

## GIFTS

You sent roses  
two dozen at a time —  
some tiered in silver vases  
and some in boxes —  
stacks  
lifted out like a prize.  
Brought a blue velvet case  
laid open to  
a single diamond  
dangling  
from a twisted chain  
and a smoldering opal  
tilted on a gold band  
to honor our first snow.

You whisked me away  
to five Pacific islands.  
Dancing dolphins  
chandeliers of shells  
whining guitars  
and fresh mahi-mahi.  
While you showered  
surfers paddled  
into the eastern sun.  
On the 17th floor  
my white nightgown  
fluttered  
around my browning legs.  
Afternoons  
were gathering fallen blossoms  
and guavas in the shade.

A solitary mile  
of salty sand  
watching the sea  
come crashing,  
I pulled a towel around me  
and dreamed

of a boy  
at my door  
with a bouquet of wild chicory  
blossoms  
of tiny blue petals,  
a crown  
of twining red columbine,  
lying in the grass  
watching the stars  
inch around the sky.

A boy  
to loosely  
braid my hair  
the length  
of my spine  
and tie it with a violet ribbon,  
to steep my tea each morning  
sweetened with maple,  
to tell me  
my eyes  
are the color of chestnuts.

*Laura Livrone*