

factory
outlet
for
capezio
carved
in a hillside
of houses
the dull
walls
& tiny
sign

parade
she marched
to "sambre et
meuse" singing
wop songs
to herself
besides
they all
gave a
quarter
for her funeral

fence
a man's body
leans away
what for a
bow & arrow
bends back
& kills a
hundred
flies

child
a little
one
like a
crabapple
not wanted
any more
not
looked for

auntie sadie
she was
afraid
of the
irish
so she
listened
to bishop
sheen
she sold
that lot
of land
before
she died

locked
gift shop
if you
found a
keyhole
delft
inside
buy my
cards
from the
grocer

answer
gone for a
weekend
tiny
letters
in the
mailbox
a plant
for
company

bird
a hen
or a wren
big mouth
rimed
sequences

-- Gloria Kenison

Millis MA