

# **A Wise Woman Builds Her House, a Foolish One Tears it Down With Her Own Hands**

By Nikki Moen

Called over to the table, the girls all hiss  
Oh no  
as I hug him hello  
smiling  
sweet smoke is my encasement  
in the maze  
of dingy leather

Mirror in the morning, I whisper  
Oh no  
to my once more blemished face  
cloud cover is here again, old friend  
after so many  
bright and cherished suns

Last night he caught me in the wires  
and cable  
saying this is kinetic  
let's get out our books-  
even while the solution is here

I'm stretching out long diagrams  
unable  
to decipher their meaning  
I'll send it to the  
dailies  
and look feverishly for my drill.