

## *I Go To Sleep, My Pale Girl, My Raggedy Anne*

I go to sleep, my pale girl, my raggedy anne  
prints of the doll, flannel  
on her nightgown. In the darkroom, dreams of film. In the hothouse, greens.

How does my broken  
girl  
sleep, in what position, where do the crutches stand?

How does my doctor?  
A sedative  
splits film right down center. Blurred vision.

### *ONE UP FOR JESUS*

I whisper  
blowing out the candle. Dust roads cease shining.

Tossed between death & decision.  
The calm that comes after storm:  
the season, a tale fading, roiling, the arch-enemy made kind.

*Tenderness has not a date  
it comes  
and overwhelms.*



Pathology  
sings with calm tongues.  
A bullet in flight, the bird under wing.

“Proud of you,” I whisper  
to rose-bones,  
Goodnight, black earphones by the bed, ragged gown drawn

an innertube  
above her hips  
for blue night’s drowning.

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What's tomorrow? Comes or fails to, red & clean.  
Though I speak with tongues of angels  
I speak with no tongue. What's a calendar-turn?

We'll get to the bottom of the currents.  
The wild swan folds his head in wing  
drowns in black waters.

Surgery is not as bright as morning sun.  
Great gander-geese, good squanderer, come.  
Tenderness has no name. *Be overwhelmed.*

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