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Two Poems

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SONIC BOOM

The tongue melts.
Words to speak, I have
halted all sighs. My breath
of whispers, the glass tit
dangles from the catalpa.

Oh, where have
we been, oh
where has
anyone been?

Neither winds,
nor unhappy, when
it forces open
the teeth.

You think among stones
or fire the houses, or
fill the ponds with roses.

There are no children
in words. I have lived
most of my life in
Connecticut. I will die
in the cold rain.

& the photographs
walling in life
will make no noticeable
sense.

Give back the fans, give back
the lungs, & the tongues.

GUEST ROOMS

There are still nights when I
can't be reached or touched. The
webbed feet of my spine go back to
a dark home. No one is there. A cat
almost in the cellar window, stiff,
its dead eyes pour down on the elderberry
jelly. A storm window shuts in
my stomach. I am always being tickled,
& no one will hold me. I would grow
enough to leave. I gnash my teeth
on the rotten furniture, the
extra rooms.