let us circle

Alexandra Risley Schroeder

house to orchard, to woods, to field, and home again

apples, walnuts, wheat kernels round

a sieve, a spoon, a dish

old apple trees their arms as embrace

walnuts ground-gathered, husked, and dried

wheat taller, straighter for having held

earth all summer, now

silken after sifting

circle of mix, bake, serve

bite & chew

puckering sweet

let us pie

Ode to Rice: Brown, White, Basmati, Long, Short, Sticky

I have faith

in white origami food containers, their perfect

proportions. They are cranes

in the icebox making peace

between food I have and have not

cooked. I always order extra rice

because each grain remembers its swell,

the threshing, letting go.

The box's wire handle a statement

about stalks, sturdiness, the diamond

seed of beginning. Perfection was once dimples,

in cheeks, in buttocks. Now I know

the most perfect dimple

was the space left by a grain of rice when it first flew.

We are all bound to the spaces we have left.



Alexandra Risley Schroeder lives in the Connecticut River Valley in Massachusetts and writes about nature as inspiration, metaphor, and cautionary tale. Her work has been published in *EcoTheo Review, Poetry Northwest*, *the tide rises, the tide falls*, *Naugatuck River Review,* and elsewhere. She was longlisted in the Palette Rising Poet Contest. One of her poems was also nominated for a Pushcart Prize. Her collection, *How to Bold While Trembling* was a semi-finalist at Word Works Books, and her chapbook, *Sea-Through Box* was a finalist at Slate Roof Press.