

# New Poetry by Carol Graser: “Parkinson’s Triolet” and “Summer Isolation”



THE WIDENING FAULT / *image by Amalie Flynn*

## Parkinson’s Triolet

I cup the base of your skull, catch  
precious cells spilling out like salt  
that seasons your limbs, your unholy lurches  
I cup the drumbeat of us, mis catch

the rhythm, drop plates with a crash  
You feed pills into the widening fault  
My palm on the back of your head catches  
our precarious marriage, heavy with salt

## Summer Isolation

I paint the porch with strokes of blue  
diamond. By sunset, it’s a veranda

of green and you have fallen asleep  
at the shore of a lake that glaciers through

your dreams. You wake with stones in your  
teeth and ice melting under your skin

You arrive home with feet delighted

by the verdancy at our entrance. We

dig holes in the ground, nests for roots  
the width of thread. You shake ancient

drops of water off your bones. When  
a ruby-throated hummingbird

zips past

we see it