

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,

