

Nancy Mackenzie / THREE POEMS

THE YARN

Buries the thread deep
in the pocket of her throat
finds out how to save things
by saying nothing

keeps the hiding place
of a circling in
to settle down in
yellow grasses
a secret.

Thimbleless & coatless
bereft of all
qualms about secrecy
she nimbly kicks her legs about
& slushes through the brush.

& afterwords

needlepoints the girl on the hill
& the brown of her arm
over the man's shoulders.

Yes, there is much that cannot be seen
the thorns on roses in winter
the flash of needle between lips.

Where blood seeps through the stiches
where others have walked the paths
the lifeline tangles.

She traces her ancestry to childhood
rocking, rocking
settles
midway in velvet & dream
thinking, doubtless this is only one side of things
as if the back of the picture
is loosethreaded knots.

PSALMISTRY

We do not know when the world will end
few of us have studied the prophecies
those who have say soon

soon the economic bondage
soon the age when talents are recognized.

Who wrote the song, creates the chants.

We all repeat and begin to believe,
we ask
who wrote that song?

Does it matter that the devil
is his own muse?

And the women write to free themselves
begin to believe.

The men stop their ears
to matriarchal language. The evolving
species
stops.

No,
One cannot manipulate destiny
manuscript of lifelines on hands.

What mantelpiece in heaven
could compare to our hearthpiece
stacks of manuscripts
fed to flames.

Burn the technical reports, and chaos
is still a brute fact.

Snakes begin to speak with men
that knowledge is chaos.

The god inside men wrings her hands
there can be no flowering
if no-one tends the garden.

Her hands caught up in the weaving,
a god makes garments for war kings
nurses the knowledge of her pregnancy
and the men of destiny
create guidance controlled
missiles.

The shepherd has lost his sheep, there is no wool left
there is no wool left to weave.

The mind of men encompasses
the universe
and when the nova bursts
war starts
and in the flames the lies die down
ashes sift.

A rattler moves
onto the sun warmed hearth stones

AT STROME GLEN FARM

There is a man calling out in the field

something wild and captivating
luring and frightening

is it the hunter or the hunted
is it something in the
dissipating
sound, is it
you calling

At the ocean where the oars splashed
and the chants meshed with the orchestral evening

I told you
of the tears you brought to cloudy skies

of the manshape on the fieldpath
thickets and fireflies
sometimes wild and captivating

was it you caught out in the field
a siren of red lights

the cattle that won't come home
the lost sheep

a shepherd cross with a coyote