

Fencer/Woman

All we see in this dark weather
is fences. About him. About town. Cyclones. Lace-iron.

In such weather we learn
the hedge of the blood

has to be trimmed
back.

But shearing won't do:
Burning

is needed.
Along with the cells, they burn him.

The child has cancer,
Christ, sweet dancer

stone the doctor,
that fencer

with mail of chain.
Chain him.



But the doctor is
—a woman, young;

removes gloves, sword, mask, looks down:
Down a long cavern.

Nothing left to take to task
but death

so take him.
He fills the rooms of the boy's bones as if made for them

(Continued on page 2)

settles in for winter
while first snow comes, over fences, over chainmail cyclones

to mirror the weather.

Comes. The doctor wrings her hands. Her eyes are dry, her sword & wrists numb.

from *Toccata Of The Disturbed Child*. © Lynn Strongin 1977, 2002.
All rights reserved.