

# Exile

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## Mums

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## Heartstrings

Wires give him life, like a puppet  
yet soon they will break  
From the doorway I stare  
In the bed he lies, decaying

But what of kite flying and baseball  
games and piggybacking, I ask?  
What of pizza and haircuts and the  
new math?

Limply he waves--hello or goodbye?  
Eyes close. Lips seal.  
Robed in white,  
his puppeteer removes the strings  
Can't anyone fix him, please?

Hello Father, I am still waiting.

Pete Waters

## Spell

Wine drunk evening, snowstars fall  
Cold cornfield walking  
Slow stutter to sleep, past dreams.

Eric Stevenson

## MUMS

Under hot, blue days  
she kneels  
among her lilies of the valley.

Her calves are two, firm balls  
as she pulls at the weeds  
with her swollen hands;  
pink polish still splotted  
on her dirty fingernails.

Her sweat, like sycamore  
pores down her back  
and under her arms

as she ovulates dreams.

Mary Wilson