

Alice, the Moon, and Men

She lives in a mobile home, slightly
away from town, in between two places.
She turns her bed every night
just a fraction of movement
to keep her toes with the moon.
Powdered moonlight, like fingertips, strokes
the curved impenetrable parking space
laid between big toe and calloused ball.
She wonders about the empty space
beside her in the bed.
She dreams about large, barrel-chested men,
that smell of pine tree bark,
or axle grease.
She reads the paper every day.
Sometimes she scans the personals,
but always there are way too many men-
divorced white Jewish guys
looking for a good time,
never men smelling of tree bark
or axle grease,
looking for a woman
who powders her toes
with the moon.

-Editha Ann Wilberton