

**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