

Two Poems by Corinne Lee

Failed Ambush Against Flamingoes

Stabat Mater: the mother
remained standing. Yet—a lymphatic horizon,
your lips shivering

as if in gelatin. Paper grass—
—coconut eggs—a bleating
from others' beaky mouths. And the news

that your too grown daughter has wandered. *Strayed*,
I reassure. *Not forfeited*. Just briefly subsumed
into her self-

mezzotint. While back here
at the corral, only maraschinos
are frolicsome. To cheer we maternal fire-

eaters (pillarbound). Hocus pocus/
crocus, dear friend. So shall we
effervesce? Remember, there was no retreating,

only celebrating, on the long ago days
our wombs, like hyacinths,
became starred.

Landscape with Botched Sacrifice to Fata Morgana

Vikings in the coffee, scimitars
in the tea. Choleric, a sugar bowl totters
on sea legs.

Yet above this inadequate littlest town
(hayseed familial),
scaloped mansions maunder. Perhaps accept

passing visits. To a lone deity (rhapsodic coinage).
With Her sovereign insistence

that kith and kin be forfeited—
because enlightenment shies
from clans, shuns

this surfeit of flesh and blood
in still life
of underfoot marbles—skipping rope—
jacks. Yet if one
of Her crutches falls,

the dreamer wakes. While stirring
warm oolong, so thickly
cupped. Among sierras of clan, fused

rapt. And sweet trumpery
of toys.

Corinne Lee's poems have been published in dozens of online and print literary magazines, ranging from *The Beloit Poetry Journal* to *Fine Madness*. Ms. Lee has been a multiple nominee for the Pushcart Prize. Her book *PYX* won the 2004 National Poetry Series and will be published by Penguin in 2005. Ms. Lee is the owner and publisher of Winnow Press (www.winnowpress.com). She lives in Central Texas with her husband and young children.