

Corazon Johnston  
Wrought South

Simmering on stove in cast iron  
the crushed jam of strange berry that hung  
blossomed from the poplar trees...still,  
carrying the scent of sweet magnolia  
to me; finally this cottons been washed of blood;  
I've cut the wings off from fallen  
butterflies, and have worn them, they adorn  
my hair--draped like kudzu rot--and  
makes beauty of my cries, tears:  
liquified anguish over demises.

Them  
eyes. Them beautiful southern, dark brown, night  
sky eyes, that catch light, like distant stars;  
beautiful be iron tortured wrought,  
strange & sealed beauty in southern rot  
all pinned up by colonial lepidopterists  
I'll flutter south to visit kin  
milling around all the torn down monuments.



*John T. Scott (American, 1940-2007)*  
*Butterfly Pin-Up, 1978*  
*Painted wood construction*