

The Temptress Replies to Poetry with Her Mouth Full of

- birds: my North Winged, my Tree Winged, my Turn Winged, my Loud Winged,
my Adulterous Winged, my Gasoline Winged, my Island Winged, my Honey
Winged, my Church Winged, my Caution Winged, my Electric Winged
- philosophy: your night-ology, your gulf-ology, your weight-ology, your only-ology, your
power-ology, your limit-ology, your pansy-ology, your kiss-ology, your trap-
door-ology, your express-ology, your boomerang-ology
- thresholds: you said no to fire, you said no to currents, you said no to access, you said no to
sky, you said no to lovers, you said no to grief, you said no to anguish, you said
no to certain, you said no to comfort, you said no to stop-lights, you said no to
Rhode Island, you said no to taking it away
- pleadings: where is my mother, where are the nests, where is the westward, where is the
prohibition, where is the mistake, where is the thunder, where is he, where is he,
where is he, where is he, where

Self Portrait as A Line By Kurt Cobain

I know to narrow. I know to nay and to knit a rid.
I know to tardy and to tanyard, to ardor and to own. I know to arid.

I know to odor and to noir, to add krona to kin. I know kin
and kind. I know to dado and to dank, to adorn and to roar.

I know to row. I know a rowan ordinary.
I know an odd worry. Now too worry and too worn.

I know to-do and to twin. I know to awn and to root
in a day at dawn. I know to idiot inward and to idiot toward.

I know to woo worn and to woo wow. I know to town,
know to Norway and to Orion and I know rain.

I know to raw and to rid and to RNA at ordain. I know to
radii and to riot. I know to nod. I know an Id and a Ra.

I know to dart to tarn to tidy. I know to windrow want and
know to train want. I know to want. I know a dirty word.

The Wife Dreams Of Sacrificing Feet

The large ceramic urns filled with murky pond water
beckon to me. Someone holds the curving sword. It is unclear
if we have to cut off our feet with this sword or another. Or if our feet
will grow back. My husband pressuring me to cross my legs, point my toes.
Someone (is it my son?) goes behind the yellow gauzy curtain. Do you hear
the echoing footsteps on the stone tiles outside? My feet twitch, beg me to run.

The Woman Keeps Hearing

the mice as they scatter their small
feces like seeds across her wooden floors.
She knows they hide in her old
sofa with its ripped seams. She imagines
them crawling about inside, arranging
little tufts of chewed up cushion bits
into bedding, curling their tails around
themselves. She hears the rain patter
across the skylights in her kitchen,
sure it's the mice. She knows the mice
travel always in pairs, scurrying
near the baseboards watching
while she washes the dishes
looking out her kitchen window
into the woods, wondering
why they don't run reckless along
the wood's paths. At night, sitting
alone on her sofa, she hears them
scrambling up the inside of her wall
on their way to some dark corner,
eager for each other, as she once was eager.