

Summer 2018

Three Poems

Logan Fry

Follow this and additional works at: <https://egrove.olemiss.edu/yr>

Recommended Citation

Fry, Logan (2018) "Three Poems," *Yalobusha Review*: Vol. 27 , Article 14.
Available at: <https://egrove.olemiss.edu/yr/vol27/iss1/14>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the English at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Yalobusha Review by an authorized editor of eGrove. For more information, please contact egrove@olemiss.edu.

THREE POEMS

Logan Fry

CLOAK

Waft final, bleak from sculpting a model, I add up all the nuance around me,
in total it so amounts to the winks a flaccid owl doles out. I love it. It is great.

Soon hair let down will feed the certain fire. Boring notes burn all the nicer
the boringer, so he got oily, slathered with lore he'd hewn, for tires love fire

near

completely, inside a left sandwich bag, having smeared goodly my hands to

get rid of it, your answers in sequence await but they're lonely—by burning,
made lonelier. An alley in this city is perpetually aflame. I know it's lame, to

say so. Acceptance can't clip

terror free

from the banality that's binding it. I'm told that is the whole point, of terror,
which we want. Now— listen— you can't touch the car door here or here or

there, here's OK, here is better, your experience is pleasure creeping nearer
when your back is turned. I'm only here to help. Flowers gouge out my eyes

because I let them. I can't decide

if I let them

because I want them to or want merely to accept it. If one were to construct
a scale model of scope it would need to be larger for sure. The type of tower

you're into is bleak. You're in it, gazing so, glancing about, regarding, down
like so, I look up there, where you are at, peering up, grinning, up, searching.

TROPING

I log a curt allowance skimming lean
from later-ons begun
in feal and therein ended.

Coming-to's an end again.
Gives' plum jus belies a loading pond.
Just prove that man's not.
Just prove that one man's not evil.

We want to go from the evidence back to him.

LOOK AT THE OLYMPIANS

Though perhaps what has fallen far enough past may bow
into a note, a score totes no sound. Sequence is what gets found.

Counting builds. The numerals that cushion plant flesh climb
the Acropolis. Atop are patient theses.

Figurative singing, who harps contends that
each pluck severs credos. It is how lungs lift.

How pliant may a will become and who is it
who slathers grease on wounds who earns this job who stomps

figs soft in that arena dirt who evicts fallow the busts there who
dips his pail in horror's runoff to not slosh the pillage home tell

me who. One who tours
history to sniff out edicts exits trailing scalps glued to his boot.

In frocks and dowdy on couches, repetition paws its snack bowl.
So bronzing melts duration. As digits ticker by on starchy peaks.

LOGAN FRY lives in Austin, Texas, edits *Flag + Void*, and has published poetry
in *Fence*, *Prelude*, *New American Writing*, *Boston Review*, and *Best American
Experimental Writing*.