

Maureen Mulhern

Dust Mites

Beneath our sleep
A grand resort —
Hijinks

In the mattress
Pillows sheets
With mouthparts

Agape
For sloughed skin
They tumble over

Each other a fandango
To scale
Our dander

Rabbit Rabbit

The foot slips down
Through the shape-shifter's spine
Good luck

Keychain
Pocket-sunk amulet
Hoodoo fighter

At the bottom of a mojo
Or clustered
Bright red

Green yellow orange
In the clear belly
Of a vending machine

*

Bones crack
As skin is pried
And pelts flattened

To be sewn next to that
Of a brother's brother's brother
For warmth

*

The kits hairless
With eyes shut
Turn in their nest

Outside the burrow
Their mother
Stills the grass

No one hears
As night removes
The colors of things

As she narrows
In the field
Of the owl's sight

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Brooding
In its felt dome
The charmed one

Is pulled out
By the ears
As limp as a sack of grain

Rain

Dark aquiver
The rain is sweet
And heavy

And almost green
Cricket leg green
Refreshing

As after a fever has gone
A voice drones
Into a new Galaxy

How the peonies bend
With drops spiraling
Into swollen

Disheveled faces
Thick necks
Behind their leaves

Shall we cut them now
Or in the sun
The phone is abuzz

With quietness
A drop zone
The rains bring in

Anathema

Truth is
It happens
Tongue on the third rail

It happens
Napalm
On a Zenith

Black and white
Of course
Truth is we knew

We didn't know
It happens
You knew

Something
Of nothing then
Truth is it happens

Vacation

I could hear the flowers
Stretch in tepid violet air
And the slush of rubber boots

On linoleum receding
Winter was curled up
At the windows

As I looked past
The incinerator's
Spray of crystals

Nuzzling the sky
The corpses
Glided by

In the basement
On not too well oiled wheels
Each was covered

With a white sheet
They looked like moving landscapes
Islands in the long corridor

I ran up the five flights
To my desk and placed my thumb
Over a day on the calendar

The shadow of my hand
Fell against two weeks
In the belly of July

Persimmon

When the mourning dove
Looked at me
In a calm daze

From window crash
The clear circuit
Of one gaze to another

Went through the glass
I've seen that look before
The cat calico and feral

The color of persimmon
Chewed up the living dove
And not too long after

Daffodils emerged
In the tangle
Of guts and feather