

1979

Sweating eyes

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Recommended Citation

Minacci, Lisa (1979) "Sweating eyes," *Exile*: Vol. 25: No. 2, Article 10.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol25/iss2/10>

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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.