

## Shatter

I sit in a glass chair wearing a glass dress,  
holding a glass pencil, breathing glass breaths,  
waiting for everything to shatter.

My fingers clink against paper in a minor key;  
words fall on the page, sword-strikes  
ringing out amid silence.

Light flashes, burnishing dreams both  
bright and terrible, and exposing  
a million flickering thoughts,

And the glass slivers and flies through the air  
to waiting imaginations, embedding itself  
where it lands, leaving me flesh again.

## **Blanket**

“This is nowhere,” she whispers in his ear,  
“and nothing happens here.”

Then he pulls up her blouse and  
ripples her skin beneath his fingers.

Together they spin a blanket  
of blissful self-forgetting  
threaded with sighs, moans, laughter.

Hide under it for hours  
chasing down new shivers  
then fall asleep like sated babies.

Wake up startled in the morning,  
wide and bleary eyes falling on each other  
in daylight.

The myth of meaninglessness  
hangs in the air like  
dust motes in sunbeams.

She shifts a shoulder and holds the sheet tight.

He brushes away sleep in his eye.

She waits and wonders  
if bolting or breakfast is on his mind  
and readies herself to be stoic either way.

He doubts his courage to risk what he wants  
but, gazing at the lift of her breath under covers,  
the want remains.

Sunlight butters across sheets  
dappling skin, illuminating freckles  
and hair standing on end.

Whatever they’ve woven in moments last night  
awaits the morning’s quilting,  
still could be cast aside threadbare or  
stitched whole.

Time at hand ready to knit a tryst  
into shelter  
as pillows pull magnetic  
on drowsy, awestruck heads.

## Witch's Work

I sit and stir at fate's cauldron,  
toil to stew new trouble,  
brew bright and terrible concoctions  
for the world from a wise and wizened hag--  
one wart on my nose for every  
bewitched millennia I've stared down.

I rage today at pretty images, counterfeit and cheap:  
tedious portraits of perfection  
fit only for thirty-foot-tall screens of silver,  
slivering my sisters' instincts into nothing  
till they hate mirrors and their  
own magic selves.

Some poison is in the air,  
some toxic atmosphere has  
unleashed a sickening, a standard view  
that age and imperfection have  
no deep and particular beauty, though they do.  
I brew a tonic for modern toxins.

I cackle and curse at faked models--  
touched by false prophets who spellbind absent  
every time-worn, life-earned wrinkle,  
every bit of a body's bump and curve cut--  
sacrificed to cellulose tyrants who  
demand mannequins of their females.

I cast my hex at the madness of enhancements,  
surgical monstrosities papering psyches  
till even closed eyelids can't block them out--  
my sisters marred by imaginary failings.  
What sorcery is this? and whose is the guilt  
of inducing a poisonous deception?

As if marble is what women are made of,  
as if fake is how women should feel,  
as though holding a warm breast should be less than it is;  
as if a heartbeat speeding and thudding through a chest  
with love and lust and ready openness  
should split from flesh and choose plastic?

Try hovering in love instead.  
Hold an eye for human bodies  
walking down the road with bottoms  
which are double-cupped,  
bellies full with a solid sorcery  
while illusions of perfection are moving mists.  
For we are for cleaving to for life  
like a preserver that rides wild waves and stays  
afloat in every storm-tossed ocean.

Let us conjure away the ugliness they're teaching,  
the curse of magazines and billboards  
tossing our sisters in jail-cell expectations,  
accosting even our youngest daughters.

Find visions of beauty which follow nature's lead;  
let time's travails and treats  
build up softly on hips.  
Actual is an attribute worthily embraced  
with the capacity to embrace back.  
Wander then into bedrooms with real women  
for potent wizardry, for joyful spells.

## Seeds

I will

Eat pomegranate seeds by the handful--  
sweet trill on the tongue, tart pull in the jaw--  
till lips and fingers stick with juice,  
tentative tasting abandoned for honest hunger.

I will

Slip underwater and silence the world,  
let nothing approach but bubbles,  
which trace skin with lovely skimming  
on their way across, around, between, along.

I will

Listen in my car to favorite songs and  
remember the stories behind them,  
taking a tour of the past and discovering dwindled spaces,  
former homes and hangouts gone small with time.

I will

Watch something funny and laugh,  
fall into a forgetful hilarity that cracks open  
a life of guarded impressions and best behaviors,  
guffaw and snort and hee-haw at nothing, everything.

I will

Dance alone to a sad song,  
rock and sway in a room of candlelight,  
hum along bluesy and true,  
welcoming need as a gift.

I will

Stand breathless, cheeks aflame,  
hauling in air halfway up a mountainside,  
follow the trail to the summit above  
as a zephyr quakes a stadium of aspen leaves.

## Countdown

Five times she held her breath  
Walked five slow roads to nowhere  
Wished five wishes into the wind  
Watched them catch a gust and flee headlong  
Toward anywhere-elses

Four times she skipped a beat  
Glanced four backward glances  
Missed four passing chances  
Lost them without notice so without grief  
But still felt absences

Three times she forged ahead  
Pushed three burdens through a day  
Won three closures in an open-ended world  
Clenched them, claimed them, held them fast  
In otherwise empty hands

Two times she gave grand gifts  
Grew two perfect presences  
Loved two new beings with her eternity  
Understood them to be hers briefly  
Despite otherwise yearnings

One time she died  
Loosed one full soul to the ether  
Slew one last dragon stalking her  
Laid it down to rest with her body then left  
For limitless shores