

# cloudlife

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Stefanie Marlis

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# cycle

jingle of dog tags

a stolen sack of flour ripped open in the flowers

fairies' faces                      in the light bulb drawer

the shape of mind:

what doesn't rhyme?              what in time doesn't come full

circle?

Calvin, two, roars "shoes on!"

a jolt of joy that boy at hearing the truck's hydraulics:

"garbage man! garbage man!"

                    a sunflower bobbing                      top shelf

## part

I keep the envelope I love in alongside

    a log of a shapely reveille    my work ethic,

    my hidden temper,    my home    “the self cannot  
be willed away”

there are spells that veil            cells pointing outward

    like small “q”s

when the phone rings    a shower of cues

        I find more as the light spills

    lower

there’s a compartment to stow sunglasses    I appreciate perfect fits

    just married,

    a friend of mine rows mornings, so she can hear

    the sea part of herself



# choices

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The last to choose, a boy walks across the band room to a clarinet and a trombone.

His father is a tall man who considers banana bread fruit and clicks his tongue at beauty.

His mother sleeps with a leg over the edge of the bed. The boy thinks of her carrying groceries by the French bakery, pointing to éclairs with her elbow.

This or that, cool in his hands, he compares their heft, how each mimics his body.

People are glad inside their ears. He has slept many nights on why just those two remained.

Some notes look up like animals drinking.

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A girl found a cold bird in the duff beneath a grove of pines  
and put it in her pocket.

Her father hid his past, but when he grew older wrote down his  
thoughts. Things like: “You cannot trust a god you know.”

Her mother once watched Hitler take off his coat at the opera.

A terrible man is found in a hole beneath a cellar.

On television, a hand shines a light in his fur-hedged mouth.

Her heart bristles when the news says “spider hole.” Bring the  
heinous close she says to herself.