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Slim Nell

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SLIM NELL

Slim Nell
With the carnie colored cockatoo
Is stretched out on satin sheets.
Her tiny red bottle of dreams by the bed
Next to her cotton candy nail polish
Is always an arm’s reach away.
Last month’s roses
Spill puddles of red petals
Flowing off the white doily
Onto a walnut highboy
Where the marsh-lipped copper clock clicks
In still Sunday morning light.
A slender green feather slips from the stand
Hushed up and up by the heat
Falling in the joint of January storm windows.
A splintered sycamore crackles with ice
Painting mottled wall prisms above Nell’s head.
“Tomorrow-tomorrow-tomorrow,” he caws.

Peter J. Duffy

HYMENOPTERA

blue and yellow segmented bodies swarm
from the Trooper hive
buzzing through tides of mechanical stench
attuned to the gangliar hum
of their bloated queen
flashing red and white wings
on scuttling Beetles and predatory Spyders
they hasten
to gratify her scurvy appetites

Tania Hewes

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