

veronica lake

CAROL HARVEY STESKI

sixty mile-an-hour wind
nipples whitecaps into a chilled pluck,
the lakeskin whipped
to stiff peaks

every lick
of the shoreline
rips another grain from me,
how much more can i take? i moan

like a 1940s icon
upper lip stiff as driftwood
in the face of lurching
change