

TWO POEMS BY VICTORIA BAY

AGNOSOGNOSIA

I watch you carry peonies
From behind the garage.

Your obedience
Is phenomenal. As you lay the flowers

Out, your hand cleaves
To the shears,

To the long barnacled stalks.
In the phenomenal,

Mother, I write to you. The agitation.
Beauty of again again.

A BURR IS A SEED OR DRY FRUIT IN WHICH THE SEEDS BEAR HOOKS OR
TEETH

The voile nightgown opens

Wide at the arm. Your breasts slope.

The bathroom tap is on.

Smoke at the marbled edge

Of the doorframe, the door

Is locked. The black poodle

Is dead and I will wait here

In the ornament

For you. The orange lilies

At the top of the stairs

Grow thick black spots.