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Three True Accounts

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THREE TRUE ACCOUNTS

Husband

Has a bumblebee in the middle
that hums in the mouth of the woman who pronounces it gladly.
The first half of the word is a loose woman or small
sewing kit.

Hussy. Husband. Correlative of wife. Tiller of ground.
Hus, house. *Bunda*, head. This house has a bee in its bonnet.
This house has a wood floor. Those are my hips.

My head I will have for a little table. A husband lives in my hand.
Up the long stairway to the turret. A round, windowed room.
A tiny sink with real water. His warmth, his press, his fit

against my body. I wake to find the bear, the stranger in the boxcar,
the sound of someone walking through tall sunflowers,
all changed now back into the husband.

Devil

Comes, like ballistic and diabolic, from diabolos,
slanderer. Diabolos, a throwing across your path.
Bolos, that hard wooden ball, thrown

on a summer picnic, that comes into sightline
and then hits your head.
He takes your soul. As quick as that.

Hell

A hidden place, like kel, which covers.

Also follows apocalypse, to uncover.

Cell and cellar, two small rooms.

Conceal and helmet. Also, pod, hull, occult, color & holster.

Hell is a hall. Hall has a roof.

Hell has six feet of dirt. That's all.