

Maureen Kingston – Three Poems

Wyoming Aubade

A few degrees
here or there
in the mattress
frypan,
the difference
between
scrambled
and over easy.

The night before,
the crack
of pool balls
breaking,
sweet-water pearls
and whiskey
spilling across
the western sky,
the fluid current
igniting, climbing
the fire escape
to extinction.

After the storm
the branch
hisses in the
morning dew,
the brook trout
lies motionless,
its belly slit,
bisected by
the sun's spin-
cast rays.

The Willow Chair

A gypsy design
she said of
its bowed spine

willow twigs
gathered
from riverbanks

made into
plant stands
and baskets
and chairs

pruning the
permaculture
she said

concocting
new life
from limbs
that were shed.

Sustainable.

And didn't
I want to be
responsible?

My stiff neck
numb wrist
and weak eyes

from staring
at a screen
all day

was why I was here

looking for
something real

wondering if
I could actually
sleep in the willow's

gnarled creel

doubtful
yet willing to try

willing to buy
this new civilization
in a chair.

Does it rock
I ask?

Making My Husband's Order

Line-dried sheets
fresh coffee
creased sleeves:
arming him
for the world.
I mow the lawn
fill and empty
and refill
the mower bag
the dishwasher
my womb:
a mother's love
once removed
like powdered milk
a futile substitute
for what he truly wants:
a father's attaboy.

Maureen Kingston lives and works in eastern Nebraska. Her poems are forthcoming in the *Bicycle Review*, *Blue Collar Review*, *Boston Literary Magazine*, *Breadcrumb Scabs*, *Grey Sparrow Journal*, *Hobble Creek Review*, *Honey Land Review*, *The Literary Burlesque*, *Pemmican*, *A Prairie Journal*, *Rose & Thorn Journal*, *Red River Review*, *San Pedro River Review*, *Sleet Magazine* and *Tipton Poetry Journal*.