

Kristi Nimmo

### WEARING OTHER PARTS OF ME

Silence reaches me.  
They come out of their hiding  
                                  places  
In the fields of cotton,  
                  Mules hauling  
                  and pushing  
In yokes.  
Listless notes play upon  
The wind chimes  
Heard in the concavity  
Of the moon  
Bearded, with iris  
And small rabbits, the grasshoppers  
Chewing, oozing tobacco stains,  
The rivulets of sweat sinking  
Holes in the fields, like heavy  
Raindrops in summer storms.

## A BIT OF EDGE

On Monday the summer  
Behind one book,  
To us this them  
But one of woods

## HE LONGED MOONLIGHT

I daylight, I sunlight,  
I paper dreaming  
A flowering eye  
This fence.

For beach once turned,  
For beached I turned,  
The plaza facing  
The sea, he feeds.

I daylight, I sunlight,  
I paper dreaming  
A flowering eye.

## WOODEN MARY MAGDALENE

Tits bare and sinewy

Hair roping

Twining

In ecstasy