Carrie Meadows lives in Chattanooga, Tennessee, where she teaches creative, professional, and academic writing and runs Story Creators, a nonprofit literacy and art program for elementary school students. Her work has appeared in *North American Review, Prairie Schooner, Mid-American Review,* and other publications. Her first poetry collection is forthcoming from *Calypso Editions,* and her website is at carriemeadows.com.
ALL I SEE IS LINES:

Henry Speller to wife Georgia, two years dead

train tracks
bedrails I set to our floor as if an engine was due to pass through like a storm
strings in my guitar
grids those strings stamp in my fingers
my time with you racing my mind like bourbon on a motorbike
smiling eyebrows and lips on the sexy pictures you painted
nylons over a woman's thigh like a sheet of diamonds
breasts coming at me like darts
Delta Queen's stacks licking up sky and pushing it back
    like spit it's blown to a bubble
paddles working that steamer through mud and turtle
grooves on a cow's horn
head of my shovel to red clay
bathtub ringed in rust
steeple cutting through rain
Pastor's arm aimed for God and cloud
your drum picking up and carrying off my beat
your eyes steady like knives the morning you said, “Mamma come to me
    in a dream. I won't be out here next summer.”
the poles holding up the porch when you said it
arms of the chair I held till my hands fell slack
floorboards cold to my feet
plane rising up like a cross slicing earth from Heaven
handles on your coffin
my harmonica quiet by my pencil on a table
edge of paper where my crosshatches stop
curtains without those long lashes of yours to pull them shut nights
    I can't draw a new face
NO PEACE:

Juanita Rogers to the stone baby in her belly

Little knot I can’t pull my pants past, you
are the fist the Devil left in my gut
when I ran from the Garden. I don’t know
what to call you, but I hear you singing
real whispy like you’ve lost both your front teeth.

Mud woman, mud woman, make your clay men.
Break them down and build them up again.
Mud woman, mud woman, drink your lye tea.
Sway in the suds till down comes baby.

I hear other songs. Stonefish and Monster
come dragging femurs like spears. They tap hymns
on a pig’s empty skin beside horned men
nibbling at mermaids’ scales like wet secrets.
Stuck under this sun, they, too, will harden.