

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/4

Donal Mahoney

Physical For An Old Woman Picked Up Wandering

Between her legs a goatee
gray as city pigeons
flying through factory smoke
a goatee that hasn't been combed
that hasn't been kept
that quits in fangs
an inch above her knees

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Those Poems, That Fire

I stood in the alley, still
in pajamas, somebody's shoes,
another man's coat, my eyes
on the bronc of the hoses.

Squawed in the blankets of neighbors,
my wife and three children sipped
chocolate, stood orange and still.

Of the hundred or more I had stored
in a drawer, I could remember,
comma for comma, no more than four,
none of them final,
all of them fetal.