

Carrie Anderson

1939

Bread, water, rough wool.

Women and children

first.

And so it was

in London 1939.

The chaffed pink nipples of mothers.

exposed to the provable winds of England
and the beginnings of teeth.

And war.

And Dorothy's ruby slipper?

If Freud would've lived what would have Freud said
of a woman in red heels?

A loss of innocence=

menstruation=

dreams of the Wizard's (or her father's)

manicured nails scratching welts on young breasts?

And she loved it?

At Chartres centuries of art and

history are tucked away, ensconced in sand and fear
Die kunst des Krieges.

Mary-for a second time-would rest

in a bed of hay.

Dismantled

until she was nothing

more than blue and purple

and light.

And that impossible red;

even the battlefield of Europe

could not match

that red.

In the states business booms.

Sales of nylon stockings and bombs to terrorists

rise

sharply. The earth sighs in Turkey and

45,000 men women children

die.

Atoms are split and a man in
Japan has a premonition:

A woman and child walk through a garden.
They are transparent in the cerise dawn.