

## Directive

She lives in a house by the sea  
with a wide deck swept by the wind  
and a lawn chair bleached by the sun.

The rooms are full, some overflowing,  
beauty upon beauty, gathering dust.  
In the study, where years ago,  
she tried to sort the books,  
she points out the first editions  
but they are quickly stacked  
and lost in conversation –  
the small painting found in Paris,  
the rare silk swath of fabric  
which someday  
she will find a way to hang.

When I first came to visit  
on that rain-gray afternoon,  
she took me to a place down the coast,  
a rocky outcropping,  
lonely and fierce.  
*Here*, she said.  
*Scatter my ashes here.*

Cristina White. "Directive"  
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