Altar: Basket Weave Pattern

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The furnace on its off cycle
The only sound
The muted crackle of the fire
Dying before raised brick hearth
Laid out in basket weave pattern.
An open book

The words sliding off the page
Moving into shaded positions.
In the next room through

Open French doors
Two women make love--
One very young, the other
Soon to leave young.
Van Gogh's "yellow" bedroom

Floats before my eyes, floating
Before dolls were laid to rest
Prom dress dwindled to dust
Diamond ring was presented.
Before cedar box with brass hinges
Appeared, ashes of sister

Of friend, lover, best enemy
Lying in forty-year bed dreaming
His wine-topped open eye
Dream and gulping nitro pills.
In the kitchen black windows

And the lake beyond
Throwing off its quilt of ice
Soon to reflect indifferent constellations.
I heat milk for spotted cat

Ignore zigzag line before my eye
Lay another log on the fire.
The women fold back the red blanket
Ask me to join them.
We lie down on lime-green sheets
Merge into one.

Pat McKeage  
Revelation

After deep
internal shudder,
the universe
before my mouth.
I rise up, snap at it,
bite it, hold it
in my mouth, swirl it
with my tongue,
let it slide,
hover in my throat, feel
it drop like a speed of
light traveling stone as
electric current snaps,
eyes seeing too much--
knowing too much,
wanting too much--
sinking back,
curtain ripping,
stone rolling,
horses retreating,
God, for the moment, tiny,
playing hopscotch in my hand.