

**DIANA LUEPTOW**

**Possum Idyll**

From beyond the patio's aureole  
it stared at me. *It* became *she*, and she  
conformed to rules of Tudor portraiture:  
pointed chin, black eyes burning,  
white-faced little sister to Donne, to our  
new, the handsome, Shakespeare. Worried, too—  
by the land, the lads, the lazy servants,  
her love for the parish sexton holding  
the keys. Their velvet burrow, the golden trees.  
Oh, how he loves her rat tail, her long lace cuffs  
of black, the way each night she sneaks another  
morsel in his lap. Carriages await her  
but she doesn't care. Her aimless lord  
is ruination but forsooth tomorrow  
is sufficient. Evil waggles but not  
tonight. Venus winks in the sky.