

Kestrel

Ava C. Cipri

This Way

the present breaks our hearts
in the evening

we lie and freeze

my swirling wants piece by piece the roadway
your frozen lips

sleeping backwards

with you

it is still the middle of the night

when you are old and beautiful

let me take you by the hair

in the woods

a smell of further honey

Cento sourced from Adrienne Rich's index of titles and first lines in
Collected Early Poems, W. W. Norton & Company (1993).