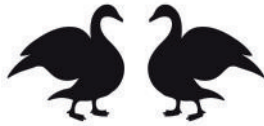


LAURA LEHEW

THE BENGAL IS DUPLICITY



She is the track the train is waiting for

the arms to lower
at the crossroads

the clangs the whistles
the world to stop—sometimes

she speeds on all claws
slashing towards another

destination—sometimes she lingers
inhales the perfume of passengers

diesel-electric engines, traction
motors, axles

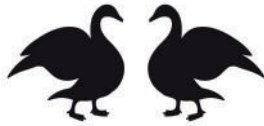
suns herself
lascivious

craves

the supple feel of flesh
on flesh

LAURA LEHEW

THE OTHER LAURA



lives on the East Coast over
extends her credit never easier
she bakes cookies fresh from the fridge—no mixing
no mess for her perfect cookie cutter
family two children a girl and a boy
who never cut class and, of course,
she is married happily
to a man. She has 2 dogs—golden
retrievers she calls them Jack and Jillian
feeds them bits and bits of leftovers.

The other Laura is bone thin her
friends think she has an eating disorder
but don't want to upset her. Debtors call
leaving cryptic messages that she erases
she never has anything to wear would rather
be shopping. Each night at precisely 10 PM
she tucks her boy and then her girl in though they
are too old and say boldly “awe mom” slips serenely
into plaid flannel sheets pops on the news kisses
her perfect man chastely on his perfect lips.

The other Laura has no crazy sisters, aunts
family all rather Norman Rockwellish drinks
a glass of Pinot Noir doesn't worry if today
is the day she becomes a drunk someday this
other Laura hopes to travel the world or at least leave
the backyard, PTA, suburbia and when her head hits
her memory foam pillow she dreams of eating
1 dozen cream filled maple bars cropping
her hair short dying it blue one—long—hot
night tied up with Canadian born actor Nathan Fillion

wakes to Quaker instant oatmeal
dried cranberries.