
Rose

After the thorn
I made myself such,
Barbaric, forlorn
To all that I touch.

A rose has a way
Of wanting, instead,
Something more to stay
A hand than dread.

—*Heidy Anne Steidlmayer*

Two Women In a Revolving Door

My mother digresses
Into doors that keep repeating
The same story over.
I am ushered into a hush
Which echoes my fear of turning
Into her, an old woman
Occluding the doors before me
Whose voice is my voice
When I say behind her back
This is not my story—
And push her out of the way.

—*Heidy Anne Steidlmayer*

Orrery

To my mind, this mad contraption
Sprang from the lonely
Hope of knowing planets.

Sad amplitudes of clocky junk
Crank moons and tiny globes of granite.

The ratchets interlock like asterisks
To star this, star the flying planets
I have made, and watch,

This one moves retrograde.

—*Heidy Anne Steidlmayer*

Wishbone

We pick sides, polar,
The pull, unspoken.

Division, it's a start.
Togetherness, but a token

To wish for the better
Part of something broken.

—*Heidy Anne Steidlmayer*