

## Desire

The casement window swings outward,  
presses the stem of a pink rose.

In the trembling air, tiny creatures flit  
between lavender and penstemon,

become quick flashes  
as fragile wings catch the light.

From somewhere, the turning on  
and turning off of water.

In the morning warmth, a curtain billows,  
rises on a momentary breeze

before the sun closes all the windows.

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