Bella vista

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His poems of love bring you to his house of collections
sea-glass bottles
little ancient lakes
spill puddles of light onto the floor
Neruda’s blue-green ghost
playful and sad
is folded into a parched landscape
a piece of lapis lazuli concealed in the brick wall
a horse from India robed with round mirrors
Russian nesting dolls still in place

small things— perpetual
repetitive
true
remind you of a loyalty you have not found yet

he knew of smallness
whispered about it to you in breaths between words

and you feel loss because he introduced the moon to you

he taught you to live like seawater
(Loose and alone)
Salmon fishing—your father
Coral-red flesh swims
He catches it (in a whisper)
He and it become a handful of earth and sea

Slender moon
Stay in place—small thing