

Shaping Figures

By Marilyn Zelke-Windau

She stood with her arms akimbo.

I couldn't see her face.

Sitting at the café, the sun behind me
flashed blind her visage.

A triangle world was revealed
via skinny flesh frame.

There, the swollen waters
welted blue black mounds
to the shore.

There, the parallel planks
of boardwalk clicked echoes
of sandals' pine arched soles.

There, the pinks of knees,
the corals of cheeks,
the magentas of mantles
of bikini flesh were sun hued.

She gestured. The shape changed.

The triangle morphed
into a narrow rectangle.

Through it, a thin ray of light
back flashed, brought tears,
and I turned away
to the circle rim of my glass.

Photo by Andrea Brooks