

THE STUCCO HOUSE AND THE WALNUT SHELLS WITH CANDLES
IN THEM

shadows on branches
my sister and I in
flannel with feet
and a button seat
for peeing kittens
in a basket under
the stove when
mother leaves the
house gets cold
theresa forrest is
twisting the ring
between her nipples
upstairs under 2 big
quilts I try not
to think of fire or
bombs or tunnels
wonder if the wild
cat theresa says was
seen in the backfield
could climb the elm
near our sand pile

MADONNA WITH A HEART SCARRED AS
A FACE WITH BAD MAYBE SMALLPOX

its like a sponge
all the pain sticks
inside of like the
worst of a junkie's
arm not much that
hasnt been used on
it its a wonder its
still making rounds
some say theres no
more blood just a
little wormwood i
dont think new nice
clothes would help
its like a window
still with the thumb
tacks from curtains
for the past maybe
million years