

Revision -

poet. Dm email

1/4/16
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OLD POETS

mtare At the literary luncheon for the *old poet* ~~female~~ poet, the gray-haired daughter is still hurt by her mother's preference for the book. When the daughter asked what was for supper as a girl, she tells the others, her mother went on typing up the manuscript while reciting with a smile a tiny, ironic poem: "Air soup and wind pudding." The poet refuses to believe it, and denies chasing her daughter all over the house with a shoe brush for neglecting to mail the finished manuscript at the post office. For what mother would make such a cruel choice between her two children?

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At the end, when he wore the address and photograph of his own house around his neck, his wife and son always knew where to find him: at the town grocery, inviting the women who came in to dance. After a lifetime of going to his upstairs study