

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/3

Carl Boon

NASHUA MIRANDA

Her nightgown button's loose.
I suppose it'll fall tonight
when she climbs into bed in Nashua.

She's broasted the chicken,
put the baby in her crib

and turned the lights off, all but one,
the one with the shade passed down
through generations.

It being humid June, a storm
gathers over Claremont,

coming rapidly east. Miranda
makes sure the windows are slit, the baby's
monitor pressed and ready.

Before she sleeps, she'll read again
the only love poem she ever got:

"Your eyes are symmetries of fire,
your breasts ablaze in them." Refolded,

the note goes back into her drawer
with her father's glasses, her mother's
comb, and her grandmother's ring.

She hopes the stroller won't rust,
for the rain'll come hard against the porch.

LODOS

The southwest winter wind
the Turks call Lodos came from the sea
and cracked the pomegranate trees,
split the fence your father built
in August. It reminded us
we're not alone. There's always
a waiting, a question,
a potential for the sea-stones
and debris to falter, flip,
become a chaos we can't recognize.

Now my daughter pulls her body
to the swing and waits
for the wind to push her. She scoffs
at my volunteering, my confidence.
I tell her I was born in winter
in Ohio among commanding storms
of snow that disappeared the west
horizon. But she'll have none
of my explaining, none of my images
remembered. I tell her I know,
but she folds her arms and waits
for what's beyond her knowing.

BACK IN NORTHEAST OHIO

The rain falls on the corn, the corn
that's higher than my mother's waist.
Every night she notes
the lightning and the wind

while rushing the corgi down Ford
toward the middle school.
I want a moment with her,

to kiss her cheek, to taste
her tomato soup, to be at ease
while the storm swells—
so much wind and so much darkness.

But she is not afraid,
for every thirty years Barber Road
spills its thirty years against

our memories, milk cartons,
photo albums, baseball cards
floating with detritus going south,
south, until all is swallowed

by the reservoir. In northeast Ohio
it's best to move slowly
until something takes all things,

fathers, where you meant to fish
that June, or a library book
seven days expired. I hear
otherwise silent chrysanthemums.