MARY W. MATTHEWS
Washington, D. C.

Fits

If not for you, I'd not be in this fix --
You came to me, you smiled deep in my eyes.
I knew not then I'd feel grief's hot, sharp pricks;
No, I was coaxed by false love's lures and sighs.

It took but one swift night in dark sweet glade.
My bed is made; I'm no maid now. Ah, woe!
I sipped at lust; the price must now be paid
In days to come, my girth will stretch and grow.

My love, I'll drop but one hint in your ear:
If you come back, I'll see you on your bier.

Starts

Lover, yourself imposed, myself unmade --
Entered into passions, prudence assailed
Foresight ignored; repose, gayness betrayed;
CooZen anent intent, instinct prevailed.

Music, darkness, whispers thinking constrain.
Urging became turgid: goodbye virgin.
Seduced, honor bereft, results remain:
Within myself, hopeful children burgeon.

Sweetheart, accept gently worded warning:
Vengeance upon return, unborn mourning.

The BooJum

Liability undeniable.
Solicitation unarticulated.
UnpreCognitive -- uncensurable --
Proselytizing sophisticated.

Importunity irresistible:
Extramarital sensuality.
Disconsolation inexpressible --
Unalterable maternality.

Voluptuary, admonishmental:
Retaliation extinguishmental.

FREDERICK
Sykesville, I.

NAKED WOMEN
Always have
Known men's
Expectations.
Due to them

What's said
Of women by
Men on this
Expectation?
Now is told

gazing over
the Ancient
black walls
there stand
NAKED WOMEN
with spears
all Waiting
for One who
remembers a
better time
but No more

bleak lands
of rock And
the blacker
hills greet
the old Don
striving to
reach towns
Where among
NAKED WOMEN
he can hEar
the legends