

MARY FLANAGAN

a pure subjective commitment is possible

I'll tell you
 what it is. I'll tell you outcry.
We drive. Grey gets inside the car and exhausts your
mouth. Notions of telling. Road bends—
 we see over brushwood thickets.

Dressed for Sunday, mopmakers
whose hands have scrubbed
corners from church toilets, stillborn pennies; easy—
 find a course of violets, tie a small cloth.

Instructions for living in coal mines. We peat a little,
sinking. After confessions and ammonia. After
coughing, caring for small too cold. Here—
 mothers bring final things.

Little knots on trees make a sorry each,
mighty woods bend heavy, hair locks bear tiny socks,
keen those hands. How
 we come to blessing.