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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