

An August Night on East 3rd Street

All the ice from the freezer has disappeared into her skin.
Now she holds a stick of frozen margarine to her sloe gin-ed

Lips--it's 4 A.M., and she sits in the window listening
To the Hellhounds' fierce howling

And watches a man in the supposedly locked garbage plot
Stroke and smack his penis. "My penis is

Big! My penis is big!" His cry rings through the heavy air
Like a dying car alarm, challenging the roar of muffler-bare

Harleys entering Hell's Angels' headquarters across the street.
Under the harsh white light his poor penis retreats,

Wary and anxious, like a dog unsure if his master
Is pleased or peeved. The canine chorus joins his paean

But the penis will not heed his call. If he turns his eyes
Up (but people never do) I wonder what lyrics might rise

From his lips to serenade the naked girl
With that soft stick of margarine matting her curls,

The waxy paper already flattened under her nubile fingers.
She puts the flaccid mass back in the freezer and sighs

Into the cold, letting the frost cling a moment to her lashes
Before taking the last beer from the crisper drawer stash.

She's back on the sooty sill, the man below finally silent
Marveling at the power of his own urine--

A godlike stream swirling scenes across concrete.

I See the Future in Your Mouth

There in the x-ray —your five-year old skull
a premonition of itself in the grave.
Behind each tiny tooth the grown ones loom,
Tombstones askew, vying to be first to break
the gumline and mark the lost babies with no remorse

for making crooked the clean straight rows
measured as the meter of nursery rhymes
that trilled across their white surface.
I press your tender-smooth cheeks
trying to feel the harbingers of adulthood,

of the cutting ahead, some ghost braille
cells that spell your story, code I cannot read.
More solid than flesh they will lie with you long
after I stop sharing your pillow. They will form
the words you shape your life with, language

I can only hope to understand.
Unkind reminders, lucky gatekeepers
of your breath. They will know you —
blood and bone, better than I—I who grew them in you while you grew in
me—
They will guard your secrets, daughter, even to the grave.

The Tiny Tin Trash Can

Stands smug in its minimalism, in its
Solid unbeatable age—grace in aluminum
At the corner of the quietest house on the old
Graveled road. A week's worth of trash easily
Fitting inside so that no bag is visible—this
Is a bathroom size receptacle and there it gloats.
Around for years before all our awareness
Of recycling and compost created more bins
for us to sort our vices in.

And across the street from the raised eyebrow
Of this slight silver lady's upturned handle, I am
Blue plastic rectangles. Two large
Rubber Hefty tubs with lids and the sprawl of plastic
And rubber and glass---all chronicling the last two weeks—
Capri Sun cardboard and individually packaged
Snack boxes times five kids
And therefore beer and wine bottles galore,
Barely decent in the beating sun.

And that gray beauty deserves to feel superior—
She, like her owner, knows decent use of resources,
Respect for conservation and small grace. Clara
Was the only person beside my husband to notice
That our 9 month-old daughter's eyes were almost black
And so reflective that you couldn't look at her,
Couldn't look there without seeing yourself.

The Cert

My grandmother's blue raincoat takes me by surprise
Here is her closet behind dry-cleaner's plastic, the rip
In the pocket finally fixed. I remember her eyes

Finding me crouched behind the darkness of her perfumed dresses, my
lip
Bit, eyes clenched (instantly invisible), broken beads ready to rain
From my clutched hands. But, innocent now, into the cuff I slip

My hand to find her—smooth nails, rings, the pillowy veins
She hated, wishing gloves still a must in ladies fashion. I tear
The clear sheath and look for missed stains

That might map the course we traveled—that root beer
Spill from lunch at Friendly's is now just shadow.
I press my face to the wide lapel but don't find her there

Either. Guiding my arms through the sleeves--too short--though
In the mirror I make her move again, feel her low
Voice in the warmth of the upturned collar,
In the pocket, a Cert, half-way to powder

Daylily

I inspected the buds at night with my dad
to see which might bloom by morning.
Still I was always surprised by the red
or peach that burst forth from the heart
of the blossoms and enlivened the quiet
green bank. We made sure to get a picture;

they were only there for the day, but the picture
would last much longer. You think of becoming a dad
when I come home today as we sit in the quiet
kitchen smiling. You make toast in the morning,
ask how I feel, say you love me with all of your heart.
I laugh at your doting and ask for the red

raspberry jam, but you say there's no red
only black. I look at my belly, try to picture
how it will pop out and how the little heart
beat will get strong. I've been watching, like my dad,
for the daylilies, but it's early yet, only May this morning.
The green swords protect the roots, but the top's pursed lips are quiet.

I leave the radio off and enjoy the quiet
drive to work. The coats of the thoroughbreds
steam; the rain has hushed the morning.
At lunch I go to the library and leaf through picture
books, ones I had as a child. A young dad
guides the scissors as his daughter cuts a heart

from pink paper. *It's an I Love You Heart*,
she beams to her father, forgetting the rule about quiet.
He puts a finger to his lips, and I see you as a dad.
I go to the bathroom and find a bright red
has filled the bowl. At the doctor's they scan another picture,
but there is no longer shows the pulse of the first morning.

The blood comes heavy in the night, and in morning
you're still awake by my side. I lay my head on your heart,

am soothed by its beat. I think of the small paper picture
and the glowing shape that was its center. I stay quiet,
hold my hand to my belly and wait.. I watch the red
blossom on the sheet and say, *Someday, you 'll be a great dad.*

I remember the morning you thought you'd be a dad,
a picture of the future as clear as the coming red
or peach daylilies, before the heart went quiet.