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## The Blue Willow

Glenna Luschei

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GLENN A LUSCHEI

*THE BLUE WILLOW*

## 1. My Western Imagination

Because I'm a  
Western Tanager  
It's hard to keep to nesting.

I keep flitting off  
In your direction,

Up here  
In the loom of the maple  
I'm yellow silk on the spindle.

Tamped with a batten  
Of willows  
Woven beside your window.

Fly with me, love,  
Away from dynasties.

Our bones won't mingle  
Forever  
I want a little for now.

## 2. Magic

You went by my house  
Again  
Just as I was reading up  
On aphrodisiacs  
And seductions

Nard and saffron  
Pistachio, pomegranate

I utter my charm over betel nuts  
Pretending all this is comical

### 3. Without Lights

Even though the rain drives  
Without lights  
And my family  
Is coming down with flu

I'm happy.  
I can be at your house  
In 15 minutes!

We hear the rain  
Thump past on snow chains  
You warm up my feet

And scratch my back  
In Euclid's patterns.  
Faustus at his drawing board

### Circles

tangents

World views all on my back!  
I'm the envy of harems.

Whoever thinks  
I'm going to the  
Devil  
Let him remember  
It's raining pitchforks!

### 4. Marina Cvetaeva

Marina,  
The story of you  
Not meeting your lover  
Because you had no shoes. . . .

Take my sandals  
It's summer,  
The onion tops in tower!

\*\*\*

He complains about my reflex  
 Though my knees  
 Flip  
 Like Cossacks.

Marina,  
 Can't he see  
 I only want to screw?

Marina,  
 Take my shoes!

### 5. Elk

I have no telephone  
 Cables are down in the snow  
 Only  
 The antlers of my pelvis  
 Catch me in

Still  
 You have reached me  
 Square bales of hay  
 Make me think of your pueblo  
 And you going about  
 A thousand times smaller

The red tunic!  
 Your long braid.

### 6. The Bean Dance

In the kiva  
 The beans have sprouted  
 The Hopis  
 chant

My belly  
 is strung each breast  
 the pick  
 of a mandolin

7. Yoruba

Why aren't you happy  
With me?  
Why aren't you happy in Yoruba?  
Purple  
Banana blooms unfold  
Like the cocks of stallions.

The praying mantis  
Part of me  
Waits  
Beneath the blue batik.

8. Night Song for a Friend.

We were banished  
To pocks in the moon

Rafts on the desert  
Sail and boom

Nights wore veils,  
Camel bells

Hours ran  
Without bobbing their heads

And carried me  
Eight days without water