he would put on his cap, throw the cat outside to catch a mouse and take a walk before dinner.

What did Rejlander do to keep his cat still? Did he slip a small morsel between her paws? But I’ve never had a cat respond to such a bribe. A dog, on the other hand, will sit still for hours if you hold a liver treat to your cheek, his long strings of drool dripping. Perhaps the cat just wanted to watch too full to mouse, too tired to jump down from the chair. Perhaps posing in the sun was her only quiet moment in the day.

I don’t know how Geraldine judged exposure in her studio with blinds on the windows a solid tripod for her camera and a steady hand with magnesium powder. But I do know she placed a blue vase of pink peonies upon a table flooded in prairie light.

1Oscar Gustave Rejlander born in Sweden in 1813 was a pioneering art photographer and an expert in photo montage. He collaborated with Charles Darwin on *The Expressions of the Emotions in Man and Animals*. He died in London in 1875.

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Sheila Stewart

Wash up as far as possible and down as far as possible and give possible a lick too,

Mum and Aunt Ena chortled in the hall between the bathroom and bedrooms at Ena’s house, Ballybaughlis, Drumbo Road, Country Antrim, Northern Ireland. No time for a bath or shower, stand at the sink, wash up. Down the garden with a bowl, pick raspberries, red currants. Lunch of courgettes fried in butter, wheaton and soda bread from the oven. Whipped cream sliding into berries, tart and tangy, meets sweet and savage, everything melts. As far as we can go in conversation, a poem, as far as the flight from here to Belfast, as far as Ena still alive, giving possibility a lick too.

Sheila Stewart has two poetry collections: The Shape of a Throat (Signature Editions, 2012) and A Hat to Stop a Train (Wolsak and Wynn, 2003). She co-edited The Art of Poetic Inquiry (Backalong Books, 2012). Sheila is completing her Ph.D. at OISE/UT.