

MOLLY SPENCER

Collage

Put the armless woman here
by the needle. Put the man

by the door that needs paint
with a decorative fan

in his left hand. Assemble
the children in loose formation,

tangled flight pattern
as pans divorce lids,

shoelaces unravel. No one
need speak in this scene—

the row of spindles
says it all. Glue the window

to the floor. It's best to watch
a thing approach

from beneath—a shadow, a curl
of smoke. Paste some curtains

to the wall, then flames
to the curtains. These are not

the kind that burn. Where
is the woman again? Look—

she's been fastened near the light
too long. Her features

tend ghostward, a blue dress
considers the notion of gray.

So she is faded, yes.

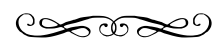
So she has perfected the art

of trimming. This floor plan
never worked. This is what sent her

to her desk, reaching
for scissors, glue, something

to arrange. So evening comes,
the waiting for sleep.

The *snip, snip, snip*
of her blades.



ABOUT MOLLY SPENCER

Molly Spencer's work has previously appeared in *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *Escape Into Life*, *Linebreak*, *The Massachusetts Review*, and *THRUSH Poetry Journal*. She has taught poetry to elementary students, is training to be a teaching poet with California Poets in the Schools, and will be pursuing an MFA through Pacific Lutheran University's Rainier Writing Workshop. She lives in the San Francisco Bay Area and blogs at *the stanza: a little room for poetry and the writing life* (mollyspencer.wordpress.com).

HERON TREE

1 June 2014

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