

TWO POEMS BY VIVIAN LEWIN

Back from the Beach

They'd driven out on the straight road.
She took the curved one home.

The sun was low and her face was hot,
like her hands on the wheel,

both burned by the glare
on the dock after lunch

where two dogs chased skimmers
and pelicans, begging.

One bird had a clubfoot.
He always noticed feet.

— Are you awake, he said.
Meaning he wanted to sleep.

He tilted the seat back breathing
a soft snore while she turned

first on the prettiest road
and then on the smoothest.

She let the shortest go.

The Wedding Photographer

I capture all the brides
in a metal box held near my navel.
We have been looking for each other
since before they were born.
At the decisive moment
their beautiful uncertainty
enters by the movement of my finger,
darkness falling before and after.