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He Calls Her Etsy

The wire man springs
off the metal pot
filled with Spanish
moss. Not that
he needs to sit,
with those trellis legs
upright, the effort
it takes to bend
something like a knee,
but he's been with
the boiled wool woman,
admiring her seams
and the way her waist
makes a crook.
She can't stand on her own
but she leans with grace
on the glass emerald bonsai
lit with sunlight that goes
right through
the wire man. She absorbs
the light, has a fullness
the wire man can't stop
thinking about. If she

says yes, he thinks,
they will make love
under the emerald tree,
his sharp edges curved in,
her rippable skin
warm under the heart-
pocket dress.
Later he will make
her a mouth.

Karen Schubert
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Karen Schubert's poems appear in *Muse*, *The Village Pariah*, *Upstairs at Duroc*, Akron Art Museum's *New Words*, and *Rust and Moth*. Her chapbook is *The Geography of Lost Houses* (Pudding House). Recent editor for *Whiskey Island Magazine*, she earned an MFA from the NEOMFA program. She lives in Youngstown, Ohio.