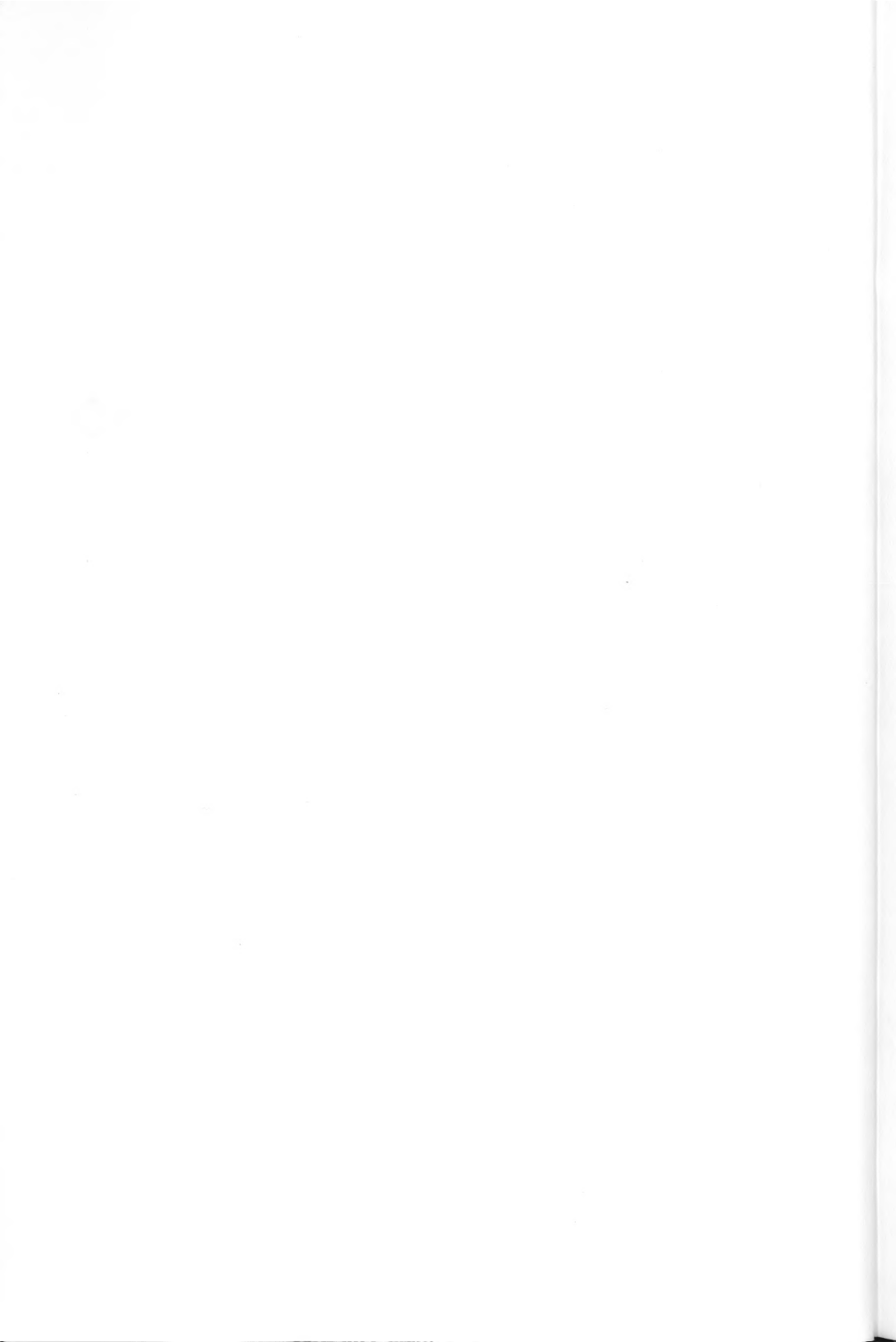


Poetry ⇨



THREE POEMS

Estella Sales

STARS, CIRCLES, RECTANGLES

I feel myself
being cut into shapes
of stars and circles
and rectangles
and then being glued
to a wooden board
where I become
a hodgepodge decoupage
of a woman.
My perceptive eyes
are cut square and
made to overlap
my rounded heart.
My heart-shaped hands
are placed slightly
over my ears.
My far-reaching arms
are snipped into arrows
that point down
and my frown is cut
into a smile and
placed to the side.
Then the artist
shellacs me with
praises of deceit
then mounts me on a wall
as his masterpiece.

IOWA CITY? HOME?

After seven months three weeks and four days
of being in this still unfamiliar place
and feeling the fullness of every day
I look down into my daughter's
face and see her empty
expression full
of lonely.
I touch her
and can feel the smallness
of the space I fill as her mama—
there are still void spaces left from
her daddy, her aunts, uncles and playmommias
her granddaddy and then there is the space of her grandmomma—
how do you fill a grandmomma space?
and the spaces of her play
brothers and sisters
who make her smile
a playmate smile
that is different from
the one I get from touching her.
My hand is swallowed in the vastness of space
that remains unfilled but not unfelt
“Momma I miss home”
There is a moan in my kiss
as I hold her close and rock her
back and forth through the empty spaces.

A SAND

A Sand
spends all its time
sunbathing and surfing
and making up then sliding down
the chimneys of crumbling castles
and soon enough becomes part of a name
scribbled over the ground
that a wave erases
by noon.