

ANGIE MACRI

Psyche Knot

Desperate to the west
like a soul without breath,
she holds agate
found in the riverbed,

polished and set
to a lamp she lights.
The hot oil spills
and drives love away.

If only she had been content.

His voice in the dark
was smooth stone
around which she flowed,
a knot undone.

This is the glory of the morning:
when the lines in the stone
seem to move
as if the volcano
is flowing again, as if melted
stone is the tongue
of the sun.

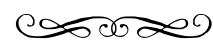
She wanders west.

Her lamp is like a house
with lit windows,
the agate once on the edge
of liquid stone found

on the edge of the riverbed,
a house where someone

waits without breath
for love to come back home.

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ABOUT ANGIE MACRI



Angie Macri's poems have appeared in *Connotation Press*, *The Cincinnati Review*, *32 Poems*, *Louisville Review*, and *South Dakota Review*, and her chapbook, *Fear Nothing of the Future or the Past*, is forthcoming (Finishing Line Press). She teaches at Pulaski Technical College and lives in Hot Springs, Arkansas, where she will be offering a continuing education class in imaginative writing at National Park Community College in spring 2014.

