



## Cloud Pharmacy

BY SUSAN RICH

How many apothecary drawers  
could I fill with these deliberations?

The pharmacist's paper cone  
parsing out a quarter cup

of love's resistant drug,  
spoons measuring new prescriptions

for my uncertainty, hipsway, gesture.  
Give me cobalt bottles

leftover from aunt iska's cures,  
albastrons of ointments, resins to resolve

the double-helix of desire inside of me.  
Where is the votive, the vessel,

the slide rule calculation—  
to know how much good love

alchemically speaking is  
good enough?

I want spindrift nights on swimmer's  
thighs. I want an Egyptian

elevator inlaid in camphorwood and ivory;  
a West African drumbeat, an eggnog, a god.

I want waves and summer all year long.  
I want you. And I want more.

*Susan Rich will read as a part of Lit Crawl Seattle at  
Heineken City Arts Fest on Thursday, Oct. 18.*



UNTITLED FROM THE QAJAR SERIES

BY SHADI GHADIRAN

Archival Pigment Print, 1998

On view at Photo Center NW as part of Social Order: Women Photographers from Iran, India and Afghanistan