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### THREE POEMS BY MICHELLE HOGAN-WALKER

*Illustrations by George A. Walker*

#### It's for you, Henry

when it rains, in the sculptor’s garden
his ladies collect water in their laps,
puddles of rain in the folds of their dresses
they stand and sit and half lie down
“For you, Henry” they tell him in very old voices
“our knees are up for you, Henry, you have seen the secret of Mother.”
He probably always blushes when they tell him this part
but he always knows they forgive him for the rain in their skirts and even for not giving them any pockets to put Kleenex in
“This is how it’s always been, Henry, you put rain in our skirts where it’s really always been.”

#### The Party

you’re in with her tint on your lips
you’re smiling in the door at me
how was the party you’re dying for me to ask you
I keep folding keep counting keep silence
I hold the fact of your leaving against you like a knife

[untitled]

there’s sometimes peace in holding you a calmness a passionate quiet
I want an embrace that will lock our ribs
and let me in where your life radiates from
I want to be half of a double exposure but
I want all of me in the picture