

Mary Clara White

Garden Song at a Cremation

You are dead two days now, frozen muscle on a cookie sheet.
Suddenly naming is gone, evaporated; you thaw, steam and char.
But first I bite your frost and soil-hammered knuckle, fat springs,
Which bob in coils. We named them: fingers fingers fingers.

Your head is stapled, threaded, pounded on a cobbler's bench.
The night air is a colubrine bitch, flicking tongue, slick traveler.
In my mouth, you wash up on my famished shore, a savage.
In my mouth, your finger tip is a newly ripe deep summer carrot.

You are two days dead now, my tin full of pears, potato character.
You yeasty thing, ginger bud, actor, you divertissement, you wag.
Where are you my butter on meat? Two days dead, two days frozen.
Tall, man, pinky, thumbkin, where is thumbkin. Here he is, am I.

Pointer, pointer, I love you. Hand in the garden, ringman in our
Bread making. You ring man. How did we name them? The coils?
My pearl onion, down by the Rowan berries, my Rowan berry
Pinky, thumbkin, my tall, my so tall, tall man.