

NO ONE NEED INVITE THE ANT

Hibiscus makes her own bee
out of stamen and pollen. Sea

takes an hour to bring the wave.
One breadfruit falls, and I am

cut down. Then another,
and I understand. Coal

is not coal by blackness
but by the fire burned clean.

When I move I fling chunks
of light onto everything.

Bubbles blown into the sand
made the sea, but why cause

the earth, why water, why dogfish.
Light moving from lantern to sky

to lantern. That is a day.
Larva twists in the beekept wax,

keeping warm the sweet in the mind
that knows honey. The ox

bumping against the sugarcane.
The boat tipping this way and that.

Elizabeth Hughey 2006

MY PARTY

A girl only gets so many parties.

Did you see my shoes? Did anyone

notice my shoes? I wish I were

drunk. When I shop for friends,

I shop drunk. Will someone get over

here and talk to me? I like sand dollars.

I like black pearls. I tried lipstick

but I could not determine

where the lip ends and the nose

begins. Where's the cake?

This is not my party anymore.

It is the party's party. This is

the partiest party in the party party.

Scotch squats in a crystal decanter

like a man in a dress. Even the perfume

eats with pinkies. I want to go home,

because the party has elected,

as a group, without words,

like a herd of moths, to celebrate
something else. Taste buds.

The end of all work. No. For one
moment, one thought bloomed

in each head: nobody wanted
to be someplace else. The men

forgot about the game. The slim
minnow of lust left the bellies of boys.

One woman faced the window
and fit a whole tea sandwich

into her mouth like a bedspread
into the dryer. Even the waiter

slicing the roast carved a thick
piece in the likeness of his father.

SON ON A HILL

I can't see my son anymore.
He is so tiny,
the size of a pencil dot.
In the shopping mall,
I find a new son.
A black man in a baseball cap
looking at telephones. Son, I say,
because I am your mother, that's why.
I've missed you, he says.
We leave and drive back to the house.
Look, kitchen, I've found him.
See how little it takes to make a nose.
An angle is all. A dot for an eye.
Dear god, Son, you are growing by octaves.
You are getting too big for this lap,
for this room, for this street!
A siren splits the day into two lungs.
One inflates and drifts out over
the backyard. Go on, I say, and there
he goes. A tulip droops around noon.