

The Female Pen

I as woman hear the scream
Of time's eternal wheel;
And hear it squeak against my dream
The stories are revealed.
I birth it out – the bloody guest
And hold it in my arms;
Then wean it off my suckled breast
And fill it full of charm.
No Eve am I or garden whore
That coddles mankind's sin.
I am the Priestess from before;
I hold the tale within.
Blessed is my female pen –
It journals how men grow;
But hell it is to bear the sin –
God, can I not just sew!

Housework

A woman is a mother,
A woman is a wife,
To be a woman writer,
Can change her simple life.
The truth is in the porridge,
Beauty in the sink;
All the worlds a story when
There is time to think.
There's laundry on the table,
Working in the day,
Talk of buying cradles,
Then the world to save.
Art is daily coffee,
Ethics are for brunch,
Dinner is philosophy,
Romance comes with lunch.
The hope that one will read this,
One of my three wishes.
Yes, I am a feminist,
But I'm fine with being Mrs.

Dirty Sink Epitaph

Here lies:

The meals we cook,
The mouths we wipe,
The back-talk we hear
When the dinner “ain’t” right.

Laughing and joy,
Whining and fits,
It all builds up on the
Dishes to rinse.

Ranch and ketchup,
untouched roast beast -
Here lies the remains
Of our sweet family feast.

The drinks we make,
The blood we drain,
The mud from our shoes
Left too long in the rain.

Macaroni and paint,
Or a failed Pinterest craft -
These are the things
That go down the shaft.

Erase away scratches,
Scrub off mistakes,
Pick up the dishes
and hearts that will break.

The slate can be wiped,
The beauty again seen,
Life seems much better
When the kitchen sink is all clean.

Center n. 1. Inside your gut, it's the dome of your passions/ the spot where the spirit echoes/ the pool where you sit, euphoric in correctness/ the calm after quivering from anticipation/ fixed stars, when they govern a picnic-of-a-day. v 2. To encounter the core that shapes your breath/ cracking the code to re-establish your itch for the immaterial/ when you are posed, riderless, and inhaling stasis/ the dwindling down to the pace of a heart beat/ simply to stumble on the place where God sits.

The American Junk Shop

America is
the unfrequented
junk shop
where I bought a two-dollar,
out-of-date blue lamp
in 1999.

Where five years later,
I sold it back,
as a classic,
for double the price
to a yellow-fingered lady
and picker of atomic miscellany.

She still sits there ageless
at the counter,
for me to stroll by with no etiquette,
to the sound of
Romance in Durango
playing on the
Danish modern console.
In the corner,
next to paintings of
gypsies and matadors,
are replicas of the masters,
and photographic scenes of
picture-perfect picket fences.

It's now a mid-century coven,
in a warehouse,
draped with hanging lights,
starburst clocks,
and from wall to wall -
four wars of stuffed salvage
and housewife tools.

Today, I stand in line
at the same junk shop
with baby on hip,
holding a polka-dotted cocktail glass
and a JFK commemorative plate,
to buy back the blue lamp,
as rare and vintage,
for two-hundred dollars.