

Lisa Jayne – Three Poems

Feral Children of the Moon

Home had no jingle of the doorbell
An upside down horseshoe because we didn't believe in luck
Every single one of us curly haired and wild eyed
Frightened of the howl of the coyote as we camped
Scaring ourselves under light of the full moon
(moonless nights being too dark)
And day light hours within this family horror story enough

The Thank You I Could Not Say

She needed someone
to raise her daughter.
And I needed girl in my life
because the halls of my home
ran with testosterone.
So I took the brown haired baby girl
and I loved her well
but never said thank you to
my daughter's first mother,
because what is it I could say
that wouldn't wound her again.

A Place for Everything

You can
clean until the walls sparkle,
everything in its place,
and my things, my letters and my shoes,
are where they should be (for you).
But I will expend my days on walks,
and sun, and breathing
in and out.
I will put my brush away
because you need it to be there,
and not on my sink top.
But I will not join you in the
round and round,
putting that which does not last
before those things that do.

Lisa Jayne received her MFA from Spalding University in Louisville, KY and has had her plays produced at White Mountain Regional Theater and Northland Pioneer College, including *Broken* (a one-act play), *One Week: An Uncommon Love Story*, *The Obituary* and most recently, *Coeur d'Alene*.