

Virginia Konchan

Zsa Zsa Gabor Learns to Read

I touch the platinum helmet
of my head, call out to my daughter,

Constance Francesca.
In my bedroom closet

is a threadbare blouse
I purchased in Hungary.

I don it, tie a sash around my waist.
How does one represent thinking?

I am a European idyll.
Motherhood keeps me sane.

When Jesus appeared at the murky well
I was there with my five hundred husbands.

The blue volt of my illiteracy made manifest
in my butchery of the vowels in his name.