always stand in the June sun where I am stopped at seven.

Magic Glow



A Separate Reality

No, I say, grabbing the bag away before it spills open. This is yeast. It's sleeping. Waiting until it's time to help us bake the stollen. Come December, when the sun stumbles, cannot climb the hill behind our yard, when the house rattles, cube in the fixed dark, windows thick with frost, we'll measure out two teaspoons and a quarter. We'll make a bowl of water baby-warm and soak them, travelers in hard buds, locked into

frozen pods in a spaceship belly, patient between stars. We'll rouse them to pretend a summer afternoon trembles with heat. We'll tumble them in waves, stretch them on white flour beaches; father them, breathing fast, the doughball's cardamom and mace upwelling like the flush on Maggie's skin, carbon dioxide seething so I bend my head to confidences, to a summer-solstice stay, these momentary rooms, her rapid rising.