

316 Beckley Street

It is a woman's room, my old studio;
this morning for the last time
I woke there, its gestation
hours later given over to new owners —
my emptied heart fruiting strange growth.

A few blocks away I unpack in this cottage.
One by one the rooms dress in my habits.
The dusky windows soften with lace.
Clutter gentles the cupboards.
The first dishes drain in the sink.

One door I cannot make myself open,
though it leads to an easel and paints:
the days ahead not yet my birthright —
the woman I am: a sketch my shy hands,
when ready, will flesh into life.