

ALBERTA T. TURNER

Riddle

Verity, Felicity, and I
(not Hope, not Charity)
have linked our hands
on the handles of our baskets.
I have a rut to walk in;
Felicity has one; Verity,
at center, walks on grass.

Named as we are, we must go heavy.
Felicity's basket heaves,
Verity's heel flattens grass,
My basket's open.
For berries? Too easy.
Milk? Too thin.

Dare I hold it empty?
Not with my name.

Cat And Mouse

The cat was so young
she took the mouse by its back,
carried it, let it run, patted it,
let it run — Soon its back
was wet. When it screamed she bit down.

Thought I'd made up my mind
about death, one of the positive goods.
Because allowed, because everyone's.