

MY MOTHER'S MOTHER'S

hands stuck of the fish  
she freed from their bones,  
then washed and patted dry,  
cut into fat squares, laid them  
with their flesh down in a pan,  
covered them with new cream,  
then cooked them a real long time.

Nothing happens here,  
except perhaps another tomorrow.  
The parcel post man comes  
to the door. She likes his little  
brown shorts and matching socks.  
Her husband thinks he looks  
like a candy-ass. He does not say this.  
He has been married too long.  
He is too smart. He needs her to stay.

BRIDGTON, MAINE

CRAYONS

In the second grade, you gave me  
the blue crayon, when only black  
and blue remained in the crumpled box.  
Your toothless grin, painted to your face  
like smiles on paper dolls, frightened me  
like the clown at the circus when he  
hopped around, honking his horn, stretching  
his big painted lips. Yet, I let you sit  
next to me that year and all those years,  
and never knew you cried when Billy gave me  
his ring and then his name, and every Sunday  
still, we shared the same pew and when  
the tears came, once again you saved me,  
when only black and blue remained.

SHE SEES

an old man with nothing.  
He tends to things  
in the garden, things  
nobody wants to eat.  
She thinks his pants  
are too old and too soft,  
as soft as his mind  
these days. She recalls  
she loved him once  
when she was ten  
and the other girls  
in the building were  
without fathers.

Please recycle to a friend!

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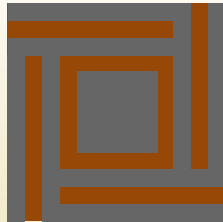
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ABOUT HONEY

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ABOUT  
HONEY



AMANDA SURKONT

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My Mother s Mothers  
About Honey  
Crayons

ABOUT HONEY

Pale and sweet, she holds court  
with her stories of being neighbor  
to Roosevelt over in New York

Legs cut off to her knees  
sometimes she lets us children  
run our fingers over the stumps

while she talks about her  
and Roosevelt dancing the night  
away to the Turkey and the Trot

She tells us about the pain  
below her knees the pain in the  
air on her calves on her ankles  
on her toes all the pain there is