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MARLENE KADAR

Last Few Days Love Thee

Last few days love thee like I remember soft shouldered man with strong wrists.

Last few days love thee like I speak holding words and voice unfettered.

Last few days love thee like I mourn time lost in furies not of our own making.

Last few days love thee like I sleep in our bed. Our task of rewinding begins.

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ALISON PRYER

Love Poem (for Bobby)

I want to write a love poem for you, but I know when this is all over you’ll be lying in bed with some other woman, drinking afternoon beers, and for a laugh you’ll dig out some old love letters from other girls, and maybe, my poem.

You’ll read it out loud and snicker when you tell her about the girl who thought she was a poet, and you’ll both convulse helplessly with belly laughs like two beached jelly fish as if to prove that you never cared for me.

Still, I want to write you a love poem, a poem you might never read. I want to write about the fire that consumed me that day when I first saw the love in your eyes, the day when I gave you blue flowers and you first kissed me.

Alison Pryer has taught in German and Japanese public schools, and at the University of British Columbia. A recent doctoral graduate, the focus of her research is pedagogy and the embodied self.