DeANNA STEPHENS VAUGHN

Souvenir

the woman contrived from calico half shells

when she called you

crazy-glued at the hinges into the shape of feminine, roosted on the windowsill, overlooking the driveway, the kitchen sink.

it was about the decompression of

a southern fertility goddess, legless beneath antebellum crenellations,

her belly's three-month swell

washed up from the Gulf of Mexico. her starched billows began at the hip. Feet and ankles absent between scallops, hands bound in a pink pipe-cleaner muff.

that her husband did not want

the pink smoothness inside her bonnet grew varicose above missing ears

because deaf women do not have babies, should not purvey deaf mother liquid

unlike the traveling pulchritude on cartons of milk, the South's logo for lactic purity.

De Anna Stephens Vaughn holds an MFA from George Mason University. Her work has appeared in Feminist Studies, Natural Bridge, and Paper Street. She teaches writing and literature at Roane State Community College in Tennessee and edits poetry for Tar Wolf Review, a journal of poetry and art she co-founded in 2003.

JOANNA M. WESTON

CREATION MYTHS

god sits under a maple tree spitting melon seeds into her hand singing winter songs while lilac floats through her hair

a wild wind pulls her skirt drags her up and out to walk gravel dig concrete and bring the main frame out of its womb wired and bitten belching information through its guts

god twists knobs fiddles icons before condemning herself to push flowers through the stratosphere hurling imprecations through curled fingernails before she grabs a pail and buries cyber garbage under her chair

Joanna M. Weston's poetry appears earlier in this volume.