Mary Lynn Broe

TIGHT AND LOW ACROSS THE LAP

There they are, before me
the row of necks and pates
air-tight ‘round roots and
bulbs lofting above the
dovegrey row of
seatbacks in
full
upright
position.

Old lovers.

The curve of a cheek
hollowed by
distraction, Sufism and Jack Daniels.
An eye taming vacancy.
The simplicity of light to
mend distraction on a
tonsured head.

Crouching at this
great moral distance
I balance on my knee a
willow basket full of fortunes:
Rib of Lilith;
rickety honor;
The Ordeal of the Crotch.

These days wounds come
from the same source as
my desire.