

HOLLY DAY

Sunset

we watch the bombs bloom through the windows
pass the potatoes, turkey, corn
say grace over tightly-clenched hands

here is our peace.

through the windows, the sky grows dark, then red
we turn up the gas on the propane lamps
clear the dinner table, light a fire

spread blankets over the children, falling asleep.

the sky grows dark, then red, then black
the window glass glistens against the heat
I lay next to my husband, put my head on his chest

close my eyes and make one last little wish.

Comfort Food

apocalyptic dreams comfort us
show an end to credit card debt, to war,
the confusion with our day-to-day ordinary lives
too wearily responsible to suicide

we ask God to end it for us.

the gleam in a Bible salesman's eye
offers a glimpse of a Heaven waiting
just past the mushroom clouds
blooming on the horizon.

HOLLY DAY is a housewife and mother of two living in Minneapolis, Minnesota who teaches needlepoint classes for the Minneapolis school district and writing classes at The Loft Literary Center. Her poetry has recently appeared in *Borderlands*, *Slant*, and *The Mom Egg*, and she is the recipient of the 2011 Sam Ragan Poetry Prize from Barton College. Her most recent published books are *Walking Twin Cities* and *Notenlesen für Dummies Das Pocketbuch*, and her novel, *The Trouble With Clare*, is due out from Hydra Publications late 2013.