Council of Agde

Mary Ruefle
Two Poems · Mary Ruefle

COUNCIL OF AGDE

In the village of Agde, in 835, an ecclesiastical court, after much debate, ruled for the first time that women had souls.

Armed with a cotton-puff and a little sword the bachelorette is attacking her toes: lesbos blue, black grape, pink stupor.
The variegated half-face of a modern master leers on the wall.
Everything she owns has its own white space and is centered so: spare hangers in the spare closet, shoes in their own neat row.
The phone has its own room and is held like a gun, snug to the temple. Meals?
She’ll touch nothing but noodles, finely sauced in a cardboard box.
And babies? At the end of an alley an old woman sits with her needles knitting them out of dead skin.