

1982

Mrs. Matthews

Kate Reynolds
Denison University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Reynolds, Kate (1982) "Mrs. Matthews," *Exile*: Vol. 29 : No. 1 , Article 17.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol29/iss1/17>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the English at Denison Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Exile by an authorized editor of Denison Digital Commons.

Tunnelvision

Her needlepoint face punches into the room.
Strands of yarn connect empty boxes
Creating a pattern, a universe in her mind
Superimposed on a disordered world:
Funnel-eyes track the moving target,
Blow it away in one nasal blast.
Still, a lost butterfly flutters in her breast.

Jeff Reynolds

Mrs. Mathews

Sun gently cleansing the glass
Mayonnaise jars, pregnant with fading flowers,
On the dusty window sill.
Smoke from her cigarette
Squirring around the room
While she bends her head
Over the brown-cracked china
Coffee cups,
Reflecting a gentle complexion
Wrung with pain.
The floor remains unswept
From memories of he
(who is gone).
Solitude unruffled
Her quiet composition
And she moaned to the table
Her despondence
As the black and white TV
Squawked, mocking her color dreams.

Kate Reynolds