

## *Aunt*

She talks too loud, her face  
a blur of wrinkles & sunshine  
where her hard hair shivers  
from laughter like a pine tree  
stiff with oils & hotcombing

O & her anger realer than gasoline  
slung into fire or lighted mohair  
She's a clothes lover from way back  
but her body's too big to be chic  
or on cue so she wear what she want  
People just gotta stand back &  
take it like they do Easter Sunday when  
the rainbow she travels is dry-cleaned

She laughs more than ever in spring  
stomping the downtowns, Saturday past  
work, looking into JC Penny's checking  
out Sears & bragging about how when she  
feel like it she gon lose weight &  
give up smoking one of these sorry days

Her eyes are diamonds of pure dark space  
& the air flying out of them as you look  
close is only the essence of living  
to tell, a full-length woman, an aunt  
brown & red with stalking the years

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