

Beauty Marked

She
is as beauty made her
before the ink dried,
all places and
a single place.

Skating circles,
masters everything
as dance floor.

Surfaces are smooth
but something— isn't safe
no guarantee of rainbow's grace,
what is walked on can crack.

Something is underneath
scratching to reach air
and something
on the surface
digging underneath,

something inside needs
to breathe outside
to save her.

WHAT SHE DOES FOR HUNGER

eight-legged arthropod
the one I am watching
under the kitchen cabinet
body the size of a pinhead
one hairline leg passes over
another while another passes under
so efficient her craft
at her will
crochets a wall
ceaseless supply
of inborn thread
sticky invisible net
caught a stinkbug
thousand times her size
he claws air
she approaches spinning
wrapping (his legs
twitch rest) spasm
clutch tiring
she sits with him now
her body still
her fine legs
rest on the stinkbug
like a prayer
she uses her small
fangs euthanizing kiss
until he is dead still.

Healing the Wounded

Who made us
ferried across
from wholeness

this clan of wounded
all our precious feet turning
through interstellar matter

who blankets our scars
in so much webbing
as to strengthen
cover bring two sides
together

as we mouth words
of open of tender
of I expected to walk
without a stick

like clumsy beetles
pick our way
through green blades
and joe-pye weed

remarkably
we arrive
in milkweed fields

like mariposas
we suckle
the pink clusters
rooted in earth
green stem a straw
a long throat
of rescue.

I hear the Tapping

I carry my gratitude
in a rusty tin bucket
leak a trail of surplus
from the cracked bottom

my bed warm
plates of food to make
too used to comfort to take
an actual detour

away from comfort, stranded
against so much need
—out there

my complicity a siren's call
in all that is used or spoiled
to bring me comfort
but I live far from the sea

the echoed wash of waves
distant as shell to ear
and the siren's fin
is caught under an island

of plastic—she sings in
pleading tones—holds herself up
elbows resting on webbed waste
meanwhile, I hold *myself* up

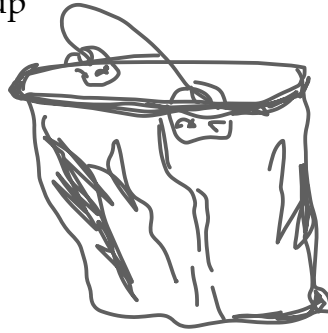
a plastic-avoider—recycler—voter
garden-grower—good-will shopper
but still the bucket
fills and spills—my detritus

scared to give away too much
afraid to become who I donate to
insulated like warm socks
between cold soles

so—I give away handmade soap

wrapped in poems and make soup

decide what I can do next
without losing too much.



Haiku

the white canoe rests
on the sloped bank trout kiss
circles on ponds face