

ESTABLISHED

David Jaffin

Can you imagine her now
With children steeped from head to
toe

In a flowing gown and
All that regalia of justice

She who spat upon her mother's knee,
Who taught her masters oft
A lesson or two,
Extended her tongue (when she was
still quite young) between
The upper teeth and the garlicked
Dungeons of her lower mouth?

Can you imagine her now
Treading the church with a drawn down
brow

And all the appearance of a somewhat
contemplation
When she used to kick between the chairs
And mimic the worthy airs of an
elder generation?

Can you imagine her now,
Can you think of her as stately and fine,
Jewelled and gowned
In the prismic order of the
present?