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When I Look at Women

Amador Daguio

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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