My Resignation

Also by Maureen Thorson

Applies to Oranges

Maureen Thorson

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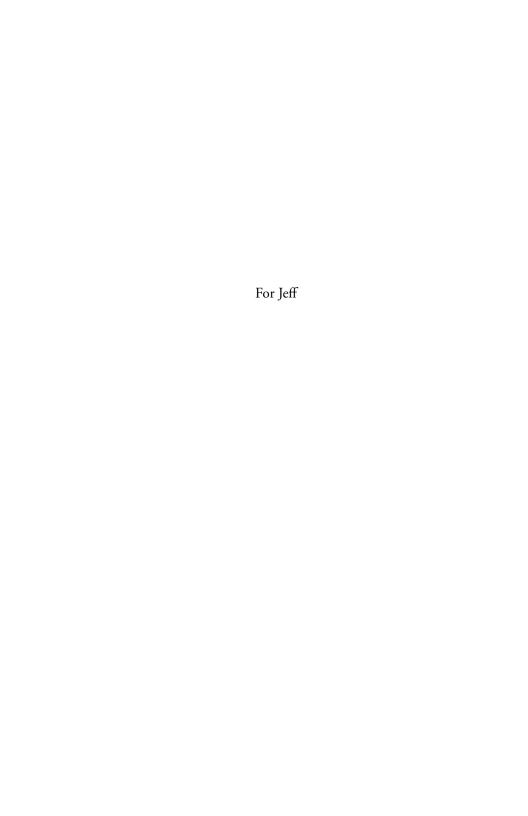
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"But one has to make some sort of choice," said Harriet. "And between one desire and another, how is one to know which things are really of overmastering importance?"

"We can only know that," said Miss de Vine, "when they have overmastered us."

—Dorothy L. Sayers, Gaudy Night

A Man for All Seasons

I bruised out
of what I thought
would be
my last bout with love—

won only a ring I wouldn't wear, this bedazzled warning:

I will not participate in my own oppression.

Stitched it to my belt and hunkered down.

Months passed. Then you—

O questor at the doorstep of high summer, the weathers of a heartbreak left me red-eyed, wary, transparent to the winds,

tawdry terrors underlying my tenderness.

I can manage the simple tests of August,
of autumn, and of winter, too—
slow bus rides
from one state to another and back,
a part-time love—

but spring

brings higher stakes, moving trucks and cable bills.

You're not the one who lost my trust,
but when the daily rub of minds
leaves me wondering with my claws out,
you're the one

who'll have to earn it back and I'm the one

who'll have to let you-

or else what always-broken thing, tongue-less bell, will I become?

Spring is here, raw-chapped and rudderless.

Let's see how we do.

April Allegrezza

So We Began to Kick the Tires

This unit not for sale. This bicycle built for two. High-five for timely truck-rental.

The idea of boxes. Storage.

I send you advertisements. I send you houses.

"Two specious rooms."

A hand mirror. A dance partner.

"I've got nothing but perspective."

We are a machine.

And all our parts can move.

Follow the Leader

In the park, Mr. Lincoln's statue stretches forth its arm, a gentle benediction.

This laying-on of hands betokens a triumphant processional.

A heating up and thinning of the blood.

You've come down where your heart lies, from the great cold enclosure, a southerly course.

At the head of no army, with one smile and two hands to make your case.

Past several dozen rivers, bright medals of your intention.

Let me furnish you with handholds, fingers walking the curve of your back, palms like epaulettes laid across your shoulders.

Where the unshakeable force meets the once-burned object...

Come now; point me the way.

Enter the Heroes

This is the new place. I've been here a while.

Just gotta figure out these doors.

Where the sun mirrors an empty closet, a flap of wings. A sweep of hands.

I wonder how you'll handle the cicadas.

A dropped A late consonant. phone call.

Afterimage—
a burning reflection
in the retinas of birds.

Say, "call me Ishmael."
Say, "just try me."

And let me welcome you home.

Hymn for Those Who Lift Things up Stairs

I am singing us, I guess.

I want to understand what I love. Prove it is right.

Though I am too busy to think. Boxes.

Let's make a deal.

An eye for an eye. A tooth for a tooth. A box for what's inside the box.

I am singing, I guess.

Just-glimpsed vanity plate—1HOME1F8.