

After The Rain

In every puddle,
down the street,
I see a piece
of house,
some in this one,
some in that,
windows,
roofs,
and doors,
thrown in the dirt
like jigsaw pieces.

Sideshow

Once a small mother
had a large child.
When they went out,
they were pasted
on the street
like a circus poster --
monster child,
midget mother --
and drew the stares
of passersby.

Painting By Kuniyoshi

When grandmother
comes to call
and sits in a chair
in the yard,
dressed in her best clothes,
the baby
crawls on the ground
and his sister
stands with a hoop
in her hand
trying to think
what to say
to this strict lady
in the matron's hat.

— Gloria Kenison