



Cesily

By Liz Tessier

Cesily sits easily

Her smile just lands
and folded hands

Fingers knit she sits

She can wait

She's in no hurry

In the shadow

Her elbow

Seems to rest upon a table.

She sits only half lit

So perfectly her beauty writ

Her cheek in glare

Her shadow falls

on a close wall

As if in a small cafe

In her very element

Yet something about her

Extends beyond the format's limits.

Her eyes they do not follow me

But seem to wait patiently

For someone just beyond me.

...response to... *Cesily*, by artist *Christina Sealy*