

Lucille King-Edwards / TWO POEMS  
BLUE LAKE GRAVEYARD

123 degrees  
and only shade  
(It's 3 a.m.)

Old Dutch women  
hunch on boxes  
picking  
the rotten & deformed  
all night,  
choosing the worst.

The best  
move on  
belts;  
fall.

Steam rises.

Catwalk boys lounge  
monkey-fashion  
with sticks  
send laggard tins  
down to  
rag-doll girls.

Wet feet.  
Peeled poireaux hands.  
Smell of hot green beans.  
30 days without a Sunday.  
Morning hours away.

Bodies flop pass out.  
The nurse passes out salt pills  
(stomach cramps.

Scalded beans  
slide  
down shutes.

Hands flail.  
Pockets move by  
(3 to fill a second.

Cans click & whirl.

Forewomen circle  
(buzzards in dim light

look for sluggards  
half-asleep  
green flesh mounting  
beneath fillers  
(a can stuck.

Back in the light  
past the dark  
spatulate palms slap  
labels on dervish cans

twirling  
down to the wrap-up

Del Monte Grade A.

Over the elm tree

not a bird this mind knows

in its shape

body   strung out   fossil   against sky   long beak  
hanging  
pouch

No dig-find

this malaprop

bird

flapping

a reminder

that boulders

rise from earth

hunch the descending hills.