

# Mrs. Potts

by Sonya Clark

I

We spied on her  
naked,  
washing in the Waiau:  
collecting smooth river stones,  
bum to the sky.

II

Large  
breasts bursting  
out of her apron,  
like warm apples spilt  
from a strudel.

III

The gangs let their pig dogs  
loose on her sheep.  
The heart stained wool  
clung to the grass.

Later I heard her gun.

IV

Then saw the dogs swinging  
upside down  
by their feet.  
Tied to the barbed wire fence  
by the main road:  
heads brushing the grass  
but not touching.

V

Cigarettes and chocolate  
licked her teeth.

Left on old lips,  
were crooked  
bite marks  
in the skin.



Liberate  
your Words

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