## Matisse, Gas

she hangs about her garden she's chatting with the flies avidly reads the classics she never ever sighs

a cigarette is always extension of her time gives her a new lease of life to find the perfect rhyme

she now enters the bedroom unmakes the bed, lies down studies Sylvia Sexton and tightens her night gown

there is a curse around her she explains to her gas fire that feminist production was not to take her higher

the gas stove in the kitchen warms up her lettered past of fantasies of lovers that rose and baked fast