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Two Poems

George Manner

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GOODBYE

for L.S.

1

In the brown gruff of the throat,
blown full like a cow,
you caress yourself in a victim pose.
The head at the end of the line turns back
as if saying no, not yet.
So you go back,
pick up your body like an old pair of pants
and put it on again.

The first time you showed class: a necklace,
dry blood from a barbwire fence.
I was sure I had saved you.
You said, Hit me! Hit me! and I was mad,
sick enough to do it.

2

If the blade is really sharp
and the wound is a slash wound
there is a moment before the blood comes.
That moment is called The Breaking of Glass.

So the man walked into a canyon
which was full of rock
and picked one up the size of a head
and placed it next to his and dreamed.

THE LEFT EYE'S INSOMNIA

Heat thrives in the shaved hair. On the white towel
the dark hair curls like commas in a Bible.
The rolling cart moves it into memory
where it grows back again to buds. Time finally
to give me up. A mound blooms in the corner of a field.
Somewhere, over a field, an Indian
pronounces the final slow syllables.

Due south of Houma all roads end. The marsh is a motion,
a silence. A mouth too full of tongues.
Between some cattails a white heron stands on one leg saying,
To be a marsh guide one must have eyes in his knees
and, yes it's a good place to learn love making.
Submerged plants are the source of all dreams,
the fine silt of prophecy settles in your eyes.

The naval eye. I cover it with a finger. I can feel
the tube it used to be, how the outer part dried and crumbled,
how the inner part fell away, drifting like an anchor chain.
I have translated weather into a face
and I know you'd have trouble finding me now. But if we were body
to body, you could look into my eye and I would say,
You see, darling, it is easy.