

Four Poems · *Zona Teti*

PERDITA'S SUNDAY

Winds come down under the moon
untouched in its water-veil.

The lower world of shutter and door
shakes like a family tree,
noisy as a whirl of dropped leaves.

Seeing deepens to a wound when you find
how alone always you were, Family
a heavy ghost to keep you in line
but when you stretched a hand
out to it, your fist went through.

Anger flutters like dead spirits
in a tree. But you live. Your blood bathes
the wound, that blood salted from the first sea,
brine to eat deeper each time you see.

PERDITA IN THE BACK ROOM

Darkness comes to the door to show you
what you have. Well-manured hurts.
Roots firm as hate.

How can anyone find the sword
with magic in its cut when this wood
is so tangled, intricate as history?

One brush leaves blood in a string of beads
more irritating than wool.