

1977

Divorce

Ann Kelleher

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It builds a mound above its
underground nest
where hungry larvae wait
in small apartments
each with a bedroom and a
pantry/parlor.

On fine days, the female
backfills as she digs out
and for camouflage
rakes sand across her exit.

She takes off, circling
checks for landmarks: rocks
sticks, pinecones
flies toward the nearest
heather where she hunts the
bees. She carries back

each one she stings to stock
the larvae larders
but licks the nectar from the
punctured prey herself.

Her life lasts
only one July and August.
At the end, she digs her grave
under her own nest.

Divorce / Ann Kelleher

Your hands tear at the spinach.
They are red from weeping.

I remember them last winter

driving, drumming on the dash.
Now that he's gone
they deal decisively with vegetables.

My pockets clink
with jeweler's tools, obscene
secrets I use on my own marriage.

I wish
you would go home
where you can't hear them.
I wish you would go away
from the very fact of my happiness.

He left you because your teeth are even.
He left you because a high wind hit Sumatra.
He left you because your eyes are green.

Vivaldi in Early Fall / John Engels

O this is what it is to be
Vivaldi in September, in my
forty-sixth year, the pines
just beginning to sing
on the hillsides, the rivers
coloring with the first rains
(which are, as usual, precisely
on time). And there is also

this young girl, who, each year,
I bring into my mind,
making it to be that if she knew
by what measure I considered her,
she would turn and look at me and smile,
thinking, "It is the priest again,
the one with red hair, who is said
to make music, and who—as every year—