

What's Left

for Dick

I love what's left over –
sage leaves stripped,
stirred into the stew,
a green stem remaining,
holding only itself.

I undress the garlic cloves,
garlic warding off evil,
my grandmother said.
The papery skins lift
in a gust of wind through the window.

A half-inch of wine turns
my glass by the sink
into a red prism.
Five of the set of twelve glasses
we bought at Ikea remain.

Next morning, I grind dark beans
into a wake-up call. The cup
you used to drink from
sits in the corner
of the cupboard.

by Susan Landgraf, published in *Nimrod*, its Awards 40 publication this year; I was a semi-finalist in their contest.