

THREE POEMS



Carol Rumens

SISTER LOVE

Let me go south with you into forgiveness.
In the dark of the coach I'll mend our broken hearts
With a perfect pin from my handbag's Tír-na-nOg.
We'll prop the bar though the farmers throw us long looks,
Your eyes burdened, opaque as a city river.
And then, with barely a shrug, you'll stalk off alone
And dip and rise and become as lost in hills
As any grocer's daughter, dressed for the Lords,
Her Penney's skirt kissing her clayey heels.

DECEMBER ORBITS

Winter's first ice!
Green pavings of it, smashed
And sealed again. No swans,
Mallards, kids—only an old ribbed dustbin,
Rolled on its side like a park drunk on a bench.

To make you growl
“Carol, Carol”—
I volunteer a toe
And up comes bold black jack-in-the-box, O
wicked, delicious, over one new Nike.

We're for the courts.
Is it Lux or Drest
They're powdered with—or sky?
Our heels might fly.

Play is the rosebud gift
We gather, look, with real wood low-tech racquets:
They flash, trampoline, taking
Bows when we're in our stride, though
My first slug chops the net—too slow.

Heaven may well
Be a circle, an apple-green ball
From our dear blue planet,
Launched. And there's no lack of sun—
A toe-dipping god, splashing the trees and fence
Across our dance in huge, harmless, meshed
Xs and Ys!

NONSENSE VERSE

I don't ask anything, now:
I don't ask that we kiss.
Lips had a courtesy, once,
That would be nonsense, now.

I don't ask that we kiss.
I don't seek any sound.
That would be nonsense, now
There's so much fear around.

I don't seek any sound,
A swift cold glance would do,
There's so much fear around
A smile that's not at all true.

A swift cold glance would do.
I wouldn't mock you with
A smile. That's not at all true
Of faces at their death.

I wouldn't mock you with
These mouthing nonsenses
Of faces at their death
If I could do anything else.