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## Three Poems

Seth Abramson

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# THREE POEMS

Seth Abramson

## WRECKER

Down below past the fire escapes  
they are widening the street  
and men are hurrying from men  
and women are hurrying

to women. There are many streets  
and some of them  
are clean.

I have thrown from a high place  
a child  
and he has landed in a low crouch  
and set off like a man

down the length of a street which is  
untouched.

So I call myself an event  
which I am.

I see myself in the up of cups  
and in dangers that  
never fall. Sometimes I am at a sill

looking through a fire escape into  
I imagine  
the holes of old outhouses,  
though bedroom windows of men  
living sheets to sheets and women  
waylaid by capers  
are the only actual slights  
on the empty street. And sometimes  
the air of the city lifts into the room

like a new translation of someone,  
and there's a piece of glass  
sitting at the base of a space heater,  
and I find myself

speaking of myself in the past tense,  
and I worry.

## HELLO THE HOUSE

He kneels by the creek to drink his  
reflection and his catchrope  
trails him  
the fourteen hundred miles to Jersey. His  
arms cold rifles spent

at his side, burying themselves  
in the black moss of the bank  
he drinks at. The creek  
whatever its pitch  
is still carrying him off like a message who  
gets it who sends it.

The bank holds its own size and shape  
readily

but not his. His sits in a Jersey walk-up  
with money at the fly

for everything but milk. And in corners  
reckonless shadows

and ropes of other kinds  
and outside where a Jersey pine starves a  
woman on a stoop holds a rope.

Back at the creek

his halter shrugs tighter under his chin  
and the man he sees in the water  
is dumbstruck. Probably she is in love, he  
thinks. And probably downriver there is  
another man bent by the water who waits

for love also and also cannot see  
what he is.

## BETWEEN THE TOWERS

Of course history is additive, and I will love,  
and there are kings still,  
    and there is medieval weaponry used  
on peasants still, and the sun has beginnings  
in it, it wheels in a way some find  
oppressive and some a measure of hereafter,  
and that's wrong, I said it wrong,  
and the past and the present may not actually  
intersect, and I will love, and I will again lose  
that loss, and there are modes of transport  
still, only slower and faster, and there are still  
slow and fast transportations, and someplace,

there are places, and there is a wreckage that is  
    sifted through, someplace, and some is  
solid, some soil, some is sold, some is gambled,  
and of course, and of course  
I will love, and there is a forest to go speak to,  
and there is a man to speak with, and of course

and there is a woman to speak with,  
and I will go, and they will speak to each other,  
and they will lie, but mostly love, they will love,  
and there will be action, and there will be kings,  
and there will be kingdoms, but only these,  
only the things that can leave the way things are  
the way of things.

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Seth Abramson is the author of *Thievery* (University of Akron Press, 2013), winner of the 2012 Akron Poetry Prize, and *Northerners* (Western Michigan University Press, 2011), winner of the 2010 Green Rose Prize from *New Issues*. He is also Series Co-Editor for *Best American Experimental Writing* (Omnidawn, forthcoming 2014).