

## **M.J. Iuppa – Two Poems**

### **Portrait in Black & White**

All day the scent of licorice fills the air.  
Late winter snow melts once again, trickling  
along cracked sidewalks to puddle in potholes  
that are deeper than one expects.  
My mind begins to lean in utmost attention,  
listening to the draft that builds a house out  
of the wind chimes' chilly notes. I think  
I live here, in the expectation of anything—  
which isn't as quaint as you would suppose—  
it's restless and cruel and willfully snappish.  
My forehead anointed by an icicle's loose tears.  
My upturned face suddenly flush.

### **Going Home**

A current of air, cold  
and evergreen, presses  
against my face.  
It is a memory, I think  
but it's slippery, like shadows  
of trout drifting beneath  
the creek's skin of ice.  
Soon April's ironies  
will be forgiven.  
I want to sleep under  
a map of moon  
where fields glows  
with poppies.  
Oncoming headlights  
flicker on, then off.  
The road swollen  
with rain— washes  
away.

**M.J. Iuppa** lives on a small farm near the shores of Lake Ontario. Her most recent poems have appeared in *Poetry East*, *The Chariton Review*, *Tar River Poetry*, *Blueline*, *The Prose Poem Project*, and *The Centrifugal Eye*, among others. Recent chapbook is *As the Crows Flies* (Foothills Publishing, 2008) and second full length collection, *Within Reach*, (Cherry Grove Collections, 2010); Forthcoming prose chapbook *Between Worlds* (Foothills Publishing) She is Writer-in-Residence and Director of the Visual and Performing Arts Minor program at St. John Fisher College, Rochester, NY.