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Swan; His Shadow; Suburban Housewives: Three Poems

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Swan

By Jillian Koval

I left feathers
All over your passenger seat,
Like I was some exotic bird
You caught but couldn't keep.

His Shadow

By Jillian Koval

All his darkness is held in the shadow tethered to his feet,
But I do not look at the ground when he speaks,
Instead I look into his glorious eyes,
Wherein all his goodness lies.

Suburban Housewives

By Jillian Koval

We dream of exciting deaths
In a porcelain bathtub with a radio
Teetering on the edge of an eternity
Where we plant roses by a tall white fence.