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Fillette

According to my grandmother, when she was a *fillette*,
A third eye pierced her forehead from inside,
Like the knot of a fall from a rude bicycle.

She saw in a dream a roaring beast that would crawl
The earth in a blue trail of vapors, leaving behind it
A track of tears. On her nineteenth birthday

A ship discharged the town's first motorcar. She saw it
With her own eyes. It was bought by *Mr. You-Know-Who*,
The one they called *Direk*. Women, children, and men

In Panamas tipped so, stopped to watch the machine
With her and him in it spin down the rusting pier:
Iron red dashed by the end-of-day's marigold sun.

In the car they powdered the city's thin streets,
But it wasn't the headlights, my grandmother
Says, that cleared the path—It was her eye

Like a first Kenscoff star, that came out
and shone, while the town's candles,
left behind, wept in envy.

