

DeANNA STEPHENS VAUGHN

Souvenir

the woman contrived from calico half shells

when she called you

crazy-glued at the hinges
into the shape of feminine,
roosted on the windowsill, overlooking
the driveway, the kitchen sink.

it was about the decompression of

a southern fertility goddess, legless
beneath antebellum crenellations,

her belly's three-month swell

washed up from the Gulf of Mexico.
her starched billows began
at the hip. Feet and ankles absent
between scallops, hands bound
in a pink pipe-cleaner muff.

that her husband did not want

the pink smoothness inside her bonnet
grew varicose above missing ears

*because deaf women do not have babies,
should not purvey deaf mother liquid*

unlike the traveling pulchritude
on cartons of milk,
the South's logo for lactic purity.

De Anna Stephens Vaughn holds an MFA from George Mason University. Her work has appeared in Feminist Studies, Natural Bridge, and Paper Street. She teaches writing and literature at Roane State Community College in Tennessee and edits poetry for Tar Wolf Review, a journal of poetry and art she co-founded in 2003.

JOANNA M. WESTON

CREATION MYTHS

god sits under a maple tree
spitting melon seeds
into her hand
singing winter songs
while lilac floats
through her hair

a wild wind pulls her skirt
drags her up and out
to walk gravel
dig concrete
and bring the main frame
out of its womb
wired and bitten
belching information
through its guts

god twists knobs
fiddles icons
before condemning herself
to push flowers
through the stratosphere
hurling imprecations
through curled fingernails
before she grabs a pail
and buries cyber garbage
under her chair

*Joanna M. Weston's poetry appears
earlier in this volume.*