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**With A Gate, And A Tree, And No One Near**

Sonia Cowen

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WITH A GATE, AND A TREE, AND NO ONE NEAR

I'm that fervid unicorn, cut in your profile from a broken mirror, hatched like serpents from a cock's egg that Cyclops kept in a cracked locket. I am your cameo, incubating in crystal domes annointed with age. You stole my horn, strung it between your legs like an arrow shot from a saggitary bow. It struck grey mares in Tufts Motel where winos slump, dead flowers on my altar, burn me with their eyes glaring through my casket, assured some love-sick prince will never mount this mythical monster. Your spread wings lift me through their village, bouncing my voice against the sky of a sealed bubble your harlot now wears like a trinket. She fears me, and slips my ashes out from rings of posies grown for children who have no lovers. You ride off with your chain holding no one. If God tells you your daughter is safe in heaven, He is a liar.

ERRATUM

Stanza 3 on page 27 should read:

I watched you fighting through layers of glass, blurred by steam, and wanted to take you back through that tattered bloody exit, to where I could breathe for you, where I could touch you again. They put me back in bed and brought me flowers.