Mary wears silver blue taffeta
She carries the cake
for the guests
at the burning
A soft Lady Baltimore, velvet white icing

My love waits forever
on the guests
gathered at the river

She no longer feels her
life's blood she can't
feel her life's fire in her legs
Give back, she hisses
at the river, the guests

all have mouths in the palms of their hands

Will you fly when you leave us Mary
will you swim?

Lou Robinson

Your fragility is treacherous
Your raised eyebrows, your wandering--
They tire me.
I spend my time cultivating the myth
You have created
Out of fear of losing
Drama, and you,
Glass in my flesh.
While we were in the mountains
You were dispensable.
But here, where no distractions
of awful size loom about us,
I am addicted to you.

Betsy Amster