

RECONSIDERING HIS POEM ABOUT THE OLD BROADS

The day he read it I was nowise kin
to aging women; how could I compare
my smoothness, firm fast legs, my russet hair?
What made him write about an extra chin?
It bothered me, seemed unpoetic fare,
the dulling shine of long-used silverware.
Now well I've learned that state, the lizard skin.
I was impressed with how he shaped a phrase
both in his text and slyly on his tongue,
but didn't join his fans' explosive praise
or buy his book. Back then I was a young
unpracticed future tense of feminine.
In retrospect, his voice, his nailing eyes,
I sense, were probing ways to empathize.