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Antonia

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Antonia

Mornings Antonia
pitches words
from her mouth;
I draw them in
cloud shapes and rubbed colors
of cartoon comic scenes.

Sewn to her neck
her ragged head flops
as she runs,
pencil legs spinning
down to the edge
of the cornfield,
where she catches
spirled ball boob shot.

As matron of
S. Pearl St. estate,
she announces
anyone is welcome;
Tequila and lemon
balanced upon
an ash dusted tray.
An eight cut,
six seven seven eight
in the crib.
I watch smoke circle
down a ray
from the window,
ejected lemon peel flies,
twenty-four points!

Late afternoon
she sits
in an overstuffed chair,
her nanny's chest
bulging and falling in rhythm
with the click
of knitting needles,
Garp closed at foot,
huge grey cat draped
over her belly.

Ruth Wick