

Wrap Dress

Dinner was kidney and oranges. Now
you are as before, sat, staring ahead
in your geo-floral wrap dress. Your garden
is a patch with a rake in it. Tell him
you're late. For God's sake, woman, don't you know
anything? Let the man digest in peace,
let him crack open another can. Later,
fasten the black veil. Kneel at the lit throat
of a candle. Beg forgiveness for the thing
you haven't done yet. Say it in the tongue
your mother might've taught you. Who will you be
this time around? — Will you allow a flower
to open like a door from your mouth, or
does a bouquet of horsewhips bloom from your hand?