

Hideouts

A dugout in a bank: dry leaves, a candle—
Squatting, back against packed dirt,
You're snug as a badger,
Safe as you can only be alone.

Or, swimming in leaves, so far up
The trunk's no bigger than your waist,
Swaying easily, observing bark up close
And cars like roly bugs,
You can hear them calling you to supper,
Worried. Just what you want.

Or, in a vacant field thick with wild dill—
Taller than your head if you're seven,
Straight-caned (good for spears), stark green reek
You carry home on hands, in clothes, in your flesh—
Clear out a square with a lath machete,
Squash a cardboard carton for a floor,
And you have a nest invisible from the road;
Lying on the cardboard, steeping in dill-smell,
Look up along the shafts, through ferny leaves
Into empty sky.

EVE KELLY

Rape

I remember you
bruising me

I remember you
in the secrecy of my womb

I remember you
corroding my breasts

vampire,
you died in my arms
screaming for your mother,
your eyes ashes

I vomit you up
along with the past