

## 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.