

The House of Origins

The other house grows just outside of me.
The windows creak in air. The door
opens with the muscle of the wind. I
see her in the light of the uppermost floor.

She is the other-self who knows
I smother in warmth, and
the distant heat of past summers
restricts my breath. She borrows
snow and ice from winters never come
hiding them there to cool me whenever I penetrate
too far into the hearth of this house.

This house is the house of origins. My mother
is forever cooking stew. Too well fed
I fear I may cease knowing the way of exit.

Birthday Photograph Done By A Professional

I look at the photograph of the girl
bangs cut to see the eyes hair
bobbed to measure the length of it
Long necked starched collar white
soap clean shiny water
kissed the color of the towel never
streaked across the face of it
drying the mirky water funneled
from a past life

She smiles

eyes crease seeing the premonition
of days adrift into years the sunny lakes
passed through on a raft floating
then splashing catching slug rocks broken
black rabbits set in the ground her dogs come
digging she lifts the dirty animals out of their
mouths rushing them meaninglessly to be saved
the veterinarian waves her away you know life is
short her hands motion toward the ground picking up
poop smears vegetable flowers dead heads

Such fortune telling her eyes say at such a young age
her hands clasped to the side
A pink mouth slightly raised we've been taught
to think of secrets this girl holds She knows
even then how to use the truth for the remainder
of the light flashing before her as it comes and fades

Origin of the Picture

Within the Picture

The eye within the
Eye is but doubly naked piercing
Through the illusion of
Her one flat surface
One flat toe a leg a
Bare vagina three stolen
Fingers from a childhood
Cookie jar and her huge
Sad eyes reflected on one
Couch and her
Kitchen to the back

A portrait

Rough to the artists's fingers until
There on the table at the
Front is but the picture
Itself and her huge sad eyes
And open vagina her kitchen
To the back the repeated
Images set on one couch and the
Couch within the
Couch

The thread within each

Thread a fiber the
Nerve a twitching hand
Intensified by the moment of the
Artist's hand within the
Artist's hand

The World Through This Woman's Eyes

The world through this woman's eyes
is ordered every leaf counted
and tacked up on the wall a regular
shrubbery against wallpaper so
carefully chosen

There is her desk everything
so precisely placed the scissors
carefully laid so she can
grab them any time and cut out
the images within her mind from
Good Housekeeping and McCall's
or the New York Times grabbed
hurriedly from inside a city subway
She remembers them

Addresses are scrawled right into
her desk her children's so far away
so hardly missed in the bat of eye
it takes to look there the envelope
ready to be sealed the paper neatly
placed in the top drawer her face
immersed in a huge globe she is the
world where they are tramping so
dramatically and desperately she
clings to her chair so
carefully pushed under her desk

The world through this woman's eyes
is ordered the smell of roasting beef
flies through her open windows her
glasses beaming in their heat her desk
open for the feast her plants thriving
in her man-made trellise against the wall

The world
through this woman's eyes is ordered
and cut out from the images in her mind
the globe at the forefront the desk
so near the hands contently folded
waiting

Origin of Land

She hadn't been there in a great while
somewhere in the midAtlantic with her
arms flapping and belly aching
from an overwhelming seasickness
The fishies were around her Guppies
flying through her clothes cluttering
up her stomach with their rawness
Sand sprouted from her a starfish
clung to her toe like a jewelery ring

She was the christened Neptune flying
in rage at her capture She rolled over
and over in anguish tugging the gear
and tackle one arm over the other
Her feet kicking in honest conster-
nation Until all she carried burrowed
overhead and she dangled by one weighty foot
climbing through the circular tidal wave
until she hit the floor of the sea

Puff!

The fishies floated up carrying with them all
the bits of sand The starfish bit off her toe
and lay beside her in the swampy depth

And she was left to lie there burning
all over with sensation Her bones soon turning
to granite as the rough edges of her skin melted
to fine bits Until it all dissipated again
into one steam pot Her body roasting
Her mouth excreting lava in tiny bubbling gell

And she rose the mountain in the sea
And split soon after into tiny islands