

1942

stones in the driveway
we're in the sun looking
for smooth white pebbles
apron stained with fudge
my grandmother the clay
man we made in the dark
green of the porch loses
his legs in the hot grass
later she sings there'll
be white cliffs over in a
small bed in a room where
wasps die in the corner i
can't sleep in this blood
sun thirty miles north
in burlington my sister
breaks thru mother's skin

SCOTLAND, ENGLAND, WHALES

ginny with the
smallest waist
in 8th grade
blushing each
time the boys
looked and they
did milky skin
her huge dark
ginny regina
on page three
voted the yes
likeliest the
giggliest her
dark eyes how
we laughed with
her really in
6th grade her
note book on
whales instead
of wales the
red spreading
up her high
cheekbones
12 years be
fore the car
slid into her
moved her smile
aside

PHOTOGRAPH

my sister mother and
father on main street
in front of the apart
ment before the a and
p became the bookstore
canned tomatoes 15
cents my mother is
holding my sister's
hand my father's fingers
on her shoulder but
she still looks scared
as if she knows no
thing she holds
can stay

TWO PHOTOS: 1942

ben and mother in some
park in loose clothes
old cars behind them
each with a cigarette
in the right hand the
left in some pocket
their coats unbuttoned
letting the sun in
waiting to know if an
other daughter wld
be born

here they are again
my mother and father
only laughing in
front of the peony
bush lighting up
another before the
paint on my grand
mother's house starts
to go and she doesn't
notice

PHOTOGRAPH

my sister on the beach
without a top on skinny
and pretty sure none
of her castles would
fall down behind her
very small my father
ben throwing me a ball
that i'll never catch