

“divinity”

the church ladies make *divinity*

with a chuckle—

the light, white angel stuff
that melts your tongue
dissolves your mouth, swallows
50 years of other tastes...

night of “The Doll Show”
in the school auditorium
row on row of old dolls—
porcelain rag silk, painted
cheeks, eyes that opened
& closed, with real eyelashes
& real hair from somebody
& rows of pearl-bead teeth
—& down each side
of the long room tables
overflowing with quilts &
knitting & puppets &
labelled collections, paintings
plaster footprints metalwork
leather, things made with bottle-caps
—all spangled with ribbons
& certificates—& then came
the booths: balloons & fishpond,
throwing things bingo bouquets
canned goods cookies cakes &
that one word, “*divinity*”
that sent a little girl out
into the starred night
bare feet
on the cool, green lawn
tasting
of heaven