

The Outer Park

City walls protect nothing
but my skin
 from sun
 too late
 when I sit close enough to hear

 city bees
 make city buzz

among white clover
 & butterfly pairs

The Saved

Four days after earthquake
man is brought up-- breathing
 from under whatever it was before
and everybody cheers

Four days after rape
woman walks out her door
 alone

Just one of them survives
a month

The Three Brides

Three more have spun titanium
dioxide to weave veils

and one has learned to wear hers
before her face

See how she fades
from our cloud of slender arms
sepia hair and skirts grown into tails

One still wears a wimple but raises hand to heart
so we can recognize ourselves

her lepers to help

We press our hands to prayer around her robes

The third made a mistake
and braided up two horns
even should she learn
not to see us

She'll always carry something
of our two-color world

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