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## Three Poems

By Andrea McBride

### Tempus Fugit

Hadn't seen her in years.  
She'd gained weight.  
Her baby's eleven.  
My, how time flies.

I had another child  
a boy-he's eight  
I told her  
as she yanked  
a scraggly gray  
from my head.

It didn't belong there.  
She said.

I took her round face in my hands  
and as if she were time itself  
demanded  
of her black eyes  
Where did you go?

Her fingers that still held  
the gray parted  
I released my grip on her  
because she had no answer

We watched  
the gray  
flutter.  
We watched it fly.

### Tiger

I brush back  
your gray coat  
and uncover  
dark stripes  
just beneath

tonight  
your eyes glow green  
and make bigger  
any light there is  
in your jungle

I dangle string  
you crouch  
and with a perfectly  
timed pounce attack  
in mid-flight

you claw the trunk  
of my old brown couch

as I sit  
you turn to me  
as if to ask

what could have been  
and I wonder then,  
do you resent me  
for naming you  
after your wild cousin?

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## Mere Inches

He placed his index finger on the window. It was 10 below outside. If I had been standing in the yard, the snow would have risen above my waist. But, we were inside. The Christmas tree was alive with colorful lights. Ribboned presents waited underneath. My belly was full from eating the chocolate candies my mom set out on a round, white plate on the coffee table.

He said to me as I looked up at his thick finger resting against the windowpane, *Just think, Andi, inches from where I am touching, the air is freezing. Just inches away, our bare fingers would be frostbitten.*

I looked out at the cold white snow, at the icicle daggers aiming toward the cement front porch cleared of snow.

I wrapped my small hand around my dad's big finger, and it was warm. I placed my whole face against the windowpane, tasted the plain cool glass. I shivered because mere inches kept me from the terrible cold.

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**Andrea McBride** writes poetry in Wesley Chapel, Florida where she lives with her husband and two children. Her work has been published in several editions of *Sandhill Review*, and in the online journals, *Bolts of Silk* and *work to a calm*. One of her prose poems will also appear in *Pennine Ink Magazine*.

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