

Mouse · *Laura Jensen*

Mother picked up the fantastic cup,
washed the idea of dishes, hovered over
the stove-notion behind a make-believe curtain.
Saw her children not-wake, go away asleep
wearing coats like their blankets. And not aware
of much but the tender feel at the edge
of the evergreen, the pout of the fattening berry.

Eyes spending butter on a clock
cannot make their own way up to midnight, up to noon,
or the falling,
crying mamma, mamma,
I do not want to go on.
There's a song from the bottle,
from the seashell, from the sharp beak
of the sea-gull: *pain be gone*.

Autumn, and the pear skin does not want to curl.

Mother pear, mother pearl, can you follow
what I am telling? Mother, the idea of love
wraps around us like a quilt of old morning,
like a horseshoe of flowers.

Ah, they are small, small, sleep in the stomach.
Ah, they are small, small, little rodents of love.