

Matron Hustle (1989)

On a 7th Street stoop rubbing faces from two gray coins, shined bright under autumn sun adrift, she coos at frozen swells of hardline white.

Sits her sadness on an elbow, south from Saginaw, she some Mid-western tender, clutching eviction notice in knuckle-grind white.

The next season to be spent in labor, hauling furniture off truck beds behind the mall. Palms worked to a cracked & callous rind, white.

Womb turning to slender root and Winston clasped at fingertips, spectacle of cinder, ashen blaze. Dizzy silver wisps & twined white.

Soon she will glow with globe again, a new man's broken promise. Recall how to carry water over slick, salt beds, sheets of fine white.

This fourth conception, first at last, beating. Her body, like all things, returns. A name, *Benjamin*, hums under the moon's saccharine white.