

Abby Voss*Anise in the Window*

You plucked Anise from the sodden earth one afternoon
wrapped with aged brown twine like your burnt sienna eyes

I did not know it was going to be you
after the lasting night of closed doors and soft gazes
tangled cotton sheets around our bare legs
twisted fiber framing my carved hips

I didn't know it was going to be you—
but the way you felt when you touched me was recognizable
erotic
like the way you graze the pages of your favorite book
slowly taking in the grain of the paper, sliding your fingers down
the verso

you handed me the bundle of Anise
my favorite color becoming purple.

Abby Voss is a future middle-level English educator and current writer living in Duluth, MN. She shares a home with her partner and their cat, William. Abby's work centers around poetry, but occasionally she will be overcome with creative inspiration and write a nonfiction piece. In her free time, Abby enjoys time outdoors, reading, and slowly renovating her shared home.