

THE RIDE TO THE LADY, AND OTHER POEMS

Suzann Margerum

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I smelled the raw sweet essences of things, And heard spiders in the leaves And ticking of little feet, As tiny creatures came out of their doors To see God pouring light into his star Anna is different.

Light over the pit mouths, Streaming in tenuous rays down the black gullet of Her eyes—littered with memories Like ancient garrets, Or dusty unaired rooms where someone died— Ask nothing of the spring. Open to the wind, The Destroyer! View basket. Savannah Sipple is on fire. The infinite procession of those feet? Jobs for Poets. Sarah is swarthy and ill-dressed.