

Three Poems · *Thylas Moss*

SHE'S FLORIDA MISSOURI BUT SHE WAS BORN IN VALHERMOSA AND LIVES IN OHIO

My mother's named for places, not Sandusky
that has wild hair soliciting the moon like blue-black
clouds touring. Not Lorain with ways too benevolent
for lay life. Ashtabula comes closer, southern,
evangelical and accented, her feet wide as yams.

She's Florida Missouri, a railroad, sturdy boxcars
without life of their own, filled and refilled with
what no one can carry.

You just can't call somebody Ravenna who's going
to have to wash another woman's bras and panties, who's
going to wear elbow-length dishwater to formal gigs,
who's going to have to work with her hands, folding and
shuffling them in prayer.

FULLNESS

One day your place in line will mean the
Eucharist has run out. All because you waited
your turn. Christ's body can be cut into only
so many pieces. One day Jesus will be eaten up.
The Last Supper won't be misnamed. One day the
father will place shavings of his own blessed fingers
on your tongue and you will get back in line for
more. You will not find yourself out of line again.
The bread will rise inside you. A loaf of tongue.
Pumpnickel liver. You will be the miracle.
You will feed yourself five thousand times.