

3 Poems



Laurie Duggan

Blue Hills 84

this garden, like the house
resists its environment

the uninviting neatness
of pond and low hedges

nothing to step out into
save these signifiers

fake patio, fake patio

concrete imitates stone

imported figurines
guard the mantelpiece

fake is as real as it gets

Blue Hills 81

a change to hit this afternoon
maybe thunder

and then we go
Tropical Skiing

or drinking
on Nicholson Street

the steady roll of dark clouds
south of here

a baroque backdrop
to the city

Blue Hills 86

a rectangle of sky
lights the kitchen bench

shadows of screeching corellas
cross this space

a cat perched on the coffee machine, stares
toward the front door, another,
eyes closed, faces north

hieratic

they are the gods of this household

the cat makes the man