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Two Women

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TWO WOMEN

I. Youth

Don't assume incorrectly
that this young miss
brims with vitality.
A sad incident occurred
shortly after puberty
when the blessed almighty
rolled her in a bread pan.

How wonderful the white
loaf of our divinity—
like a wedding cake or
a stony Greek temple.

But she wandered forever
in the interior, tripping
over the yeasty ramps.

Each led to a blank wall,
a crust never broken,
never shared.

And as the loaf finally
collapsed, she could only
crack her fists, cry for
more air with a kiss
of flour on her face.

II. Old Age

Someone has burst
the white walls of
the sepulchre.

She was supposed to
be buried long ago,
but the rock rolled,
the tide switched
to the opposite end
of earth.

The beach is cluttered
with abandoned homes,
slow-creatures dragging
themselves to some last
fertile ledge or fruitful
pool.

But the wind blows right
through her and the gulls
cry as their nasty eyes
look down the neck of her
thin shirt.

She wonders where to go,
what to do. The sun
dawdles like a child
with years to move.