

PATRICIA WELLINGHAM-JONES

Perfume

The square crystal bottle
of Chanel #5
rediscovered in a dim cupboard,
stopper stuck so tight
force is needed for opening.
Decades old, gone thick,
dark and gooey,
that first luscious sniff
overlaid with decay.
A swell of remembrance,
that special time and place,
the one perfect person
soon found weak as shredded string.
Images shoved deep
in the forgetting mind.
Today's memory-smell
cannot even find
his name.

Woman in Porcelain

She glows
female mystery
in white porcelain
slender
elongated
face nose throat
delicate
in feature
in feeling
lips sensitive
slim neck carved
in symbols
of her tribe
female
mystery
eternal

On the Bluff

Far outside the city's border,
the din and clatter, neon flash,
we stride among firs and cedars,
twist around switchbacks,
scramble over rocks
to perch on the edge of the bluff.

Our legs dangle
over blue thin air.
We feel no fizzle of fear,
no urge to topple over the rim
and flail down the sheer face.

Below our boots a hawk circles,
the thread of a stream glints.
The only brusque sound
in this day of peace
is the rising wind
tearing at our hair.

Patricia Wellingham-Jones is a former psychology researcher and writer/editor with poetry widely published in journals, anthologies and Internet magazines. She has a special interest in healing writing and has work in several anthologies on related subjects, with poems recently in *The Widow's Handbook* (Kent State University Press). Chapbooks include *Don't Turn Away: poems about breast cancer*, *End-Cycle: poems about caregiving*, *Apple Blossoms at Eye Level*, *Voices on the Land* and *Hormone Stew*.