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Mortality

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Mortality

Hard to imagine yourself
 in the ground . . . a shabby mess
 of broken spindles, the loom
 that cranked out the cloth of you
 smashed, scattered – and somewhere
 the ego sputtering its rage.
 You can hear it now – railing
 like a mill-town dowager
 piqued, let's say, by the country's
 fraying moral fiber. Her spotted fist
 gavels the tea table . . . making
 the bone teacups clatter.
 "Oh! The very idea!"

Carol Willette Bachofner

All Sorts

In the up find branches of birds
 above them fields of rain
 and far far over all that
 a marbled headstone of planets

Under the middle is down
 fur fantasies and buzzing
 and all sorts of blowing stalks
 dizzy intercourse of bumble bees