

A GIRL STUDIES THE OLD PHOTOGRAPHS AS IF SHE'D NEVER SEEN  
ANYTHING LIKE THEM

the sick woman in  
the blue living room

she could be an island  
half imagining what is  
happening some place  
she can almost see

voices slap are water  
that almost gets there  
someone tries on clothes  
for her every one

talks too fast laughing  
part of her face has  
nothing to do with the  
other part of it

she slumps in a chair  
like a child too big  
wrong for her body  
in a dress she would

never have picked to wear  
her voice someone else's

people start talking louder  
when her eyes were the  
color of the grapes they  
looked right at you

now one won't stop  
oozing her legs fly  
open the pills make an  
ocean in her head

lifted from the chair  
the line her feet make  
trailing in the blue rug  
are a line the foam

makes on land no one  
gets to her hand on  
the wall says what the  
people are afraid to

#### SMALL TOWN MADONNA

sees the moon  
eat otter creek  
from a window  
over the falls  
it gets hot early  
she puts on a  
long see thru  
dress walks down  
main street slow  
knows who knows  
what they say a  
bout jewish nooky  
and who knows

#### MINDLESS MADONNA

listens to her  
mother hears the  
old when you're  
jewish in a small  
town blues she  
feels like she's  
stumbling on a  
tight rope that  
she can be entered  
more easily than  
she'd choose

#### IN HIS FATHER'S BLUE CHEVY

skin humming from the  
snow wind the one  
sound when the motor  
clicked and we peeled  
off under 4 itchy  
army blankets wet  
as a mouth down there  
under the slanting  
pines bread loaf  
zippers like burst  
pods oh lyn you make  
me feel oh love it's good