

# *You, Again*



Over the North Sea to Iceland by longboat,  
our child born too soon on the beach.

I tended the manor when you didn't return,  
grew mallow, white nettle and sage.

I held your kimono, helped dress you for war.  
You rode out to meet me at Derry.

Long empty months I spent at the dacha—  
while you plied your trade in Kiev.

In Paris you hid me, brought bread  
and wine. In Egypt I taught you to write.

From high cedar groves I hurried to Tyre,  
but your boat had just sailed with the tide.

Here, certain I'd missed you, I quickened  
my pace. Turn around, you said...

*Turn around.*

## *Cathie Sandstrom*



Cathie Sandstrom's work has appeared in *Ploughshares*, *Runes*, *Lyric*, *Solo*, *ArtLife*, *Periphery*, *Cider Press Review*, and in the anthologies *Open Windows*, *So Luminous the Wildflowers* and *Matchbook*. Twice a winner in Poetry in the Windows, sponsored by the Arroyo Arts Collective, Cathie serves on the auxiliary board of the Los Angeles Poetry Festival and on the board of Tebot Bach, a non-profit dedicated to strengthening community, promoting literacy, and broadening the audience for poetry