It Was She Who Cried

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"You are a pagan tart," he cried, spilling his coffee and mine, and I in Sunday morning mode where brain is cotton candy, did not or could not reply. He dropped my poems on the table, leaving them to sop up the coffee, and lumbered off.

When the brain drifted into gear I pondered—What is a pagan tart? A pagan tart is one who copulates with born again gargoyles, and after they expire summons forth dragons from the underside of hell. Dragons the height of small suns, who rise up on hind legs, snorting, whipping the tips of their tails, each one hoping to be first. When she is finished, with a flick of her wrist she flings them all into fields of snow. After a slight sigh, angels appear, fearful and trembling, eager to sample her oceanic bed of delights. She consoles and supplies.

Later she grows tea roses in her pussy while serving milk toast to hysterical bears. And why not? For the pagan tart was alive before the Big Bang. It was she who cried, "Let there be life!"

A box gathers things. It protects the fragility of Great Aunt Hattie's china. It gives form to the softness and fluidity of a satin wedding dress. It provides a resting place for memories—faded photographs and diaries in perfect 1920's penmanship, spats and muffins in a packet of crinkled letters nestled in a green soldier's uniform—and though the shape may hint at what's inside, still hides the contents in darkness.

A box organizes that which it contains into neatness. Its contents are solidified, conformed, defined, and labeled, then tucked away somewhere and forgotten. Until the young ones find it while playing in Hattie's attic, stirring up dust motes, whirlwinds of questions, and disremembered pal