

Interior: Salon

To arrange the furniture in the shape
of an open heart but leave no trace
of surgical tools or hemorrhage
to know that some chairs
must face the doorway must be reserved
for those among us who can welcome
and intervene. To sense the pulse
of afternoons, the moment when the drapes
must be drawn to stem the surge of white heat
siphoning the air. To breathe
through nicotine and niceties
and leave the window ajar for circulation
a mesh stent or two of prayer
an infusion of night-
blooming jasmine
all possible antidotes to the news.
To make the front room orderly for serving tea and redressing wounds
when there is no cure for the days ahead.



ABOUT LENA KHALAF TUFFAHA

Lena Khalaf Tuffaha is the author of *Water & Salt* (forthcoming from Red Hen Press 2017), and her poems have appeared in *Borderlands*, *diode*, *Sukoon*, *Pittsburgh Poetry Review*, and *Lunch Ticket*. She is working toward an MFA in poetry from the Rainier Writing Workshop at Pacific Lutheran University, and she serves as an intern for WordsWest Literary Series, a West Seattle reading series. She lives in Redmond, Washington. Online at lenakhalaftuffaha.com.

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