

only furniture a
huge bed covered

with blue dust
red juice tiger

hairs and a
little come

CHOPPED LIVER

bad feelings were heaped
as high as that hill
on my father's plate
when we went to
visit aunt sophia

she didn't like the way
we called him ben and
not father she didn't
like the christmas
trees in our head

the mole on her cheek
seemed to glow when
we said we hung up
our stockings my

mother grew the chopped
liver story for years
on main street how my
father's sister treated

him like a king while
we were starving
each year she told
it the liver on his
plate grew closer
to the ceiling

THE EAST IS UNDER A DARK CLOUD

the mad girl is pacing
in her room her head
full of the darkest
weather there's

a hurricane under
her skin that old
going in different
directions blues

she can't read her
own lines on the page
the wind is increasing
it's freakishly cold

for this time of year
someone in ohio
is uncertain the
new york lover

knows something's
threatening feels
the shutters rattling
down his backbone

-- Lyn Lifshin

Niskayuna NY