

Abby Minor

## SUMMER IN MAINE

I.

All I wanted was to be one of the great childless  
American women poets, aesthetic as an acorn and linen-

clad in a photograph, perched  
in a brainy dress on the breakwater laid down

like a giant ogre's finger in green glass, in Rockland Harbor like Edna Millay. (Dear Granter  
of Poetry Wishes, now, awake!—all I wanted was to be sitting close to a part of the ocean  
and not be on vacation.) In this photograph it's obvious

that sometime after she moved to Greenwich Village she acquired an ivory dildo which her sister  
attempted to incinerate after she died; in this photograph where I  
cleanse my eyes I am sitting lightly on a great granite digit slapped and sucked

by the harbor's green, and where it meets the hand of land I see the crinkled heaps of leaf

and pink and paper-colored rose, the gulls flicking down dry pearl. All behind me  
in ball caps my fellow countrymen who might even be great

poets trudge out  
to the lighthouse & I

notice a black ant smaller than a second crawling on the breakwater, not here  
for a tour of the lighthouse but not a poet, either. All I wanted was to be with poems

and starting to show, so people would see me in the grocery store and ask  
what kind of poem is it, and I'd say I don't know it was honestly just a gift

from God, in whom I really do be (a) leaf, but everyone would still stare at my poem and think about me  
having sex, anyway.

II.

On the t.v. in the lighthouse museum they are playing  
a scene from my dream: I'm trying on a coral-

colored dress with intricate black  
patterns on the chest which fits—t.v. dream zooms

in on it zipping up the back—like a cock. (That's  
a phrase I'd like to see enter the colloquy: As soon

as she showed up for the interview we knew  
she'd fit like a cock. That blouse

fits like a cock! These socks fit  
like a pair of cocks!) Now into this historical

coastal t.v. program my mom  
texts, *Want some long white tab top*

*curtains?*, and so into these dream scenes  
long white curtains blow

like dressy clouds above the harbor.

III.

I knew a kid who came to summer art camp every day saying  
*I'm so busy, I'm so late.* Will, kid Will. I loved this kid. He knew

everything about space, except he didn't. He said there were Martians  
on Mars and that it was made of thunder. The other kids were really learning

about space in school and they got mad.

*What kind of stone is the moon made of, Will?  
The most expensive kind.*

In this photograph I'm on the most expensive rock, in the most beautiful poem.  
I'm standing like a saint unsmiling

among crabapples, like great American poets holding their mournful chins  
in the heels of their mournful palms. From the breakwater I can see

within the green the ghost

line plotted plumb from a buoy to its trap glow thick  
like a white root

diagonal in the dark. I send my mind  
down to the purple-black lobsters there: it turns out they're not really

trapped, they come and go snacking, caught only if they're in  
when the trap's hauled up. In this photograph

I have my ankles crossed, my eyes tide-ringed, my waist's a silver lock. Poems slick  
as oiled pegs click within the spotless sponge

and bone of my ten pound, indivisible head. Dear Granter of Poetry Wishes: *click*, take  
my claw. Dear Countrymen: Don't leave me here with this poem. Don't leave me here

in this dress.

## TENDERLY DIARY

If I had a kid I could  
write about how great that is  
but instead I just live  
across from the half-size  
basketball court with global  
warming all around. Now it's late and beautiful  
night rain comes tenderly and last  
night there were white &  
orange stars hissing high  
enough to hurt your teeth, which  
by the way I could see in  
spite of the street  
lamp which the Civic Club says  
I can buy a shade for as long  
as it still shines light  
on the flag. Personally I  
wouldn't want to be lit  
all the time but is the flag  
really fragile or it must be  
like a beauty queen. Over at  
my neighbor's house I like  
to walk over there in the dark  
get dripped on by trees share  
a beer & look at a poem in  
The Oxford American that doesn't do  
much for us. There

we were in a lit  
kitchen in a brick  
house near a small walnut  
forest next to a  
limestone mine all  
of which also got  
dark. Like the paper on  
my dead father's shiny  
tobacco tins I love the rain  
at night it's teal  
and gold but mostly  
silver and black. Walking

back to my house I  
got dripped on by leaves I  
registered the new real  
estate sign in the dead  
Irish guy's yard I  
thought I heard a snap  
In my step I thought if I  
had a kid where would  
it be right now.