

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.

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 pen and when
 the tears came, once again you saved me,
 when only black and blue remained.

BRIDGTON, MAINE

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.

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.

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

Acknowledgements:

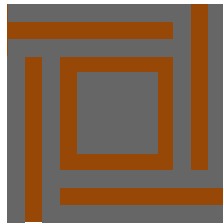
The following poem appeared in a
 chapbook, *Nothing Happens Here*,
 published by the Premier Poets Series,
 (some in an earlier version):
 "Bridgton, Maine"

The author gratefully acknowledges the
 following journals and presses where
 some of these poems appeared (some in
 an earlier version):

Regrets Only, Little Pear Press:
 "She Sees"

The following poems appear in
Pondicherry Square:
 My Mother's Mothers
 About Honey
 Crayons

ABOUT HONEY



BY

AMANDA SURKONT

Please recycle to a friend.

ORIGAMIPOEMS.COM
 or email us at:
 origamipoems@gmail.com

Origami Book and Poems
 ABOUT HONEY by Amanda Surkont

©2009