

## Another Pietà

Jane found her baby in forest B  
Paige dawdled in the sand  
    in accidents of topography  
    who knows what to clear—

Jane swaddles the hills, reaches for limbs  
Paige hurries to be lost again  
    abandoned to their milky crimes  
    of undelivered penalties

Prayers carry Jane nowhere  
& Paige outgrows her sleeves  
    mother and girl on paper  
    waiting garbled by the ink

When the woods recede and Paige comes home  
Jane dresses her in the undergrowth  
    & slowly cuts her hair

## Housekeeping

isn't like cooking  
she says  
you start in the negatives  
and work your way  
toward zero

her fingertip ends the equation  
an artist's imperfect  
'O' a blank face smirking  
in another woman's dust

but when I cook I start  
at zero but  
at least I have something  
when I'm done whatever  
it is

for a minute I'm ahead  
so why  
hurry home? I know what's  
there where I left it  
my house won't melt

## Concealed Weapons

Of two generations neither could know  
How pure American meanness follows through  
Both law and impulse, harnesses home to here  
Watchful as winter, familiar as snow

Poor girls who won't mother at first feel queer  
Mastering guns they're given, answering with men so near  
Stopped by fathers voices drop lower than a lake  
Errors ring then leave them frozen to the year

Paige enlisted to give the heavy world a shake  
Sun-bleached her mind distinct from her mistakes  
Jane packed coastal heat, bridal veils, the churches they sweep  
Promised ease with wisdom, silent miles among gentle flake

No one asks and no one tells why they lie so deep  
In the motion of storms winds a peace they may not keep  
And Jane replies in prayer when darkness stops her sleep  
And Paige strikes down words that would put the past to sleep