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# Cypress Trees

Near Tuscany, the mountains lie, great globes  
Of difficulty that encourage dreams.  
What *are* dreams if not arrows targeting  
The you who's civil to your fantasies?

Near Tuscany, the cypress trees can thrive,  
Defying our obsession with design  
Of pretty or predictable nature.  
Those woods are *ambush angels* in disguise.

The Tuscans say their cypress trees provide  
The timber used by Cupid, god of love,  
To make his arrows. *Una freccia* —  
One arrow —could be cruel to fantasies,  
Pricking to life invaluable lies called “love.”

Unsettling storms, contagious heat we blame  
On mischief that miscarried — or disarmed.

Since sex is a duet, we can forget  
Love sometimes is a song for a single voice.  
Love's *much* too young to entertain a conscience.

# Little Towel Thieves

When had she settled for impermanence  
Called other-woman-hood? Affairs had no  
Build to them, frail foundations spun thought-sewn  
From sugar — a shady borrowed residence.

His wife will never give him a divorce,  
Unless the stars align, he likes to say.  
Compliance and deceit can't pave love's way.  
Contacting Mrs. X was one recourse.

The hope chest she'd inherited (a tableau  
Of joyful possibilities) accused  
A faith fed by bad intentions. What excused  
Her for sustaining a wrongful status quo?

Driving to meet his wife, her prologue spins,  
Rehearsing. Shouldn't she apologize?  
Some poplars groomed a lesson in disguise:  
Like sheltering trees, marriage broke the wind

At a couple's back. Attention cultivates  
Roots — not this daze of stolen interludes.  
Approaching his house (their home) inner feuds  
Pause when she sees a group of children: eight

Sweet little girls in heels played “dressing up.”  
One swipes white towels from a clothesline. Friends  
Affix this bridal veil and Mendelssohn  
Her down imaginary aisles, disrupt

Roses — a shower acted out in mime.  
The little towel thieves then flee, disperse  
Before the laundress sees linen coerced  
Into their crime, abandoned, left behind.

Returning home, hands shift into neutral,  
Orderly trees receding. Boundaries  
Are blurred. Red petals meet the breeze that frees  
Them. Night falls on retired rituals.