

JENEVA STONE
In the Sun-drenched Room

I remember in that sun-drenched room more
than the room itself

more than I can know or spare

submitting like I did
willing girl willing particularization

what stays cannot let go

surrender might seem
eternity a kind of unwilling

I submit I am salt
left in the sun-drenched room I remember

spared fading keeps vivid hues

let go and walk away
what stays spares more than I

remember in the sun-drenched room

be the sun's bright salt
for I remember a willing girl