

Countrywoman/Surgeon

Life is wild as straw.
Your feet are two-inches thick in wool
—your kids sleep nude these early spring evenings.

You feel like a fox.
Tonight is a pouring place.
Your husband is a closed vault.

But green as a jar, countryside
comes up like a painting brought up thru
thick grime.

Rising with hip-pain
you go out back
with a hard joy for it all. Someday, maybe Britain

Britain
where rain bleeds & vivifies roses.
Now, life is wild as straw. Cut to the cut center.

Play solitaire, counting cold hard stars
betting on those cards
(while up the mountain, creatures are lambing.)

Roll stars like dice.
You fill with your own wild snowflakes
your laughing, winter in the midst of spring.

Love is in your thighs.
Winter's gone.
Geese have flown

overhead. You fill your fist with wildflowers
—not ones you planted—
for the kitchen table or patients in morning.

Coal, Firebrick redden your mind.
It's a birdless sky
a cold cash-like dawn.

(Continued on page 2)

The heave of the hill will be against you
but you'll be on time.
Though your body rebels. You grew up in a place the color of hay.

After an earth-turning night
you turn back
into the house, to don the surgeon's calm lamb white.

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