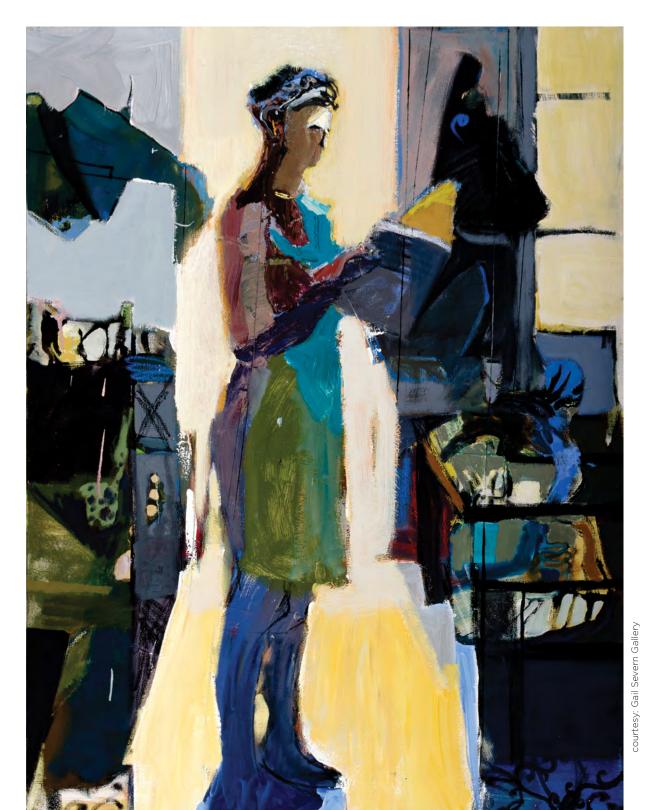
LINDA CHRISTENSEN

Studio, 2012 Oil on Canvas, 48 x 46 in



CASSIE PREMO STEELE

In City Lights Bookstore

This is the place on the shelf where my poetry would be between Stafford and Stein and instead I hold the invisible spine, clutch my bag of bruised fruit, sit by my daughter and write to you a poem of emptiness, a song of what I didn't get, a list of words poured from my head fermented in valleys and taken to bed across continents, trains and airlines combine four letters mirrored in your eyes that come out as bottles drunk until sunrise, your lips meeting mine in this poem of air and bread.

Cassie Premo Steele's poetry has been nominated twice for a Pushcart Prize. She is the author of nine books of poetry, essays, and fiction, and writes a monthly column for LiteraryMama.com. This poem was written while on tour for her latest poetry book, The Pomegranate Papers. Her most recent creation is a musical album called The Pomegranate Songs. www.cassiepremosteele.com