1953

When I Look at Women

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The little spools of care
unwind and ricochet
upon the bald floor
stirring mice
and other nocturnals
to broad flight.

Unaccustomed eyes
blink before the sudden yellow
and focus myopically.
Then having eyed the flame
with sad success
can close and go sightless
through the throbbing night.

DOROTHY DALTON

WHEN I LOOK AT WOMEN

When I look at women eating
I think they look like fish
Eating other fish, but never­
Theless beautiful. They are
So silent nibbling their bites
And they look at each other
In unlidded silence; so very
Gossip in peaceful
Gesture.

Their hands tenderly pierce
The dead things they are eating,
As if to say: Life is salad,
Fish and roasted pig, hacked
Into crisp, brown pieces. They sit
Disarmingly, so modest in decorum;
Eating at their custard pies; taking.
Taking their time.

AMADOR DAGUIO