

MY MOTHER AND THE STOCKS

— Mother, may I go out to swim?  
Yes, my darling daughter.  
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb  
but don't go near the water.

Honey you should  
you never want to  
listen or learn  
know about them  
it was hard when  
your father died  
and I know you'd  
rather read poetry  
but Lyn there's  
so much you ought  
to know. What? you  
have read about  
mutual funds?  
Oh, I don't like  
the sounds of this,  
I knew I shouldn't  
trust you, should  
get a trust fund.  
What do you think  
you are Bernard  
Baruch? You mean  
you know who he  
is?

UNEASE

bay leaf  
on the sill  
to keep out  
ants. when  
I think of  
my mother's  
operation  
shadows like  
floaters or  
little black  
bugs fly up  
I can't look  
at what's  
what straight  
something  
thickening  
that doesn't  
go away

IT DOES BOTHER ME, THE SLUT IMAGE

and you do nothing  
to put it down,  
bury it, your  
smile it's your  
eyes maybe I  
know you didn't  
say anything or do  
but you come in  
a room with a  
certain air that's  
suggestive it's  
your fault baby you  
give them ideas

KENT STATE, MAY 1970

smoke in the  
apple blossoms  
pale flowers  
flames in  
Saturday light  
a woman at  
the window  
all night  
waiting one  
long black  
haired woman  
notices a flower  
in the barrel of  
one soldier's  
gun flowers  
are better than  
bullets the  
governor in  
black polished  
shoes bayonettes  
against a burn  
ing building