

E A S T E R L U N C H E O N

In the dark the old girls ride their bikes
Toward moonlight. In the day the Vicar scouted
For blossoming scents and rose breasts covered
With roses, comfortable tongues of ample
Dilettantes, Tuesday afternoon cardsharks
For the annual Easter Luncheon.

I own a dimple and a trowel, my God.
Is that enough? What is the door prize
This new year?
Over bridge and toilet water I talk
Of the sunlight in my rose garden. Afternoons
I weed violets from my cellar door.
Evenings, light has a lonely cast.

Has all gone to waste? The insects
Have a way with flowers and I weed and weed.
In an hour's sun my hands and calves are raw.
Before your altar, what wrinkles and rough prayer,
I bring my sunburned face.
How much have I won?

Losing at bridge, unembarrassed, and funny
With the wrong cards, my wit sustained us all. Now
I am as graceless as an absent queen.
The sunny day goes out. I sleep with loss.
I pedal in my dreams
Toward what I thought was mine.