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Liver Fungus; Papaver Somniferum

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Poems by Rosemary Pitman-Redmon

Liver Fungus

Liver fungus spreads, bright red on stumps
between gardenias and African violets.
Women blue pale fabrics by the pumps;
the sky is filled with smoke let out by pilots.

Between gardenias and African violets,
broken pots and dirt form little clumps.
The sky is filled with smoke let out by pilots;
children in the grass scratch chigger bumps.

Broken pots and dirt form little clumps.
Railroad men pass by with fishing nets.
Children in the grass scratch chigger bumps;
a soldier in the yard is eating biscuits.

Railroad men pass by with fishing nets.
Women blue pale fabrics by the pumps,
a soldier in the yard is eating biscuits.
Liver fungus spreads, bright red, on stumps.

Papaver Somniferum

O Morpheus, God of Dreams!
Your arms surround me like an Oatman's shirt.
In the dark alley infected arms dangle
like limbs after a hurricane.
A virus sings beneath my skin—
music from childhood, fingers
are fat crayons, purple and red.
Death ambles toward me
like a tired hosiery salesman.
Bury me in a field of poppies!