

Penny Chalmers / from MOTHERS

the word lives
where

in the breadth
of the heart

in the breath
of the art

in the bread
of the earth

in the bed
of the child

la allala

house sighs
out side
cat miauws
willow sways

Speaking, speaking

little girl lilting
lullaby

alala
ala alala
la la alala

listen to the
listen to the

listen to your daughter
who wants to know you

listen to your mother
who wants to show you

la la allala

remember

first

this is my hand
this is my eye
this is my cheek
this is my other
this is my mouth

speaking

Speaking, speaking

some things you
cannot a-
pproach directly

like the sun
day haze

a glint
shifting
-glazed reply

totally
other

: look askance and you may see
do not stare . do not stare.

(cobwebs collect)

: rest your ear and you may hear
light strain . no stress

the sound of sun

spinning

on its own

spoke

some things creep everywhere
even under doors.

this is miasma.

fall approaches . or we
approach fall. either way it's all

the mist doesn't lift
the myth of on- going

events
taking place
out there.

what else
but flash in pan
empty sky

cats cradle

descend to body cavity
stars in night sky
mother lode

passerby
caught on the ivory horn

here is a secret.
open the door
to cerebellum.

the mother waits
tending her store
there is more
in back

let not the left know what the right
hemisphere

spiralling
down to
reverse *does*

on the horns. my body is the work
my body tends to give
way
/in
(hairline fissure along the mound of venus)

: when the cage does not hold
it separates

not at first glance apparent

the fire is in the wood.
the fire is in you.

we come so close
as far off as far

the rest is more
or less: precise,

at the grate,
log to ember proud
dissolution

disillusion?
who
can know the log's dilemma?
split,
as to make choice
wood burn better
in answer,
flame,
quickly

red in the log yet
glowing inside out

air does no harm.

this is a woman speaking. no.

this is a woman

as she is
speaking.

this is her thought.

her thought is in her body.

air learns to course a way through.

listen to her. understand

her bones sing
with.

she sings from the right

into the left
called sinister.

she has been well and mirror and pond.

reflecting

she grows impatient.

she will speak :