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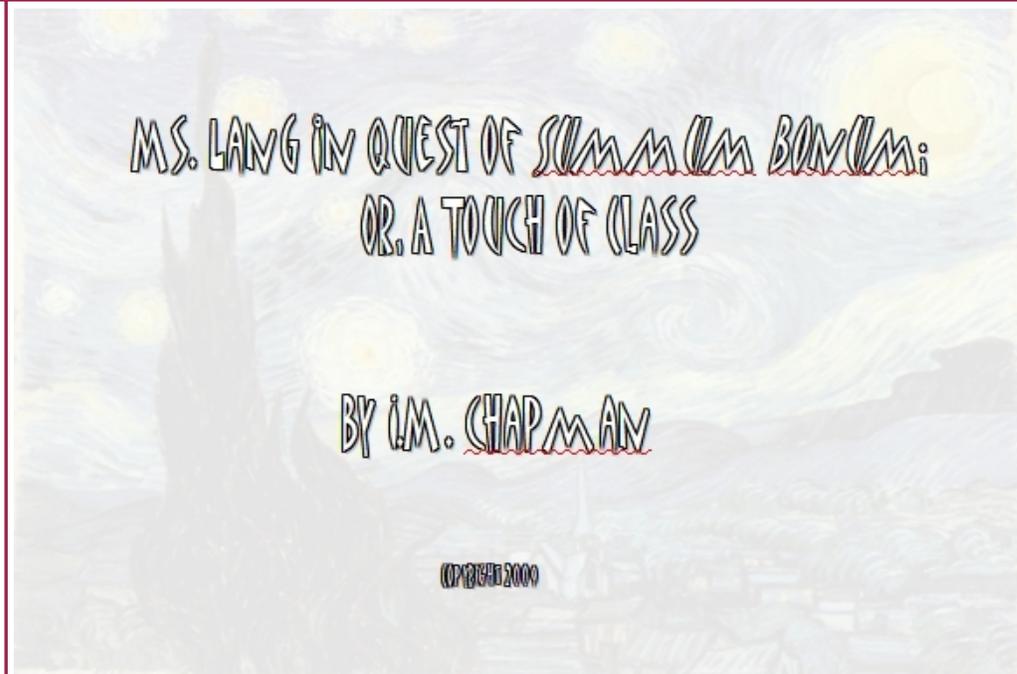
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Little enters her ear or eye that doesn't exit soon
Through a conscientious tongue,
So that the inner must be lonely and thin as air
In a house for sale, no longer a home,
Daughter and rugs, bed, husband and cat long gone;
Little but walls and floor remains,
And speckled sunshine drifting through dusty panes.

She's far too busy to notice the vast naught within,
Cousin to vacuum this mining, her telling brings.
She cannot quiet, cannot sit or stay,
Grows nervous with no motion or noise.
Her lips lust always after an ear;
The phone grafted to cheek and chin
Also siphons into the echoing din,
But to small avail, for a huge hole yawns
Letting all substance drain.
Nothing awaits the yeast of reflection
(Too slow that archaic loaf),
Never the silence, the stillness
Of mere wonder or single-syllable awe.
Diamond distance and busy clock are All.
And words, words, words!

As soon as up Ms. Lang turns on,
For all that is loud, fast, bright;
Good glitters, is rush, run, and sun.
There is no night, no Sirius, no moon,
No flowing daffodils come March, no Easter hyacinths,
No May apple blooms or new grass perfume.
No saunter, no stroll, no gawking loiter
To watch, listen, absorb.

Ms. Lang drives always above the limit
To quickly arrive; she quickly wears down brakes.
On a September morning, radio

Blasting country inside her crimson Volvo,
Heat and fan on high, wipers clump, clump, clumping
At top speed to sweep but the early autumn fog,
She races toward the office which lets her carry
Aigner, Coach, and Borelli,
Affords her Birkenstocks for summer hurry,
And purchases for winter preening Barbour and Burberry.

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I. M. Chapman has taught for over forty years at colleges and universities in North Carolina, Ohio, and Kentucky; he has published poetry in *Wind*, *Journal of Kentucky Studies*, *Poem*, *The Fiddlehead*, *Voices International*, and *Eureka Literary Magazine*.