

## Peace

By Holly Day

these few years spent in peace  
guide the laws and actions that come  
immediately after, civilization,  
marriage, life  
seeking order out of chaos  
wrapped in nostalgia.

these days spent in war bring back  
memories of sunshine and days  
spent entirely in bed, drifting  
in and out of sleep  
blissful and unaware of the inevitable  
end of peace, love  
life.

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## Perennials

By Holly Day

petals unfurl like  
tiny valentines  
flowers bursting open  
as if they, too, love  
Spring  
bobbing to and fro  
as they open,  
touched  
by invisible hands,  
invisible fingers coaxing  
the pink buds awake

to celebrate

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## The Quilt

By Holly Day

she cuts squares to fit together: bits  
of nightgowns sent to Goodwill  
old jeans, shirts the boys outgrew  
her husband's work shirt. "It will be  
the greatest quilt ever!" she exclaims

to a family who thinks she's nuts.

other things she wants to keep  
find their way into the blanket's folds:  
snips of hair taken while her children sleep  
a piece of the dog's collar  
the tail of a mouse the cat drops at her feet.  
"These are all things I want to remember," she whispers  
firelight glinting off the ever-moving  
needle and thread.

she cuts holes in the cloth  
to let in the sun and the stars—they move through the quilt  
framed in corduroy and strips of old bed sheets  
all the things held close to her heart  
"this is important, too."

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## Rabbit Test

By Holly Day

they look so happy and anticipatory, excited  
hold hands as the off-screen  
piss stick comes back  
“Oh, it’s positive” and  
“I love you” it makes me

ache to remember  
being afraid to come home, knowing my boyfriend  
knowing his anger  
the knot in my stomach suddenly becoming  
something else  
wishing I

was part of that couple  
on tv  
still wishing I  
could get it that right

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## Rain Check on that Cup of Coffee

By Holly Day

It had been so long since I'd had a dream about Christ  
That it kind of took me by surprise when He  
Appeared at the foot of my bed, floating  
A couple of feet above the shag carpet in that way  
He did when He was a regular  
Guest in my college dorm room.

He used to talk to me a lot, back then. This time, though  
He just stared at me from across the length of my Amish-made quilt  
His eyes so big and sad that I honestly felt  
That I had done something wrong. "Can I get you something?" I asked  
Because even if I am some sort of sinner, whatever,  
I know how to treat a houseguest.

Jesus, He used to talk to me, and maybe  
He would still, if I didn't have a man asleep in bed next to me  
But He is just so damned polite I think  
He's afraid of waking my husband up.

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