

Salacious Poem

I made a cucumber salad
with vinaigrette tonight
because I remembered
your good salad.
I never have cucumbers
but an old man came to the door
with a bucket of cucumbers
selling them and
I had been thinking
about getting some.
3 for a dollar.
I took one small one.



Cucumber Man

Now I will have to be kind
to the old cucumber man.
He came around last year -
a pitiful bucket of corn
a few poor zucchini.
I always said 'no'.
This year he leaned against
the door frame exhausted
frail and pale. Perhaps
he'll come again and I'll
buy more. My salad man.

the girl two chairs down

down the table, a girl with
slicked blonde hair tied
in a bow. beautiful. and I
acknowledge less. some are more
lovely, more clear. your eyes
would travel the table, too
and find and choose. this pen
these pages cannot change it --
the lies we tell.
face of the goddess rises
at the table's end. all our
words for nothing.



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Strange Notions

9 poems by

Kim Hodges



Dream Moving

I pack and move every night
dream-hunt for apartments
always a hole somewhere
a missing wall
wing of raw beams unfinished
a basement down rickety stairs
not to be entered
something scurries, I desperately
plug up cracks
the floor gapes up, uneven
separating.

Once on a hill next to the ocean
a blue and white house
with open arches
tiled mosaic floor and sweeping rooms
the breeze blew through
outside sea grasses and dunes.
It cannot be for me I thought
and did not stay.

God at Dinner

He gives me nothing - just rules
and regulations to keep me safe
one step after another
in stale perfection
and verses to murmur in the night
as shadows fall around,
alone.

A silent companion
He sits across the table
a bare nod to my urgent rattling
of spoons. The eyes flick up
He passes rolls, a distant look
always the larger view.

He gets bored here, too, I think
this little town - would rather
be at city dance halls, noisy bars
among the damned and sinning
saving one more to a dusty security,
away from lights and color.
He always returns to
the bright places.

After all, He goes where He wants
and will not linger after dinner.

mermaids (littlest and not)

her tongue had been cut out,
forcing her to dance to win his love.
her shining finned tail split to smooth
and slender legs. the siren's voice
stilled with which she hoped to charm him,
now only form and rhythm left and visual
arts - not enough. her golden hair
floating as she twirled, a slim, graceful,
curving shape. still, it was sound
he chose, loving more with his ears than
with his eyes. she danced back to foam
as he embraced his more vocal bride.
perplexed with the opposite dilemma,
i write and call you, charm your vagrant
thoughts with words. you turn to faces
glistening in your sight, long hair, silk
thighs to touch, while far away as if
a blind had draped me, this siren voice
fades from your distant ears.



i dream of monks

i dream of monks kneeling over prayers
gray robes clinging to tai-chi bodies
ready to rip aside the cloth
leap from calm to swift defense
muscles gleaming in the sun
fierce glance, a kick, a hiss
then folding back to contemplation
lotus blossoms in the stream.



the haunted bookstore

at the old mausoleum bookstore
no one came to hear me read
but there was a ghostly crowd
a sound of windy sighs
and the scraping of dead leaves
that I took for applause



eating in the mall

the little piece of pizza
the smallest cinnamon bun
seems a woman's money
isn't good enough
I want the big one
I want it all