

Crone Ghazal

Didn't you once nearly take yourself out after losing the dew-glazed gaze
of your zeitgeist love that had replaced your mother's stone-blue gaze?

After the top shelf friends hold tough through storms that sweep off
the bottom shelf, you look into a sea of glass, a face-to-face-with-you gaze.

'Scared money don't make money,' the poker hustlers claim, trying to bluff
you against your own keen mind, pry your chip castle with their shrew-gaze.

Some folks lift you, some cut you down, call you a child out of wedlock, a dog
in heat. Claim goodness and dandelions, stand firm in your hot glue-gaze.

You pay attention in your fifties, your family of fox terriers no longer just perfect
ornaments floating around your home; now their swirling tails cinch your true gaze.

Your chest vibrates with the sound of the city trash trucks trundling through dawn
and the kiskadees caroling in their bowl-baths, splashing, riffing on their coo-gaze.

Grackles prance around the lavender crepe myrtles like nobody's business, leave
gifts—green glass bits, a golden marble like your childhood eye-glow, pure gaze.