

# Commerce

*Holly Welker*

Sitting naked by the pool I can see  
many more trees than the two very tall  
ones visible from my kitchen window  
as shadows in the early morning. If  
someone comes, the only problem is being  
embarrassed that I'm not ashamed.

A close  
friend moves to Australia. I cover my walls  
with paintings from China and their obscure  
secret codes. I remember one morning  
in London leaning back in the bath.  
The sunlight through the frosted glass and the  
frosted air was warm and direct. The steam  
brought to my nose the warm soapy smell  
of myself and I thought, I thought, well,  
I still thought a spread-out life was a rich one.

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Sitting naked by the pool what is there  
to put on. My life lies in fragments  
across the world in ways I can't say  
are good, bad, or even indifferent.  
Letters come. I save the stamps for my  
brother. He has the change I brought home,  
except one Chinese copper coin.

The parts  
of me I discovered out there, I bought them.  
I sold other parts and left them behind.  
Like the pool, I reflect only what's before me now.