

## II. MAME

she puts down the handmirror. "Look at"arranging  
before me a mellifluous idiot grin  
(with what was nose upwrinkled into nothing  
earthly,while the slippery eyes drown  
in surging flesh). A thumblike index down-  
dragging yanks back skin"see"(i,seeing,ceased  
to breathe). The plump left fist opening  
"wisdom." Flicker of gold. "Yep. No gas. Flynn"

the words drizzle untidily from released  
cheeks"I'll tell duh woild;some noive all right.  
Aint much on looks but how dat baby ached."

and when i timidly hinted"novocaine?"  
the eyes outstart,curl,bloat,are newly baked

and swaggering cookies of indignant light