

CINQUAINS OF DOUBT

SHARON DOLIN

Don't look
at my rich cloak
vermilion swirled with gold
look at my one eye to appraise—
other

shrouded—
horned lips of coal
bone cap down to my brows
I am Queen of Calamity
the sky

is my
rosary if
you have come to admire
my drapery you may go if to
return

my look
of despise—[my
rosary now is a
counting of eyes]—leave all hope at
the door

you who
enter bruised / grazed
and already broken
can you abrade withstand my gaze?
Just try.