## **Passwords**

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Two Poems by Katrina Jacobs

> Life slaps you silly With a feather And a shovel.

The dawn widower, he writes her hair in shady lovers' nights. She dances a tissue paper rain, drops of pearly nostalgia, on cue and off their radar. A thought is just a fairie's smile until she thinks it, and it comes lightfully out of the tipsy, solemn skybell, the seers' sea. Every imaginable creature exists in paper walls, without a boundary, within her boundaries. She is a dance, a star which lies to the east and south and west of his heart. To the north she laughs, swallowing shells and lightly traipsing down her narrow strip of a sky.