



Suzanne Levine

### Coming Home High

Off the macadam, one hard right to the pebbled drive  
that dips between rose brambles, I run over a litany  
of houses with names—like the Bow House on Jennings

Pond and its play on words, Tumbledown on Straits  
and our neighbors' Enchanted Cottage. Yet *house*,  
for me, conjures no image even as mine boozily begins

to rise, solitary, from the ice-aged ledge and in full  
harmony—only sixteen centuries after the Parthenon,  
where even a waning moon keeps a watchful eye.

### A Monarchist Declines the King

Oh my lord, that spine! The S shape is my imprimatur,  
just S. But you, after six hundred years, you are Mantel-

ready. Ready to replace *Wolf Hall*'s Cromwell as her  
latest *he*. And who knows, her revisionist history might

then bury you in Westminster, in a stone-riven crypt  
from Sussex in Horsham! As a young royal follower, I

pressed esses into sealing wax and imagined the princess  
sisters bowed over polished escritaires. With a head full

of pudding and suspicious of my birth year by centuries,  
you and I have settled down, like the dig at Greyfriars church.

Suzanne Levine's poems have appeared in *Drunken Boat*, *Bellingham Review*, *Stand Magazine (UK)*, *Permafrost*, *Quiddity International Literary Journal*, *New Delta Review*, *Front Range* and many other publications. *Haberdasher's Daughter*, her first poetry collection, was published in 2010 by Antrim Press. She lives in Chester, Connecticut ([suzannelevine.net](http://suzannelevine.net)).

Fragments from Grey Friars Church, where the remains of Richard III were discovered in 2012. Photo from The Guardian.