

## Cod Fish Heads

Oh she was a salty dear,  
and she shed a pretty tear  
for the codfish heads upon the strand,  
her loaf of bread in hand.

Slit them and salt them and hang them to dry  
on the tables of sticks  
supported by bricks.  
Stack them and pack them in boxes she ties  
with coarse algae twine  
she soaked in strong brine.

Cape Cod girls, they don't use beds,  
they stuff their ticks with codfish heads.  
Tangled up hair with codfish bones.  
Fishermen's girls never use any combs.  
Her lover's gone away in a wooden ship  
to the undulating sea,  
to a mermaid's slip.  
Silver buckles at his knee,  
he left her home with the codfish.

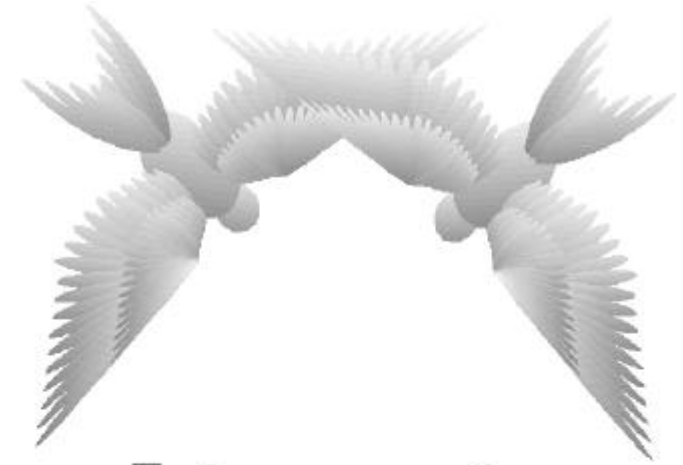
Oh she was a salty dear,  
and she shed a pretty tear  
for the codfish bones upon the strand,  
his photograph in hand.

## Hungry Sky

When the moon is white as bread,  
when stars are pale as crumbs  
that scatter on dark carpet, fed  
to any insect child that comes

across the hungry sky, I flee  
on wings of cobweb dust. I trip  
on six small legs, and carefully  
I stroke your brow to take a sip

of you. Oh, you are fine as rare  
red wine; your tender veins are blue  
as flight's delights. The garden air  
is warm and only smells of you.



## Limpets

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## Limpets

The culture of angels has fallen with doves,  
stewed with leather gloves and trumpets  
silent as the clinging limpets.  
Clam shell lockets harbor loves  
lost on their ladies' breasts.  
The rest is simple,  
she stayed here  
while he went over there,  
shells and rockets  
in his pocket  
with her photograph.

They found him bleached with powdered fire,  
sent his missile missive home.



## What's the Buzz

Your kiss is mead. This bee is drunk,  
and once devoured flowers are forgotten  
in this current buzz, old fuzzy-headed me.

Pour into me, and I'll fall in your cup,  
besotted by your jasmine mouth.  
My daze slips into hours,  
bedazzled by the flavors on your tongue.

I'm stunned by you and stumble hard,  
poor bumble that I am.  
But I would fall again, and then again,  
to feel like I do now.

## Iris in a Blue Vase

Your syncopated heartstrings  
are bouncing on my bedsprings.  
My linens are silk;  
your blanket is milk.

Such creamy sighs at midnight  
of summer-colored moonlight  
are woven with flight  
tucked into delight.

Your iris in a glass vase  
sits at my bedside, not because  
its color is blue,  
reminds me of you.

