

Anne
Sherwood
Pundyk
"Bodily Fluids"



"Blood"

"Paper, like skin remembers stings, pricks, kisses and caresses. Recorded below the surface, blooming into bruises, bodily fluids mix with minerals and salts, mirroring medium and pigment. Unsteady for a first cool ocean dip small silhouettes are anchored in a mother's mind, infinitely deep. While patting a knee or rubbing a shoulder, she knows that soon enough, a stumble in public will bring private reassessment. Up again they will go; sunning stomach flesh between a two-piece swimsuit, or finding a delight of heights perched on a strong branch. Invisible cuts bleeding out, bleeding out, only to be healed by blushes of color from fire sparks on a blue summer's night." A.S.P.



"Lake Michigan"



"Salt"



"Concrete"



"Skew"

(Skew)
Keep Your Pace

when you're small
and you fall
face first
in the cake
it hurts.

when you're taller
than the rest
ostrich neck
budding breast
hairy lip and vulgar socks
t-shirt eaten by the moths
moths for friends
the sound of clocks
lonely waiting
crusing fox
wayward wolfs
with mouth a gape
wishing for a little taste
in the bushes
hide your face
wolf is hungry
keep your pace.