

(Untitled)

path in the garden. Remember this.
 Mama fretting silent.
 Holding hands with Catherine.
 Running.

(Catherine that grief is
 bloody
 as only a woman's

remembering) now I re-learn
 death
 grey faced or putrid green
 with hot with guttural screams

dark birds curtsyng on the wind
 careening

but not for you. Catherine
 red blood red

all ways

childed
 flooded the white linen
 your worn thighs
 streaming

streams dying

reminiscence
 the brook in the garden
 last trickling.
 The thin emerald snake you snatched up
 in your hands
 laughing

still
 i hate snakes

snakes frighten
 the horses

Cathy Ford

(Untitled)

the roof of my jailhouse
 is curved
 against the empty night
 pushed out like the inside of a ball
 split in two
 as if the game was too hard
 desperate
 or as proportion suddenly betrayed
 by the sharpened lance of defeat

war itself struggles to escape death

the coin cleaned from the purse

the file of hope found & removed

like a spent taper adorned
 by my own shields
 my rings have been kissed
 now they're taken away

the legend heard to run drunk
 — i heard it —

called it my own
 like five chargers & seven hacks
 winned with war

tomorrow i will light out again

promises

Cathy Ford