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## Bleach

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## Bleach

My mother doing laundry; washing  
and the clothesline  
strung across the yard.

My face hung linen  
on the bed or  
on the white rope.  
Th breeze drying me  
my arms aching  
and I dangle  
a marionette bleached,  
stuck with clothes pins;  
my skin palely bruising.  
The metal hinges coat me  
rust and shed  
my vein wrappers  
but I am dry.

## Sweating eyes

My black troubles of greed  
make me see  
a sticky patina  
on the clay tablets of Moses  
sweating in the sun.  
I feel fire  
from the burning bush  
singe my face until  
I too sweat.  
In this heat  
I steep my pupils,  
squeeze them out,  
and my troubles of greed  
are no longer in my eyes.