

Homespun Prophecies

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for the degree of
Master of Fine Arts**

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Mayers **Dansler**

'**Alverne** the Writer Tries to do Right by her brother **Thorne**, and

the dogs Rhumba, **Penrod**, and Baby Pea

Soprano

Kin

We all fall down

Footwork

Pocket **Full** of Posies

Homespun Prophecies

Performance Score

Moving

Wile away pangs to go home until

Swallow anything to burn through the lived in skin.

Wallflower Reneges

Eppie known elsewhere as Ethel

was wondering if **all** the **vaseline** in huge vats in her **mother's** closet
actually assimilates better than she imagines or if it's for her cracked **feet-**
the small splits in the bottom of her feet that never sweat.

The raucous and **frail** heralded her destiny as the cocoons **hanging from** the ceiling
propitiously opened at the same **time**. The moths hatched **inside** closets,
on the **underside** of drawers, on the hinges of doors, above the molding,
in the seams of **books**.

She was willing to be a scarecrow if it would take her to the fields.

Foraging for a new Minstrel show to get gender off the ground laughing, but find only the dog made sense

I trip over a bone on my way **from** the loveseat.

The dog not having barked comes to sit on the bed. Time markers race by: underwater kissing Peppy, **first** removing my hand **from** hers, we swim underwater too far into cement under a building so we went backwards.

We see the dog now, brown (was she burned?) with no hair on her **snout-** just dried out holes.

At the **minstrel** show, Peppy is challenged to a duel concerning honor and **initiation**. A **woman's** and a man's bodies waterlogged with matches in their mouths and roosters on their backs fighting and clawing **until** a fortune teller reads the shards of their bodies.

I rock, decide to make **doghair-filled** cushions with "obsidian" and "**culled**" embroidered on them fastening the windows snugly for somnambulists to wake Brudder Bones and Brudder **Tambo** to revive us.