

Deborah Leipziger – Two Poems

On Plum Island

From my fingers
you taste the dark plum
with its yellow and red interior.

The sun is poised to set
as the birds return --
egrets and gulls --
to the marsh.

The ocean
is pale lavender
as the sun lowers herself gradually --
then all of a sudden --
sliding and sinking into the horizon.

I am filled with you

with your voice
words and incantations

I am filled with our longitudes
and latitudes
our Celsius and Fahrenheit

I am filled with your colors
my *aurora borealis*
across your night sky
its shimmering green

I am filled with your E.E. Cummings
and my Neruda
sestinas and sonnets
I am filled with yes

I am filled with bridges
the one we crossed
blue-lit
its bones etched against the night

I am filled with images
the grasshopper that made its way into my house

on the night you arrived
the monarch butterfly
that follows us in traffic

I am filled with our island time
with sea glass,
petrified wood,
the piping plovers we did not see
the way the lightning mixes with sunset
when you look at me

I am filled with fruits
the open avocado you scooped out
the ripe cantaloupe you chose
raspberries you brought as offering
cactus pear

I am filled with your silences and solitudes
with moaning
and moon bathing

I am filled with your shells and pebbles
which arrive on my shore
I am filled with the limbic and the liminal

I am drenched with you.

Deborah Leipziger is an author, poet, and professor. Her chapbook, *Flower Map*, was published by Finishing Line Press (2013). In 2014, her poem “Written on Skin” was nominated for a Pushcart Prize. She is the co-founder of *Soul-Lit*, an on-line poetry magazine. Born in Brazil, Ms. Leipziger is the author of several books on human rights and sustainability. Her poems have been published in *Salamander*, *POESY*, *Wilderness House Review*, *Ibbetson Street*, and *Muddy River Poetry Review*, among others. She has a course available on how to get your poetry published at <http://www.creativelivingworks.com>.