

Mary Wood
Stonehollow
Bellflower
Mo. 63333

CORRESPONDENT AUREOLAS

She hovers her breast over the letter
gently bussing the borders
where his fingers will hold it
fondling her by foreign mail
uncensored.

Rosebud aureolas touch
and titillate stationery
in expectant ecstasy.

He sent her a letter with a hole
in the middle neat
and she asked How could you do this to me?
He answered It was easy.

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WINTER WOMAN

Inky wells down to labyrinthian
darknesses with hollows of opaque black
not beautiful but fearsome
like snakes in a shoe box.
She girds herself with uncrafted pages
and uniform papers bound by wordy women
though she is not a housespouse
her spearhold on treble clefs
counterpoints the enemy a
blanket of night stickier than cobwebbed
cocoons.

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HOMEOWNERS

Naked and holy they had been in the habit
of running out to embrace thunderstorms
with thin white arms and then
they bought a house.

Now they huddle before the fire
all cozy and frightened
drinking their stock down
blinking with each rattle-bang
thinking where to run when the

house

falls

down.

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ADDICTS

Eliminating illusions
eludes the hallucinator
and listening for clues
his ear waxes eloquent
and wanes with the moon.

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TROWEL

Tomatoes bleeding in the sink
and in the garden screaming
to be plucked and frozen
before they go to need.

They stain the stony counters
and seething centers spewing trails
of ginger bread, Hansel/Gretl-like
fear is fulsome fragile.

Making us want to move back to the city
safely sterile.

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LEAKER

Not caring for answers
she threw out the questions
to people who answered with feeling.
With feeling they answered
she shouldn't ask questions
daren't ask questions not caring.
Her skin leaks indiscriminately.

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TWINS

She reflects on her mirror's defects
her image will not focus
and her shadow has disappeared.
Identity-less she embraces her sister
but is not held back
and sliding into reverse
she peers into her self
as if she is an old and somewhat familiar
purse found in the attic.
Arid is the desert of her mind.

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SAVING GRACES

Anachronistic brooklets and
cyclical encyclopedias
conspire to effect anathema
on my cat and me
and we do not take kindly
to roundabout books and streams
of freakish time.
Sacrificing used Britannicas
to indiscriminating bodies of water
may save us
but I sang a song for them
and the pawnbroker is deaf
now.

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MONA LISA

Mona Lisa lie by me
make me fly so low I see
the burning of the cities
and the axeing of the trees.

Mona Lisa cry for me
shed a course and you will be
enlightened by the empathies
spilled out upon your knee.

Mona Lisa die with me
we cannot change the enemy
mustn't go so gently
that we don't protest absurdity.