

THE STUCCO HOUSE AND THE WALNUT SHELLS WITH CANDLES  
IN THEM

shadows on branches  
my sister and I in  
flannel with feet  
and a button seat  
for peeing kittens  
in a basket under  
the stove when  
mother leaves the  
house gets cold  
theresa forrest is  
twisting the ring  
between her nipples  
upstairs under 2 big  
quilts I try not  
to think of fire or  
bombs or tunnels  
wonder if the wild  
cat theresa says was  
seen in the backfield  
could climb the elm  
near our sand pile

MADONNA WITH A HEART SCARRED AS  
A FACE WITH BAD MAYBE SMALLPOX

its like a sponge  
all the pain sticks  
inside of like the  
worst of a junkie's  
arm not much that  
hasnt been used on  
it its a wonder its  
still making rounds  
some say theres no  
more blood just a  
little wormwood i  
dont think new nice  
clothes would help  
its like a window  
still with the thumb  
tacks from curtains  
for the past maybe  
million years