

WHAT'CHA GONNA DO
for Amy

by Oscar Treadwell

She is a mystery
sedate and comely
and a stone in my eye.

If I sit next to her
she might pass the sheets
and touch my hand.

Her features are sculpted,
antiquity's Helene,
a perfect nose.

I sit
across the table.
thinking of her in repose,

watch her hands
maneuver papers,
other people's poems.

When she parts her lips to speak,
with honesty and true,
my heart sings out

Oh, Amy what'cha gonna do.