

**New Poetry from Jeffrey  
Kingman: “Matriarch,”  
“Josephine Marcus Earp,” and  
“Marching: Sophia Duleep  
Singh”**



OCCASION THE BELLY / *image by  
Amalie Flynn*

**MATRIARCH**

ninth great-grandchild  
spits up peas  
seventh and fourth

declare themselves winners

I bundle the children into categories  
high-shouldered daughters gobble minutes  
trikes in the hallway

my sidwinding wisdom  
laughs into a hanky

why is it I depend on the perpetual  
tweed skirt

try reading  
a mother  
nursing triplets

*attagirl*

I suppose getting it right doesn't matter  
pull the flowers from the earth

an isolated pea is a tiny thing

## **JOSEPHINE MARCUS EARP**

cowboys were the bad guys  
one cow hides behind the last one  
it was a bad sum  
inaccuracies plus chickens

instead traded on horse hooves  
kicked up dust and stray dogs

she wanted to be  
taken seriously  
staked instead a vagabond

her husband's posture straight to the sky  
pointing now to the headboard

the tombstone didn't think of her  
left with her own version  
they rifle through the undergarment drawer  
for the sheriff's girl

**MARCHING: SOPHIA DULEEP SINGH**

voice rattles  
a high window  
the lyric ricochets  
then straightens  
to the upper register

breath comes  
from the diaphragm  
for the belters  
on occasion  
the belly

trailing skirts out of fashion  
wives sing wild  
wrapped in bedsheets  
to jump from a crawling baby  
is not a dance

talk of a women's parliament  
words are for lemmings  
feet do the work  
until the pointlessness is stiff limbed  
dogged bobbys  
the street scuffle an avant-garde  
ballet

she fell down during the struggle  
mud on her dress