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Congruent Analogies

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Cathy McDonough

CONGRUENT ANALOGIES

I sit on the long untrimmed field grass Surrounded by at least fifty dead corpses beer cans Pepsi cans skimmed milk cartons Sticks from uncombed tree tops gnarl the long hav But deep within the heart of the wild domestic objects Gentleness blooms-Lavender violets The point of my pen With sadistic satisfaction Was manipulated to stab A gnat. It blended into the ink Gnat-ink But still the wingless pen And the inorganic ink Printed epitaphs on the unruly twigs Colored the violets royal blue Blue ink mixed with the sunlight And formed sultry green light As if I were looking through sunglasses. The violets in my pocket wilted I scattered them to rot And then the ink entered the dirt.