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Everything Looks Different In a Carnival Mirror

Hang upside down
in the Spaceball
or weightless
in a ring of fire.

Sleep in a Ferris wheel halo
of citrine and red
or in the copper cast
of condominiums.

Here jellyfish swarm
the bay. Purple tentacles curl
and knot. Here live
primitive creatures.

Sea bass spawn
in a reef cavern.
Merry-go-round melodies
salt the fresh water
of the estuary.

You coax me
under the boardwalk.
Lion Manes
tangle in the sand.

Crows

Thieves remain, casting pellets,
performing burials in the lawn,
tapping, hiding loot in the gutters.

Most die in the egg. Some,
fight to the death, dropping from trees.

Others fill crabapples with night
and a fleeting flash of wedding bands.

Sour fruit picked clean,
the caucus ends.
Only cores remain.

Perched on the skylight,
watching, knocking, depositing a feather,
crows remain.

Robins have gone; we are not
even friends
anymore

Wedding Photographs

In the circle of light, the white
hypnotizes. Your face
effervesces, phosphorescent
with the hiss and bubbles
of ginger ale.

In cloud socks, your feet glow
and thunder on the floor.
After you leave, I pull
sizzling splinters
out of the carpet.

You are Gregory Peck
with winged shoes .
My teardrop earrings
dangle.

Caution: Walden Pond

Walk the scraped fields and charred rings
of charcoal-makers
where he deliberately lived.
Here a cart heavy with iron ore
gouged the earth.

Here, the militia defended
the free fire zone
from natives
picking huckleberries.

Now pottery shards mark
the graves and slave shanties
of railroad workers.

Here do not walk alone
to the dump or wade
in the famous pond
which has more urine than any
in New England.

The odor of a horse carcass lingers.

Here we pass by it...
to lead other lives, no time to spare
for that one.

The Accident

The cymbals flash.

Big Savage Mountain
shrinks in the mirror
of Backbone Tunnel.

Twin white steeples
divide the continent,
winking to eternity.

Crystal eyed dragons
touch ground, swallowing traffic
on the interstate.

Radio ghosts float
above the jazz of horns,
exploding tires, and twisting steel.

The brass of morning closes
the thruway all day.

Triangle

There is a street of phosphorescent,
the avenue of the magician, radiant

and frozen
where the costume found skin
a hard statue, ice blue

and fig leaves
cover the engine of hips.

The pyramid machine
turns to flesh;
a triangle
ignites in the crypt.