

PLEASE SEND A SHORT NOTE A BIO

as you know the
houses i live
in dissolve are
like snow legs
in a blizzard
less real than
the houses i
sat around in
stoned on the
lives of other
women i'm most
comfortable with
ruins rings the
bones in back
of glass after
i write poems
i learn to do
what happens in
them and know
as soon as i
don't want some
thing i can
have it

THE OLD HOUSE, CLAVERACK

children rocking
wooden cradles
touched dolls in
the goosefeather
beds hand woven
covers blue and
white chintz at
the glass small
girls rocking
dutch dolls as
the willow rush
unravels too
slow to see

apples stored
in the hollow
tops of linen
boxes just out
of reach the
sheets smell
like apples

HOUSES

stoned on houses
with history wanting
a house to have and
wanting a house that
won't keep dissolving
wanting a house where
the walls don't slide
away not a house on
water or one that
rages all night has
blood on its floor
each alone torn day

1954

wearing vertical stripes
to seem more skinny
trying out for plays
i never got in

while regina and
vivian ate chocolate
and looked like keene
waifs at gym as the

boys looked thru the
curtains and the
fast girls went with
billy burke or got

in cars drove across
the state line for
things i'd only
heard forbidden

i wondered why no
body asked me
to dance and won
science contests

waiting for the me
way under what
they saw to
know what to do