

After Words

So aware
how much lighter
my hand so
fascinated by the
new nakedness
of that one finger
I never realized how
often I had touched
the cool metal there
before

How empty
the apartment how
quiet how enormous
the bed I drown
in the sheets I
get lost

How different
the world how small
it squeezes how
much thicker
the air how heavy
it crushes

How wide
the spaces between
my fingers without
yours there
intertwined

How dark
the spaces
between the stars

Little Noses

velvet soft like roses
pink like peony
like sweet pea except
even flowers aren't really quite
exactly that shade of pink

they wiggle deliberately
the round noses searching
the wind for sunlight
for warmth for
reprieve

I have to pull the car
over to cry
the children wonder why
we've stopped
the oldest elbows
the one in the middle
thinks he's clever
snidely whispers something
about mom getting her period

and maybe I am but
I weep now for blood
that's not my own

I weep for babies for
stolen babies and for
their mothers
with their mothers while
my own little piglets
complain that
the car is getting hot

I open the windows and
we've parked next to tulips
right there by the highway
most are fuchsia or pink
like bubblegum

but some are lighter
softer shades
pink like noses

A Tiny Story About Vengeance

the bump on his head
not caused by a quake
the blood on the bed
not there by mistake

the scene of the crime
complete less one limb
tequila with lime
rose red on the rim

Daydream

Sometimes I think
how easy it would be
to cross right over
into that daydream

To decide to forget
the difference between
the things that are real and
the things that are better

Sly Woman

She danced
 riddles
around me
and I was
 forever lost
in her
exquisite
 complexity