

AN OLD QUEEN RECALLS

My father was a blacksmith.
My mother was a nurse.
I wore her dresses out of doors.
We heard him curse.

My adult life was underground –
a business suit, a vest.
Hallowe'en was a holy day –
lipstick, heels, the rest.

I knew how to make a man
feel good when I took his hand.
“You could, so you did?”
Darling, I still can.

- from “City Poems”, Exile Editions