

prairie girls

(for Lorne Kulack)

the prairie girls are dancing erotically
in summer through my room
the room with a folded white shade
lined with cloth the deep blue
of japanese prairie the billowing skirt
of the girl with the peach face smiling
also danced through my room playing
her burnished violin quarter tones ascending
in oriental beauty
and the little girls whose knees cradle
cellos also dance
abandon their cello wood
lay it gently on its side to rest
while they dance out into the north light
north they dance until winter and the moonlight
is silver they skate in light around
and around the roof in moonlight
prairie girls their young bellies round like puppies'
whirling for him
who gave me prairie girls
for my room

SUSAN ANDREWS