

Andrea Sherwood

AT WORK

Inside the doll's house
the mothers shrink back
to eye-level, arms, legs, breasts
cut back to the earth.

Daughters build Cathedrals, glass-paned and crowded
with immigrants. A storm erupts in a tea-cup
and the future is read, rearranged, true.

The red hibiscus is round as a mouth
and talks non-stop.

A highway rides across the chimneys
where passengers disembark to sign their bodies
in the sky, watch the tunnel o sun
burrow out of the mountain.

A city is destroyed and rebuilt
and nobody dies.

A Goddess watches from beginning to end.

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