'Resident Alien'

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Wandering

On an ordinary day
I look for a way
To become unpreoccupied.

Catch a train of thought heading south, or north
Before it leaves
With your arrival.

Hummingbird wings draw my eyes
To the window
Suds drip down my fingers.

Blue and white teacups rattle on saucers
Cinnamon scent loosens the longing
Tugging on my sleeve.

Tiny cups clinking, girls and dolls dreaming
I blink, and giggles bubble into champagne
Tickling my nose.

I laugh to think running away would do
Rather, I embrace the moment
And find you.

--Anne Steger

'Resident Alien'

Her body was born to be
Worked to death
used up
thrown away
I don't remember, when she was last
not tired
not sad
not scared?
I vowed, I would not be like her
Her rough, cracked hands and lined face
Yelling at me in her grease spattered uniform
her support hose snaked by a run
Fate is wicked,
it tricked us both, drowned our dreams
Our reflections are the same
We both know what it is to want
what you're never going to have.

--Suzanne Wood