CARA DEES

To the Supreme Associate Judges,

. . . For we be, either of us, weary of other.

-Medbh McGuckian

Today the sun re-struck a path along my neck and loosened down my shoulder blades and as I reddened

beneath its poor man's kiss I remembered how I never sued for your forgiveness, viz.,

my hair's continuous shambling, the flushed confusion

of my face, my purse without a penny. Honor Tenor or Uproar or Bitter, please

advise how to best mend

my pastures' bruised fences, how much soap mixed with how much spirit to sleek

the oiled curve of my frontispiece, how little I must love my windows. My words want

your honeyed distinction, the rigid- lily of your voice, so I can fetch only the crude truth for my writing you— this morning the sun

fierced over and through me toward our ill-bred mare who, warmed

and kicking, bit her new colt's stomach to patchwork. He stumbles alone, mouthing with lack of purpose. The truth is I'm frightened

of his obsession with her thick salary of milk and it reminds me how my mother would counsel me

against men, *hold, hold*on, hold, and I held, until I didn't.
And after I wanted to cry to her, *Look!*

There are no limits to this well, no end
to the body's stretched felicity! Forgive me,

Honor Melt or Hammer or Temper. This body
can be a careless companion, bucking beyond me,
all heat and hormone, headland and early

summer. Please reply with guidance as to: item fence, freeing; item sun, forwarding;

item body, airborne rose. I wait here for your letter, that law you lay down—exact, exacting—those words louder, larger than my own.

Note: The epigraph is from McGuckian's "The Good Wife Taught Her Daughter," and the language "how little I must love my windows" is adapted from a line in the same poem.