

NORA ANN,
ANNA MADELEINE.

Marnie Shure

Right here is where
I would have housed you.
I would have spilled
for you all the Greek
I know, without mythologies
to cloud it. Best to
protect you from Zeus
and the like;
stick to the certainties
of yayas, papus, and
this, not a Pappas, but loving you.

This would have been
the spot for it, vacant
of all but my intention,
which lifts only as far as you're
willing to watch. I spent
regular evenings watching, sitting
beside monitors, slippery and chilled
by the downstairs leather. Watching
electronic dots
as they reported back (in rising
and falling bars)
the night noises you hummed.
Above, you each taught the other
to sing, and listen, and to savor
the spectator below,
faces slotted in the dark.

Before the contents of a toy chest,
you both plunged between plush
book-covers: softened collections
of photographs, of smiling
Athenians and Orthodox baptisms
where gilded crosses hung from
your tiny necks like a promise
that was made for you.

I would promise you this.

An envelope of spent film –
and in such negatives,

perfect doubles we can cradle.

Apollo, a Pappas, something
in English.