

MY MOTHER'S MOTHER'S

hands stuck of the fish
she freed from their bones,
then washed and patted dry,
cut into fat squares, laid them
with their flesh down in a pan,
covered them with new cream,
then cooked them a real long time.

Nothing happens here,
except perhaps another tomorrow.
The parcel post man comes
to the door. She likes his little
brown shorts and matching socks.
Her husband thinks he looks
like a candy-ass. He does not say this.
He has been married too long.
He is too smart. He needs her to stay.

BRIDGTON, MAINE

CRAYONS

In the second grade, you gave me
the blue crayon, when only black
and blue remained in the crumpled box.
Your toothless grin, painted to your face
like smiles on paper dolls, frightened me
like the clown at the circus when he
hopped around, honking his horn, stretching
his big painted lips. Yet, I let you sit
next to me that year and all those years,
and never knew you cried when Billy gave me
his ring and then his name, and every Sunday
still, we shared the same pew and when
the tears came, once again you saved me,
when only black and blue remained.

SHE SEES

an old man with nothing.
He tends to things
in the garden, things
nobody wants to eat.
She thinks his pants
are too old and too soft,
as soft as his mind
these days. She recalls
she loved him once
when she was ten
and the other girls
in the building were
without fathers.

Please recycle to a friend!

WWW.ORIGAMIPOEMS.COM

origamipoems@gmail.com

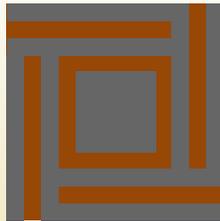
Origami Poetry Project™

ABOUT HONEY

Amanda Surkont © 2009



ABOUT
HONEY



AMANDA SURKONT

Acknowledgements:

The following poem appeared in a
chapbook, *Nothing Happens Here*,
published by the Premier Poets Series,
(some in an earlier version):
“Bridgton, Maine”

The author gratefully acknowledges the
following journals and presses where
some of these poems appeared (some in
an earlier version):

Regrets Only, Little Pear Press:
“She Sees”

The following poems appear in
Pondicherry Square:
My Mother s Mothers
About Honey
Crayons

ABOUT HONEY

Pale and sweet, she holds court
with her stories of being neighbor
to Roosevelt over in New York

Legs cut off to her knees
sometimes she lets us children
run our fingers over the stumps

while she talks about her
and Roosevelt dancing the night
away to the Turkey and the Trot

She tells us about the pain
below her knees the pain in the
air on her calves on her ankles
on her toes all the pain there is