

Margaret Gunning / THREE POEMS

POEM ON MY FORTIETH (FOR MY SECONDBORN)

And bliss flicked
through, too, (*quick*)
like the flip of an
eyelid,
 /just
when did it pass over,
an infant surging to
 burstingly woman?
a / beautiful
when lost it I, gone
 these/
days, these days, when
 violet
did the / plum become a
 dead —
(small/sweet)
driedthing

She went by, my dayspring, my
firehorse of a girl, life fiercing in
 glace-blue
her/ eyes:
 fleetingly this Astarte,
too/danced, Fred Astaired/ toddle
turned to whirl as (slowly
my age
pulled ripe skin down
like the rind of old
fruit).

Love fresh and juiceful
when?/

passed into a darker
hymn, quiescence.
The juice of jigs, all
hard
that/ sex, gone by
too. Ova will
soon
dry/to peach pits
dessicated as hair.

mainspring/
(She, my spring, my/
offspring, spurts still

with
that warm
juice,/sucked hard out
howling
of my / heart)

BITE THE PLUM

Naked is as naked
does: as clear as
Your eyes are,

your clothing is
that much
/clearer,

dearer still the scent
all man,
of you,/inestimable.
I should never
Take you out of that box,
Never sample those
dark
/chocolates,
too
for/dear you are,
the Arabian horse
of my childhood
(standing still only to be
petted).

Notice me! I am more
than a
Brain on a stick, but
an (all-breathing
(Non-fiction /woman. To break

this cellophane
(that heatshrinks your
legend),
would it be a rupture,
an insertion, an
arrogance of the ovaries,
Or a sweet inevitable,
angel driven (*deep*)
my / into
the moist cake of your heart

as
You are / removed as
an engraving of a dybbuk,
I can stroke your image
only, Never get your
smell/or feel your hair
Never grab it —
up in
Let it dry/to a soft
Black wrinkled fruit —

The juice that never
had a chance to
Run down my
chin

will gleam in those
glacial blue
eyes:
Will spark on your
skin —

SEEING GOD (DOWNTOWN POCO, APRIL 1996)

*I met jehovah the other
day he was standing
by the Beanz Café*

he waved his arms
and swung his bristled head
and in a gutter
voice he boomed the doom
of the millennium
Sent old women scuttling
Sent old men to shame

(does god smell like
that I wonder does he
do it in his pants)

He shoved his face
into the lean skirts and
sere skin of two Jehovah's
Witnesses on Shaughnessy
("I'm Jehovah," he
announced; "You
are, are you," they said,
shaking his hand)

this
if/god is/cracked
would that explain the
human race would
that explain
jehovah's face
(ten thousand years
of suffering
in the blood-ruptured
eyes)