Blue Falsetto after Frank Stanford's "Blue Yodel of Her Feet"

M. E. Riley

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Blue Falsetto

after Frank Stanford's "Blue Yodel of Her Feet"
M. E. Riley

Vassar Miller Poetry Award Winner

You won't look me in the face I'm a hound that's killed
things we once loved so you look

my feet paled from winter paws
roughened by gravel stiff branches they

hardly hold the weight of my body cold
statue you admire

Your waist is a place your chest gives ground
sandbar by river hums a summer song

I wish I could keep you barefoot and dance
lightly around young plants bearing in dry soil

Too much to raise your eyes across the rest of me
you look at my feet yours walked

over spring ground where you found me
cover same terrain when you leave