

love, you've uprooted me for the last time
bent my mind slipped my spine out of gear
for the last time
I'm onto you & yr covenants, yr false spikenard
yr mock-orange, yr joe pyeweed blossoms of swamp deception
of love, hang it the fuck up now, like a good little
wayward star

FOR ALL THE WOMEN WHO SELL TUPPERWARE WITHOUT KNOWING
THE MEANING OF "TUP"

the castle gets colder everyday
we do not joust for time
metal utensils on dark wooden table gleam
like fixed art & we glow
only because we are healthy

but our mouths live like islands
dont touch no mor
& no matter how diligently I haul
what I haul, catch fish, chop wood,
I am still yr queen untupped,
I am still yr queen, how strange

even loyalty
can be perverse,
even perversion clean

cd take up embroidery,
cd take up quilting,
cd take up w/other men
who're short, well muscled, dark
& move me under them w/the white-haired
grace of dancers
whose occupation is that of telephone company repairmen

but I don't go for charity balls
anymore than for chastity
or selling tupperware

-- Barbara Moraff

Strafford VT