

### **Crazy Jane**

Deal me out  
in penitence and death  
I am tight as a skein  
clinging closely to grandmother's  
exhumed body  
I can hear the roll of the train  
from inside the room  
her skull  
I hear  
the lonesome whistle blow  
it wheezes right between  
my broken lips/tight and dry  
always as if parting  
making way for some beast  
my mother always told me  
to make way  
was it in the backshed  
filled with last year's peonies  
breaking through the ground  
bending over just enough to touch me  
and shed some mucus blood  
when she told me  
and I tried not to hear  
beyond the humus veins  
that ran slow just below  
her broken throat  
low-ebbed, blue-  
bruised and green  
I couldn't hear  
through flotsam jetsam schemes  
about grandmother  
lying there  
apart from us  
in so many pieces  
can I kiss her now  
and whisper that I know the  
secret  
tell her that I'm just like her

— **Simmie Moore**