

“Groceries.”

by Karina Conolly

Milk.

Bread.

Honey.

Jam.

And I take your face between my hands.

Eyes.

Cheeks.

Ears.

Jaw.

And I cradle your cosmos of a palm.

Fingers.

Tendons.

Skin and

Bones.

From where you sit, you're an Al Purdy poem:

all metaphors and

all chunks of home.

Milk

Bread

Honey

Jam

I hold your face between my hands.

Green

Glitter

Pink and

Gold.

I read you and say, “you’re an Al Purdy Poem.”

You look down,

you read, while

my palms go numb –

“Milk.

Bread.

Honey.

Jam.”

I hold your face between my hands.

* * * * *

Karina Conolly

Grade 10

Thomas A. Stewart Secondary School