

## The mason, the wall, and the ladybug

### 1. The mason

maintains his wall with  
*baggage* - and *broken* - words he's  
etched into heartstones

### 2. The wall

does not hinder true  
wild climbers - intrepid, sure,  
silent - up, and up

### 3. The ladybug

seems to say: *watch me* -  
*stones are not storms* - bold red queen  
bearing luck - and love

### 4. The mason, the wall, and the ladybug

span realms: she rests, red,  
atop gray stone - when rain comes,  
he holds out his hand

## Hollows

You are sixteen and you are served a single lamb's heart, satiny and lustrous, arranged on a silver tray like supper for the sick.

You snap on safety-blue gloves, press the empty chambers, take up the knife, wonder at how your smooth slicing

satisfies. You record your observations: size of a fist, whitish, resilient. You use your blue fingers to trace bloodpaths

that warmed its undead softness. You've known them: carelessly alive, white hearts yet red, filling and emptying. You wonder

how long since this pith was full inside its frame, unwitting and loose, its thick hollows swelling, resting and flushing?

You lay down your knife beside the abandoned chambers. Metal rings. Meager air disperses. All sense disheartens.

## Spiral

She  
curves  
and flits  
fluently,  
a silver specter.

She flickers: *I've been here before.*

Her flares unbalance you; the static pricks you. Eyes, parched,  
forget to blink. She does a lithe fly-by, low and stealthy, trailing  
your sightline, a star

shaped from dazzling ancient explosions. She hovers and pulses.

Light is sound is flavor on your tongue is hope that she  
will never disappear,

which she does, when she sees you see her. You think you learned  
about this in school. You think you know how geometry  
disperses her into light you will never be able to see.

She's been here before. You think that means she'll come back.

## Weathering

The trees wave like mad mothers  
through stormy thrash and soak -  
clouds are heavier than anything else,  
a fleet heaviness, vehement with wind  
squalling away, dismissive of umbrellas;  
the clock says the day is drained.

I never escape the sound: it bellows -  
chimes are shattered and gutters are full.  
Fire, a hearth, could nurse this feeling -  
The wall that holds it might be kind.  
If I looked back and saw you there,  
the comfort mended memories would hold!

My skin, indelible, understands well -  
there's a cold that comes too, and sharp.  
I startle when the sun comes slant,  
and I crave the storm's weight again -  
but it's Tuesday and the dog wants in -  
and isn't there enough silence to go around?

**d'un certain âge**

Fine childbearing hips -  
he smiled the nice smooth words, he  
meant look at them - real, round, and rich.

Rich - I thought, yes - but for who then, for  
bearing of child, then, just the one, hips  
so womanly solid and softly denied now.

Now he meant hips to suit a hungry man -  
hands, mouth said it, eyes meant that sound  
between murky moan and low hum,

hum of the rattly fan that cools at night -  
so catch my hips in motion now, watch how  
I close the door even with my hands full -

full of all the hours when I meant to say here,  
come closer, come see - hours I stood expectant,  
ascendant, free, and fine.