

## Inside Out

*A cocoon is woven in the corner of the window.*

*Threads of feeling bind me tight,  
moth ghost within the skin.*

*Inside out I see myself:  
split shoe sole,  
heavy, heavy silver ring,  
feather-hair.*

*I see my hands  
draw trembling cobweb lines  
with an old black steel pen,  
gouge the paper  
with a ballpoint;  
despair,  
and kick the split-soled pointed shoe  
at a demon who  
hovers there.*

## New Domicile

*I rented this house  
with a locust tree  
and no back yard,  
only some steps  
and a locust tree.  
A ground-floor apartment  
on a city street,  
and I have this locust tree  
to contemplate  
and a sift of soot  
on the windowsill.*

-- Gloria Kenison

## Honest John

*I'll talk when I have something to say he snapped  
never spoke again  
while Girard the fool pirouetted  
and sometimes rose in cool green flames.*

-- Charles Farber

*Springfield, Mass.*