

Mary-Marcia Casoly

Other Adventures of the
Goddess

June's found a new editor for her footnotes.

Inside her chrysalis. Quiet March writ out her
referendum.

Her imponderables held by April, entertaining an
August curtain call.

This year snuggles on tight leggings. Tusk tusk.

October pleats, tsk
tsk, sperm whales, antelope bone-corset; each
vertebra moves without grief.

Patient the monkey's malachite eye in mid-
monocle.

Her cliff notes privately scroll through
September.

To you my Audience: we advise you to wear a
dawn-brimmed jam-pot hat
adorned with a baby finger feather draping your
December.

Two rooms ago, look for the thornbird couch,
make
an am-
bush. Throw thrown clay pots at the ancient
milkman's hour.

Staff matchsticks under the overstuffed mattress
of

July.
Accustomed to such a gusty grind, our date said:

Don't travel alone. Lament is no longer
November.
Same time next year, frisky as a gray fox.

There are many tricks to pedal pushing. Terrible
January mercurial.

Then gently find me: clad in black flats. Gavotte
the
climax.

It's happened before at four a.m. raincoats
February's mackintosh.
Our hangover without rainbow is blackened
shiner.

May's been framed.

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and "*Lost Pages of Bird Lore*." She is also the editor of
the magazine *Fresh Hot Bread*.