

Signing Herself Fangs · *Jonathan Borden*

North Hanover Street, Carlisle, Christmas 1895

She's "willing to be reckless" though heartsore,
grandfather gone, her father mad before,
her brother calling from a Christmas past,
hemlock's protector, pure iconoclast:
"The little tree cannot grow any more."

Her mother, slow chameleon dinosaur,
taught grammar, Evil, Presbyterian lore,
but roller-coaster lusty, fiery, fast,
she's willing to be reckless.

Marianne Moore loaded every rift with ore
and brooded on a constant topic, war,
this fierce encyclopedic metaphrast.
"I think each time I write may be the last."
For all she held in check, all she forswore,
she's willing to be reckless.