

## Mary Lynn Broe

### TIGHT AND LOW ACROSS THE LAP

There they are, before me  
the row of necks and pates  
air-tight 'round roots and  
bulbs lofting above the  
dovegrey row of  
seatbacks in  
full  
upright  
position.

Old lovers.

The curve of a cheek  
hollowed by  
distraction, Sufism and Jack Daniels.  
An eye taming vacancy.  
The simplicity of light to  
mend distraction on a  
tonsured head.

Crouching at this  
great moral distance  
I balance on my knee a

552 Janus Head

willow basket full of fortunes:

Rib of Lilith;

rickety honor;

The Ordeal of the Crotch.

These days wounds come

from the same source as

my desire.