

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