

Nuns of My Order

Wear an honest blue cotton
& when guests come,
we watch the cheese sweat
& the tea grow cold for
instead of meals
we take cool milks
need nothing else

Eveningtimes, in whitest
underclothes, we wash
our day garments, bind them
round broom handles, delight
in the new wrinkles
come morning

How can we be sad,
we are not hungry

How can sadness be,
we love the dust on the mirror
the mote of dust itself
our guest.