

MANDORLA

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TWO POEMS

A MEXICAN WOMAN AND A NEGRO WOMAN WORK THE ELYSIAN FIELDS

the vendor of flowers patrols the fog, looking for anyone who looks thinner than petals, than mist. the vendor of fog patrols the flowers, seeking anyone who sees through clouds, through colors. they are barely rarely visible. one can be heard faintly : *flores para los muertos, flores —flores...* the other laughs mockingly, too loud. the laughter of the vendor of fog greets the widow of desire upon her entrance. the widow of desire, ghostly hysterically white, a wilted, whiskey-clouded magnolia. the faint call of the vendor of flowers sends her back among the dead. the vendor of fog dances a second line among the flowers, laughing irrepressibly. the vendor of flowers threnodies through the fog, leading the lost to rest.

—after tennessee williams