It is familiar to her
that the sharp scent of the apples
she places in a turquoise bowl
wavers throughout the house.

Incised fish swim around
the outside of the bowl.
She follows their perpetual circles,
remembering the speckled shells
lying in the tray nearby,
just washed ashore.

Pushed out by the cactus plant,
the waxy blooms are expected
like tiny stillbirths.

She stands in the stairwell
taken into the ink landscape,
the ashes and holly
taking into themselves
the winter twilight.

The ancient stone pipe
lies glued together on the shelf.
The hands that held it
attempted to leave
unforgettable strokings
along the carved moon and its rays.