

Carole Stone

Ordinary

I am tired of being a woman.
Sick of my hair no longer blonde.
Tired of the face I see in the mirror.

I've had all I can take of the loneliness
that hangs over me like a dead mouth.
I'm fed up with the moon over the trees.

I can't stand the distant stars.
I want to fall in love with this world
as if it were a first amour,

forgive those who left without saying goodbye.
I, too, will become shadow,
and feel the icy wool of the earth.

I'll leave behind my human light,
fall asleep like a new mother,
who stayed up all night, walking her baby.

Carole Stone is Distinguished Professor of English, emerita, Montclair State University. She has published five books of poetry and four chapbooks among them *Traveling with the Dead*, Backwaters Press and *American Rhapsody*, Cavankerry Press. Her work has appeared in *Blue Fifth Journal*, *Slab*, *Bellevue Literary Review* and *Nimrod*. She won three fellowships from The NJ State Council on the Arts and three National Endowment for the Arts Fellowships. She divides her time between Verona, NJ and Easthampton, NY.