

SOEUR MONIQUE

John Ashbery

Sweetly she shines,
chorales in your corrals,
licorice over millrace.
You ain't started yet.

Thirst for a colony
of educated rats
fanning out across time.

Haven't heard the lock
in over a hundred years
when today's modern buildings
are beginning to look fresh again.

In the leader's adjacent eye
a new campaign gives way
to distress-free streets.
Watchperson returns in a hurry.

She gives no cause for complaints,
caught in that music,
does no favors.
This is my ticket.
I am a scalloped flower.