

Untitled

I have not been there many times.
On two separate occasions I entered the surroundings
Though many times I thought I was at that place.
There were the children, amorous, and I
who could have been their mother,
Lovesick with them.

Though restless and seeking many places,
we observe more than the bird does, with more longings.
Though I too have a home,
I find comfort in denying it.
There are many homes.
They choose you.

Perhaps I would give much for assurance.
I have never been offered a bargain.
An old game played by two persons throwing three dice,
This too is passage.
In my house
the passage from the door leads to the kitchen
then off to the bath.
I take long baths
putting milk on my face
leaving the door open to the smells of the kitchen.
But it is all in passing
in a hasty manner
cursorily
that I continue.

Carole Glasser

Carole Glasser is a songwriter and a poet. She lives in an apartment with a large terrace and a large dog.

Some Unsaid Things

I was not going to say
how you lay with me

nor where your hands went
& left their light impressions

nor whose face was white
as a splash of moonlight

nor who spilled the wine
nor whose blood stained the sheet

nor which one of us wept
to set the dark bed rocking

nor what you took me for
nor what I took you for

nor how your fingertips
in me were roots

light roots torn leaves put down—
nor what you tore from me

nor what confusion came
of our twin names

nor will I say whose body
opened, sucked, whispered

like the ocean, unbalancing
what had seemed a safe position

Joan Larkin

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Joan Larkin's first book of poems is entitled Housework. She is co-editor of Amazon Poetry: An Anthology of Lesbian Poetry. Both books were published by Out and Out Books, a women's independent press she helped to start in 1975.