

April wedding  
in a field of icicles  
sown and nurtured

All he can see is her teeth. He imagines  
the rip of the incisors, the cusp of the ca-  
mines, the grind of the molars. Enamel stag-  
mites and stalactites that dam the flood soon  
to spill from her hollows.

**STUDYING HIS MOTHER**

he breaks the window  
to stroke the cow's muzzle  
and invite spring in

Zeke pitches one long neck Bud bottle after another  
into the mouth of the fireplace. Erma drove off in  
the pickup with the old Rand McNally on the pas-  
senger seat. She'd never done this before. Never  
even crossed the Passumpsic.

**IT'S DARK IN HERE**

the river's skin  
glims with gold  
pyrite joy

I empty cartoons of sepia photographs of you,  
Mother, and the skinny boy with soft eyes and  
wavy pompadour, the one who'd become my fa-  
ther. Hallmark cards, bill stubs, cancelled checks. I  
finally try to read old x-rays, needing to find some-  
thing undispensible.

**SIFTING**

doesn't she know  
she's killing herself  
laughing

She studies her choices, then paints a tight ruby  
smile on her ashen face. It's all about control.  
If she is disciplined enough and becomes a  
master, it will be possible to create walls from  
air.

**AT THE MIME AND MASK THEATER**

**FENG SHUI**

The cobalt Limoges vase is gaudy with gold  
roses. I am trying to de-clutter,  
but for every thing I toss, I put three others  
aside "to consider." The silk  
scarf still holds her Estee Lauder fragrance.  
The Persian lamb coat with  
black mink collar is dated, way too big for  
me, and so heavy it's a burden.  
Silver serving platters are scratched and tar-  
nished; the plating is barely there.

bitterweeds  
defy banishment  
I weep each Spring

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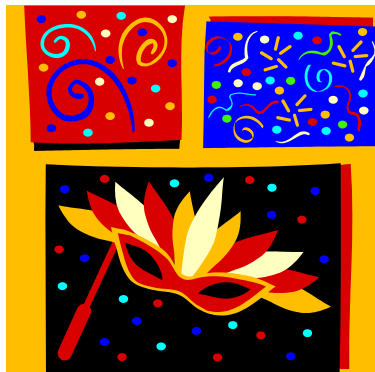
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**AT THE**

**MIME AND MASK**

**THEATER**



*by*

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**Origami Poetry Project**

AT THE MIME AND MASK THEATER  
by AUDREY FRIEDMAN  
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