

lime and reason

i found my watch
under the dresser

when i ran out of

Time

looking for a reason

to remain

wishing for green

limes

in a glass over-flowing

with reasons

dusk in costa rica: punto guanacastero

We beat out the lost rhythm of our days,
this stoop knows the familiar shape of
our stories.

Remember when we first saw each
other?

When we *could* see, before we could see
nothing
but everything, like now.

We were young dancers that day I
picked you up on this very stoop.
You had on that red dress and your long
dark hair—laughing.

When the last strand of sun disappears,
we feel the night across our shoulders.
We will turn and make our way
back to our dark inner world
for the night of *our* familiar music.

author bio

Florine Melnyk was born and raised in Buffalo, New York. She earned an MFA from the University of Southern Maine's Stonecoast program. She has traveled to and studied in Ireland, where she drank several pints of guinness and saw a leprechaun (not necessarily in that order). She currently lives in Buffalo, with her two daughters Siobhan and Shannon, and several lovable pets.

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how not to dress



by

florine melnyk

an ink publications broadside

