

MARG YEO

wolves of course

i.

what is a  
word o yes o  
yes it is a  
concatenation of consonants and  
vowels latinate a  
mouthful  
or it is  
simple solid and  
old as stone it is the  
bedrock at the beginning and  
end of my life  
a word is the hip  
bone of a poem and without its particular  
cadence everything  
stumbles to a halt

a word is an  
entrance into somewhere  
wonderful it is a passage into  
pain and  
out again

ii.

in group we get talking about  
*red* such a gigantic single  
*syllable*  
to grasp it we discuss  
russia after the tzars the perils of  
working the streets the merits of  
hysterectomy versus having your  
tubes tied  
and wolves of course  
in grandmothers' clothing

and sure enough i see that  
one digging out a  
pencil and writing it  
down *red* and drawing a  
circle around it she grins  
a bit (absent  
already) and dissociates for the  
rest of the afternoon

i hope she is somewhere utterly  
summer and bleeding  
only with the moon

iii.

what is a word

alone or in a  
flock so  
simple and where one  
goes they all go  
rushing after

into any danger or  
disaster

iv.

wolves of  
course in grandmothers'  
clothing

*Marg Yeo has published six volumes of poetry.  
Her most recent collection, Getting Wise,  
was published by Gynergy Press in 1990.*