

My Sadness¹

Susan Elizabeth Howe

My sadness eats sauerkraut because she's allergic to sauerkraut.

My sadness roams heating ducts, shuffling through the lint.

My sadness sharpens her teeth.

My sadness starts the avalanche she gets caught in. Then I can't breathe.

My sadness wears a crown adorned with plastic rubies and a circlet of rabbit fur.

My sadness weeps over the word adorned.

My sadness wanders the fields looking for killdeer eggs.

My sadness wades the shallows bare-legged, attracting leeches.

My sadness calls leeches bloodsuckers.

My sadness tries out for the hummingbird then feels inadequate when the tackle gets the part.

My sadness wears her hair down to her tush and irons it.

My sadness, believing sugar to be a thickening agent, ruins the pudding.

1. First published in *Pleieades*.

My sadness takes up throat-singing and wins a horse.

Sometimes my sadness shrinks to the size of a salmon egg.

But my sadness never washes away in the current.