

The Boggs

"Poor Things"

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Poor things moving from the bedroom to the kitchen
through

the cold hallway. Brief excursions from the bed, she
said,

"I slept today. I didn't dream. I slept today. I didn't
dream."

Quater past, and from the ladder,

"i.." Twilight on midnight and here again.

"When after all, who now believes..."

"When after all who now? Hey-hey, I slept today, I
didn't

dream, I heard cars pass by. The ordinary kept me in
bed."

The telephone rings.

"hey?"

"hey"

Outbursts. Nobody.

"No! I never knew!" The chortle of cars as they pass
by.

"Pahleeze let me go too? Maybe we could..."

Fingers make there way to... "Hey-hey!"

She shuts her wide mouth and wonders,

"Why? Fix myself or sometime or..."

"Try."

The black olive of her eyes looks on a great gathering
of the

ordinary. Windswept streets and curling leaves,

"leaves less than to be desired."

They curl between the nethers and...

"Shed your..." Straighten. Swallow. Stand.

"Somewhere I hear..."

"Hey-hey!"

The neighbors come through the wall.

The closing of the downstairs door.

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