

MARTHA ZWEIG

Abracadabra

The rabbit who lived in the hat took his turn
promenading the woman who lived in the shoe
around & around (winding, wound up)
the alphabet block. Observe: cliques

of Punches, Judies, voodoos & rags adopting
one Zennish riddling expression, a loosely-matching
of pairs of eyes, wrong neighborhoodlums & nobody-
homies our couple

skirted past venturing light salutations, a nod: *Hey
there. Afternoon.*

Dear reader, if only your poet's
timelier flourish could've switched us all to birds!
—befitting curtsseys & brazenings-out in the street grit—

*They had so many children we didn't
know what to do! We outgrew, we burst hat & shoe
& stifled the magician at his word. I myself
tweaked off of her chilly witch-tit the last
sniping gutter-serpent's tooth.*