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Shoppers in Sarpsborg

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SHOPPERS IN SARPSBORG

Morning on the half-shell
is still raw at its core
when women turn into

the street. Like warm
crayons, they blend together,
clutching limp string bags.

String bags were not sewn
for modesty, they swell
lustily with cheeses,

mussels, and baby-dank rags
as morning steamcooks,
toughening to noon.

Evening on the half-skull
and the city peels to fine
paint-pigmented fillet.

The women lumber home,
their roll-fat backs
perspiring dark horizons

across their cotton
shifts, and the women turn
into their houses.