

***Hilary Sideris***

**Numb**

The way the letter  
*b* lingers unsaid,

the phantom hum  
of a lost limb,

my own fingers  
& thumb flicker

over the keys  
like candle flame

a blinded scribe  
still sees.

**La Grappa**

I get it wrong but  
the kind Padovana

understands. Without  
comment she takes

a bottle from among  
the oranges, greens,

yellowings lining her shelf—  
the colorless liquid you

love, *forte* but smooth,  
a gift I'll pack or drink

myself, depending  
on the way you say

sorry: *mi dispiace*  
or *perdonami*.