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Katharine's Dream

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Old Dominion University

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KATHARINE'S DREAM

by

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B.A. June 1970, University of New Orleans

A Thesis submitted to the Faculty of
Old Dominion University in Partial Fulfillment of the
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Approved by:

Janet Sylvester (Director)

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ABSTRACT

KATHARINE'S DREAM

Karen Maceira
Old Dominion University, 1993
Director: Dr. Janet Sylvester

Katharine's Dream is about a girl born into a family of great passion and great fear. Not all members of the family survive this devastating combination. These poems tell of who survived and how, and of who did not.

The poems are predominantly free verse lyrics which use standard diction and syntax. More often than not, they employ a short line, dense imagery and "white space," which frames the images and ideas, in the words of Mary Oliver, with the necessary "silence." Though the rhythms of some of the poems flow along smoothly, line breaks in others often suggest the hesitation of one coping with an inner ambivalence.

The manuscript is divided into two parts. The first, "The Twilight Fishermen," deals with Katharine's life when young. The second part, "Desire," tells of her experiences as she gets older.

for José
and for Ronnie

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Some of the poems in this manuscript have appeared or will appear soon in these journals: *James River Review*: "At the Library," "What She Wanted," "The Widows Support Group Goes on an Outing"; *Negative Capability*: "Days Off," "Sestina From the Other Side of Town"; *Scrivener*: "Mother and Father Pose Next to the '54 Plymouth."

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Katharine's Dream

The Twilight Fishermen

Days Off

On my mother's days off I rushed home from school,
up the three concrete steps, across the porch
and flung the door open to what I knew waited
on our side of the shotgun double--

first the smell of pine oil, sharp on the narrow
floor boards, then the sweet smell of fresh
ironing hanging in every doorway,
and best of all, in the cool darkness

of the icebox, little Pyrex ramekins of pudding,
each neatly half chocolate, half vanilla.
Mama stood at her ironing, listening to the radio
near the window fan that rattled and bathed us in warm air.

On Sundays we visited Mama's older sister Irene
around the corner on St. Maurice. We went up
the long flight of wooden stairs into her wide rooms
past the crystal chandelier in the living room

to the kitchen where she served us
triangles of buttered toast and chicory coffee
full of hot milk and sugar.

I always wandered to the chandelier,

its faceted glass cylinders each telling
the light a different way to go.
If it were a Sunday when Dad was off,
we rode to Aunt Margie's, Mama's younger sister.

She lived in Gentilly and grew daisies
along the walk to the porch.
Her second husband, Uncle Jimmy, laughed
a lot from beer and pulled out everything to eat.

She laughed without beer and served thick slices
of layer cake with strawberry jam in the middle.
The last time we were all together, before
Margie's aneurysm burst, before Irene sat up

in her hospital bed, her soft white hair wild, and saw God,
the chandelier lost a crystal. I kept it safe
in my palm as we sat around the table
filled with coffee cups and remnants of toast.

In the late afternoon light,
Aunt Margie told one of our favorite stories--
the story of May Devotions,
when she and Aunt Irene and Mama pretended

night after spring night to be in church,
while really playing Hunt-the-Hay with cousins
in the balmy darkness. Aunt Margie's voice
was innocent, "Yes, Papa, we're going to church again."

When in the story the truth was out
and their Papa took the switch to them,
all of us--adults and children--filled the darkening
kitchen with laughter until tears came.

It was then, with the cut glass warm
in my hand, I felt their calm grow inside me,
a calm I still carry, knowing it means
nothing will be the same.

for Esther, Irene and Margie

Safe

Our dog, the one who was a puppy
 when Daddy surprised us with him,
the one who chased us,
 screaming with delight,
around the banana-tree yard,
 that one ran out
of our luckless, open gate.

The day Mama told us,
 two small children
bathing together, we knew

how death blows its huge
 iridescent bubble
bigger, way bigger
 than the earth

and that we're all safe
 inside the bubble of death.

(stanza break)

We often stroked
the taut, inside wall
making the blue-gold-red
vibrate around us.

Holding hands, leaning
back, a trick
to plant trees in the clouds,

we caught, one day,
the faint, luminous
sheen of the far wall

stretching away, beyond
where we could ever see.

Mother and Father Pose Next to the '54 Plymouth

His arm's around her.

They are squinting and smiling,
standing in a small triangle of light.

The car's smooth lines bend away
from the curve of his broad shoulder.

His hand clasps her upper arm,
his head tilting toward her.

She's upright, both hands together
in front of her. Even so,

there is no sign of the dusty
yard, the steel gate of the prison.

No sign of the bleeding
wrists, the garishly lit
emergency room. No
sign of the bodybag
lifted that early December
morning from the bank
of Stump Lagoon.

It would take fifteen,
twenty, thirty years before
they knew their own silence
driving up to that gate

opened to their firstborn son
after years of being locked away;

(no stanza break)

before they knew how patiently
she would help her daughter
lower her drawers to use the toilet
until the wrists healed;
before her body simply
shook uncontrollably at the sight
of her lastborn in a coffin,
victim of himself.

The green Plymouth gleams
next to them. There is no
sign of the succession of other
cars they would own, just this
one, sharing the light
that falls through the alley
between two narrow houses,
just other people's cars
on the street behind them.

Memory with Banana Trees in the Background

I ride your shoulders,
dips and strides effortless as my breathing.

You laugh, jaunty as you were

that long ago afternoon Mama fell in love with you,
a handsome Marine, tall in dress whites.

Leaning toward friends who smile from their car,
you hold out the cue:

And when are you a good girl?

Floating over the ditch
in front of the house

I give back the answer,
this sweet catechism, unbidden

as the honeysuckle softening
the fence across the yard:

When I'm sleeping.

The Six on the Clock

Six
on the clock
in school years
ago,

I wrote a poem
of love to you,
but friends said
you must
stand
for something,

and the poem
is better
if the poet
knows.

Oh, Six,
if your dark
inward
curl
is the dark
place on my
body

(no stanza break)

where he
loves me,

then that's why

I love you.

If your thin

back

is the gossamer

wall of the giant

soap bubble,

iridescent in the light

held in the huge hoop

by the amazed

autistic

child,

then I love you

for that.

If your round

belly

is the belly

of all love

sitting like

a buddha

whose hand

waves to me,

no wonder

(no stanza break)

I have adored
you all
these
years.

Where you sit
in my memory,
high on the wall,
safe from green
boisterous
boys, you bend
with the sleek
black
beauty
and clear emptiness
of my
dreams.

Catechism

Smooth gray arches led from the rain
on Sundays into incense and the shudder
of wax burning deep in red glass.
When the rain stopped sunrays refracted
colored light through glass saints
on all sides. I sat with Mother, left
with her out through the arches,
down the steps, one of many dark
umbrellas floating homeward
under dripping trees.

On Thursdays I returned alone.
The schoolteacher's hand
signalled time to leave early,
time to go down the bright, dusty stairwell,
down St. Claude, then St. Maurice
almost to the river,
snapping flat the black berries
under my shoes from nameless
trees shading me all the way.

In the crowded churchyard
nameless merry-go-round children spun,
children from other public schools, (no stanza break)

leaping, grabbing the bars
at just the right moment,
screaming on the weathered wooden seat.
My legs on the bench
would not unbend to stand or leap.
I closed my eyes, concentrating,

and came upon the familiar musty
smell of Father's black cassock.
Looking up, I saw his bare hand
appear from the sleeve,
holding the handbell,
its bobbed metal tongue dumbly
announcing time to line up,
to go inside the arches, repeating prayers,
singing *Lord of all we bow before Thee*,
rehearsing the Bishop's answers
to the Bishop's questions.

In the pew before mine
an afternoon ray shot red
through a boy's blond hair.

I felt my legs unbend.

(no stanza break)

I stood and in my high
child's voice asked why
the merry-go-round
(everyone stopped reciting)
spun so fast. Why
they, my brothers, never
thought of slowing, why I
had a name.

Everyone resumed reciting.
I lost the answers.
I tried to find them
every time I walked to catechism
in each purple stain on the sidewalk
left by the firm hackberries
under my feet.

The Ship

The child, alone

with Grandpa, feels his hand

creep beneath her clothes.

She is numb and quiet.

She is so quiet the city

fills with the silence.

Stars float high

over the Mississippi

and a ship she has seen

from the levee

with strange letters on its bow

slips soundlessly

through the mouth of the river

into the wide, wide Gulf.

Shadowchild

One
who lingers
in the schoolyard

observing light
fade
from leaves
of the huge oak

one who nods
at empty swings
and soothes

the sandy soil
barren of busy hands
and feet

one who learns
of the unreal
body

(stanza break)

in lessons
numerous
as stars piercing
twilight

one
whose memory
is unfailing

awaits
the constellation
which leads

out of the dark
schoolyard
night.

Katharine at the Bookmobile

We form a queue under the oaks
in front of the school.

The bookmobile rolls in,
becomes the head of a tranced

sperm, restless sixth graders
its quietly waving tail.

I hold my books to my scrawny chest.
This year I first loved a boy,

wordlessly and from a distance
except for the day he stopped
at my desk with his project, the lima beans
neatly split and taped, tiny white fingers

of the embryo plants held against
the cellophane, thick black arrows pointing.
The line is moving. I'll be next
to step up into the warm dimness,

the narrow aisle crowded
on both sides with books,
the familiar, enveloping odor
of paper and ink and glue.

(stanza break)

I know my shelves, the fat
fairytale books in every color--
and the shelf of thin, blue-bound
biographies of resolute

women: Amelia Earhart, Jane Addams,
the fairytale I determine my life
will become--goodness sharp,
stinging as their dark

profiles on the pages.
I center on this thought, alert
to the membrane resisting me.
I try the circumference,

the different angles of approach
wondering what it feels like
to kiss a boy, what it's like
to be beautiful and brave.

The Flowers of Hawaii

Getting ready for school,

 I fixed in my hair

the red-flowered headband

 I was convinced

made me look exotically

 Hawaiian. From my bedroom

next to the kitchen, I saw my father,

 carrying the newspaper,

walk in from the nightshift at the fire station.

 I heard my mother's gasp,

then the sound of her sobs.

 I ran to the table

where he leaned silently

 over her, where Ronnie sat,

his spoon in midair.

 I peered at the article

that told of my older brother's arrest

(stanza break)

when desperate for drugs,
 he'd broken into a pharmacy.
I stared at our last name
 in the headline. Wouldn't everyone
at the junior high know? *Do I have*
 to go today, Mama? She nodded.

All day my cheeks burned.

 All day I felt the hug of the headband.

Spring

It's April,
time for the curtains to billow
on the clothesline, time

for the blinds to soak clean
in the tub, time for you,
Mama, to stand outside

on the ladder, me inside,
rags in our hands dancing
in swirls across the panes

until we swear there is no
glass, nothing between us.
It's April.

I don't realize that the ache
I can only feel in my throat
is wanting your hands on my face, your face

like a rose scudding,
blooming away from me.
It's April

the night I sit with a boyfriend
on the red, nubby sofa
in our living room and let him

touch me where I shouldn't,
my brother spying, witness
to the naked blush on my face.

"You're not my sister!"
Sister now awash
in the cry that brings

my father to stand over me,
the boy sent away,
father grim at the green

marbled formica kitchen table,
me staring at the specks of rust
on the table's bent, chromed legs.

Then you look at me
across the room and the glass
between us shimmers

into clean, silver rain.

And it's April.

You are holding me,

Mama, your arms like the petals
of a fragrant cloud,
your hands telling me,

clean and good,
I am your child.

Sestina From the Other Side of Town

She holds the strap, swaying as the streetcar
rocks along its tracks. A family
of strangers assembles out of the chill autumn
twilight, quiescently dissolves
back into darkness and weariless rain
whenever the conductor stops and opens the door.

Of all the faces crowding through the door
only she, she thinks, will never leave this streetcar,
its yellow lights warm and safe from rain,
the peaceful reading of the evening news, a family
never laughing, never arguing, dissolving
words like color in leaves in autumn.

She's on an errand uptown this autumn
night. This ride becomes a door
she chooses to open, the dissolving
of a wall in the warmth of the streetcar,
letting fear--she won't think of her family--
flow out into the cool, starless rain.

She's fifteen and sees, through rain,
a girl she wants to be: smooth-haired, with an autumn
date for the Tulane game, a girl whose family
lives somewhere near on St. Charles, whose door (no stanza break)

opens into the yellow warmth of this streetcar,
only not of strangers dissolving,

leaving her the need to dissolve
herself, to take a different shape like rain
or the face that never leaves the streetcar,
escaping the chill shuffle of leaves in autumn,
the empty faces of closed doors,
the terrifying fathers and mothers of families.

The car reaches Canal Street. Across the avenue her family
assembles in her mind, dissolving
the seats, walls, the door
she has first opened in the rain
of this late autumn.

She walks through the flapping wood and glass of the streetcar,

back toward her family through rain,
holding the dissolving dream of the autumn
night, the door to the trembling warmth of the streetcar.

The Face of the Child

Moving cross country, at dusk I drove through a city,
through autumn rain down endless lanes of houses,
through streets strangely dark and empty,
through homesickness such an evening arouses.

In each house in each lane shone a light
like a lantern hung and waiting for a guest
or a fire to warm the cool night
or a million yellow stars come to rest.

In each window shadowy figures stirred
in a silent dance learned long ago
and the rain pattered as if it deferred
the din of its passion for the quiet tableau.

And like a stray moon, with curtains hung about,
one face, chin windowsill high, looked out.

For My Brother

You your whole life to me bright
as Venus, beauty
in the small conch
of your ear, the wispy
tendrils at your nape.

Through the waters of your sky
you trembled
until breath
settled deeply
its yearning.

Then your perfectly formed ear floated
into my palm.
Now, each day,
I hold it up
to hear the sea.

*

*The man's body was found
by two fishermen on the shore
of Stump Lagoon.*

*

One Christmas when we were children
we decorated the tree by ourselves.

We sang, the two of us,
as we took the small tree

out of its darkness
and made it shine.

*

*The sherrif retrieved the bone-
handled fishing knife .*

*

Outside in the dark schoolyard
some vigilant part of me
once waited for years

rather than go home to our family.
Under the oak I was the shadow
nourished on starlight.

Now I keep this vigil
at the shore of the lagoon
where I can see the water ripple,

the reeds darken at dusk,
as you must have seen them
that cool autumn evening.

Your face always before me,
I listen for
that last song.

*

*The skiff was found half-
sunken nearby.*

*

In the days we played together
at the shallow end,

near the beach amusement park,
where the Zephyr rose

a white, cross-hatched mountain
above palm trees,

the lake was clear to the bottom.

We stood chest deep,

watching our bodies

waver in the filtered light.

*

*"The man bled from a self-
inflicted laceration
to the pericardial sac."*

*

When we were nine and ten,
you returned from a long stay at Uncle's.
We flew into each other's arms,
without thinking.

*

"It was a very slow death."

*

Tonight the moon at its perigee
 presses its light, like new-molten alloy, to the earth,
light that could cast us all in some bright knowledge
 just found and translated, light released gently upon us
now that the sky is dark and you lie cold,
 only your songs warm where I hold them.

Can't I love an earth so recently blessed?
 Can't I imagine the incandescence will last?
Can't I go forward in this new brilliant body?

The Twilight Fishermen: Assaying the Catch

I was a child those early evenings we walked
the seawall. The lake, clear to the bottom,
wavered out to where we could not see.
My eyes were on you, the man I followed,
my tall, square-shouldered father, jocund,
calling to the twilight fishermen, gathered in families:

Men hunkered over cast nets, grasped the perimeters
in nimble fingers and between teeth, gathered
the nets to themselves, then thrust
them into the water
like sudden and compelling webs.

Women checked the crab nets or bent
over the picnic supper, looking up to trace
the paths of their children scampering up and down
the seawall steps. They glanced up to smile
and answer my father's questions.

Near them, water lapped the bottom steps,
gently stroking the bright green algae;
its short, silky nap leaning
with the water, back and forth--
its movement right.

(stanza break)

Now I see how I always watched
from the highest step, dry, far from transparent
carcasses of crab and shrimp. My body held
to that narrow ledge between land
and water, between the tide
and sea of warm grass, until the night

years later when I lay on the cot in the bright
hallway of Charity Hospital, blood-soaked
towels binding my wrists, the night you turned
and looked at me. Then, neither of us
had words, the words I can almost
call to you now:

Come fish with me from the seawall.

It is twilight. My net is ready.

Desire

Katharine at the Shrink's

I read in the paper
about a man who went in search of the blue damselfly.
Sitting at the kitchen table
an awareness came over me.

I saw my own back and shoulders,
the side of my face, the peach-
flowered wallpaper all blurred
in the background.

A few days later I sat eating toast,
watching the herons and ducks on the pond
when I heard a single
bar of music.

I knew what it was.
My being had its own melody.
I couldn't tell you what it sounded like
but I haven't been the same since.

I've been dreaming about damselflies
fluttering thin and blue in the trees.
Maybe I'm really going crazy now.
Maybe that accident shook

my brains too hard.

Or maybe there is some kind
of humming of the atoms for us, too,
not just the planets way out there.

If there *is* music to each of us
it's past atoms, into the spirit, I mean.
When Jena died right next
to me in that car, I never knew

until I woke up in the hospital
and they told me. When they left
her spirit came to say goodbye.
It was clear, not weird or anything.

She was my best friend
and wouldn't leave without that.
But I don't trust myself about the music.
After I took those amphetamines and made

those fine slices in my wrists,
I lay awake that whole night hallucinating
that someone knocked at the door.
I kept saying *Come in, come in,*

all the while explaining something
to no one there beside me.

I wish I knew
what I explained all that night.

What's it like to trust
what you feel deep down?
Maybe like sleeping with God,
like feeling the coolest,

smoothest skin next to yours
thoughts could just pass right through?
Well, that's not for me.
What *do* I trust? Good

question. I think I'm starting
to trust you. You're smiling
and your face is all soft and nice.
It makes me feel like I do

in those damselfly dreams. But the music--
this music's important. It could mean God
does exist. Or there's something holding me
together, something that makes sense.

What She Wanted

When her grandpa, with his whiskey breath,
lay in her bed,

what she wanted
she told to the white
chenille spread she clutched,
her fingers alive
for all the rest of her,

so his big, rough
hands touched only the pale
folds between her small
thighs and couldn't reach
into her ribcage and lift
out the rich orchid
of her heart.

What she wanted,
years later, the man she loved
over her, was his shadow free
of that looming mountain.

(stanza break)

She wanted
her hands to rise
to his face,
and then to all of him,
an island
where a deep
orchid blooms
and dies
and blooms again.

How Our Son Came to be Born

We made love every other night
to keep the sperm count up
and I never moved right after
but kept my hips tilted
toward the ceiling.

Then we took lessons in Lamaze
but forgot every one when labor came;
his back, he complained,
was killing him
and when I motioned
in the middle of my breathing,
for him to bend closer for a kiss
he thought I meant count louder.

"It's a boy!"
said the big blue button he wore,
grinning,
doctor's cap askew,
out of delivery

while I lay in recovery
dazed by the pain my body had taken in
and by the love that came
to sit beside it.

My Son the Tiny Savior

my son was born
a tiny savior

this I knew the whole
time my uterus wrenched

him out of me
that large nurse

pressing down
I thought I was dying

when they brought him
he choked I rang the bell

for them to come get him
this strange small savior

but then he nursed eagerly
his red skin smoothed out

his dark hair lay downy
over his head uneven

where he'd rounded the curve
toward the light

face up he was that
hungry for it

I held him and wept
I was no longer afraid

all the days he
transformed before me

letting go of my nipple
to smile up at me

that first time his eyes
erasing my doubt

his eyes telling me people are
born for the good

and I remembered
how he'd made me promise

as he squirmed free
still tethered to my body

that I too would keep
my hold on the earth

as long as I possibly could
even if we

quarrel! he yelled blue
in the face a moment

promise! promise!
and I felt the pull

until it became the new natural
substance spread

over my life this child
teaching me love

At the Library

The man in line ahead of her
didn't know the curve of his cheek
caught her the same way
her husband's had as she knelt
before his coffin, memorizing.

She discovered
from photographs of decomposing
bodies in a book
that muscle forgets first.
Skin clings until it loses
consciousness.
Then teeth and bones,
closest to stone.

She reached up to touch his cheek.
He turned, eyes open, looking
past her with no expression.
She remembered where she was
and dropped her hand.

Letter to Jose´

“You and I are not snobs. We can never
be born enough.” e. e. cummings

It has taken a long time to place the bones
safe and dry
in their box. “Here lies Jose´,” I can say now,
practicing
a new simplicity you would admire.
And speaking of essences, yours I still
steal and keep,
my good luck charm against life
and death.
As your wife and one who loved you
after all,
I am entitled--your generosity always taught me
welcome.

I think of the things I put in the coffin
with your body
in the manner of those who buried
their dead
with what they would need
in the other world.
Only I knew it was this world, these things
that needed you:

Kant's Critique of Pure Reason, a bag of Darjeeling, (no stanza break)

a letter
from me quoting cummings, a baseball, writing paper,
your pen.

I have felt the required guilt at going on
living,
at going on "never being born enough,"
never weeping enough
to water the seeds of a new year, but my good
luck charm
is working now, my love. The season
turns.

Your bones are dry and safe near
the crape myrtle
while I drift in the fragrant marsh
of spring.

The Widows' Support Group Goes on an Outing

Before the play, softly
they talk of flashing October.
They'll climb the mountain
and enjoy the view.
Between acts they lightly reminisce.
Smiling, they clap at the curtain.

Tears, the next day.
The pulse, a flicker
in the belly just at the navel.
Memory's the surprising
leap in the dark meadow
when the hero's lips parted.

Their bodies keep
these expensive ways
though they would relinquish them

in case there is a city
where husbands gather
all on one side
like clouds at sunset
deepening.

To My Son

I'll remember you this way:

the 14-year-old boy

who shined his father's shoes

so we could bring the clothes

to the funeral parlor,

not knowing the shoes

wouldn't be wanted,

his legs under

the white drape in the coffin.

You stood there

holding your father's

shined shoes,

one small gesture

he had already

stopped needing.

Desire

1

I stand below the pine,
 look up
at the sprays
 of soft needles,

figures of the desire
 I hear
in the sparrow's song,
 the sparrow perched

high and alone,
 paragon
of himself. This
 day I stop

in my habitual
 walk from car
to building
 and know,

against the clear
 morning sky,
those bursts of wishes
 in cadenza.

2

In the middle
of June,
in the middle
of our lives together

they came to tell me
you were dead.
My husband,
I did not know

how to love you
when you
were alive
inside me.

Now, slim
with loneliness,
I crave
the wisdom

of your erect
penis
but take the meal
of emptiness.

3

My life depends
on nothing,
not spring's
unrehearsed

blooming, not
the poem
I love
that is written

in the book, nor
the child's
face which peers
from the grave.

This is the year
the song
and the wish
are one.

I have learned
to stay alive
in the center
of our dying.

The Man in a Restaurant in January

He sits at the table across from me
eating his supper. About fifty,
a university professor or insurance
salesman, he wears a faded gray

turtleneck and blue cardigan.

He has a newspaper for company
and props it against
the salt and pepper shakers

but it doesn't cooperate.

He lays it back. It folds forward.

He struggles to adjust it
with one hand, the other

holding the fork.

I close my eyes and see
the lead article
he tries to read:

Nothing happened

today. No one

died or was born.

No one spoke.

(stanza break)

Then a tear starts
down his cheek, and I
nod to myself, his back
to the cold glass,

the January night blustery,
the lights in the restaurant
dim, the waitress pushing the sweeper
over the green-patterned carpet,

gathering the crumbs left by diners
before us. In the dream over my soup,
I go to him,
urge him in his tears,

hold his face, kiss
his mouth. His erection
amazes us
and we fall back

against the booth
that becomes the bed
from which we step
whole and refreshed.

Calm

Once I could be calm
with a certain person near--
mother, patient hands
bearing soup and toast
and the soft, cool cloth;
husband with legs at night
that fit mine and the warm
smooth back; infant son
whose sweet-smelling,
plump flesh seemed still part of me
though we were two
bodies by then,
one large and quiet,
one tiny, murmurous
at the breast.

Now I am calm
with no one near.
Sometimes it feels
like raising a curtain
to find no window
or like opening a door
to no outside at all.
Then, turning back,

(no stanza break)

I try instead to remember the thought
I had just the moment before,
the one that came while straightening
the sofa pillows, the one
that made me smile.

Katharine's Dream

A year after the accident
when the tree stopped the car
and I kept going through the windshield
like a charmed fish
bursting ice,

I dreamed I lay between boards
and someone, a man, noticed me
and bent to kiss me.

Between sleep and waking
I sorted out it wasn't Grandpa
whose shoulders, like the hulking
fenders of an oncoming car,
darkened me so many times
I could remember the shadow, finally, only once.

He was a friend's husband,
also a friend, someone
I could have loved.

I woke with a happiness that lasted
all that day.