

JADE RIORDAN

DAYLIGHT SAVINGS (AN HOUR LOST)

Here, where the memories are soft,
the eyes half shut on the way to the sink
for a glass of water.
Even the night outside is somehow
kinder, gentler
through the open window.
A pot left out on the counter
after yesterday's supper.
Soup? Spaghetti? Boiled potatoes?
Nothing left in the pantry;
when was the grocery shopping last done?
Envelopes on the table licked shut,
waiting without a return address.
Dishwasher running. Tap still running.
Whistling along with the kettle:
chamomile tea to calm the nerves.
Perhaps just hot water to warm the hands.
Steam obscuring, softening
the already gentle expanse of night.
Chips on the mug
like the scratches of a skipping record.