

LEE SHARKEY

Cloth

A figure bends over a table spreading out a cloth
The cloth floats for a moment before it settles
A practiced tug to straighten it. Palms run over it
It doesn't matter who the woman was
You could take her form, as others have done before
I could spend my childhood watching her
planting a harvest of women, all of us watching
the cloth float down to the table
the sheet float down to the bed
the wings spread before landing
the wings spread before landing
I remember watching you