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## 2 Poems

Gabriella Graceffo

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## 2 POEMS

Gabriella Graceffo

### Redux II

Midnight, when alcohol has stitched our throats  
 we watch the sky molt. Smog thickens, yellows  
 as the truck jumps, backfires, the air cracks—  
 two trashed center-pivots ratchet in place  
 pulses the almanacs can't track. Belts loose  
 stomachs bulging gibbous fat. We drive fast  
 like twitching sphinx moths. Jolted, potholed—  
 hub caps shoot off in runoff pools. The truck spins  
 through the cornfields. Raccoons, their hands, poke out  
 as we crash, fists opening and closing  
 and we feel ourselves fade, shucked from our skin  
 the blonde nightmare of change falls right through us  
 like the bruised edges of verbs in this place  
 where men knit soil with patents that wither...

By muted light under the moon's left hip  
 our bodies run up with fever. We sway  
 like broken couplers, the night so well-oiled  
 stars slip into our beers, caught in the green  
 tires flipping turbines, the cab flattened  
 trying to touch something solid. We land  
 where corn is M-10-8-47  
 earth's language ironed flat, without marvel...

### Possam Kingdom Reservoir

In January, death bloom spreading wide  
 bodies float like dumplings. Police find us  
 where we thought we were safe. Couples swing  
 women kissing women, men kissing men  
 gills wheeze under boots, announce a trespass  
 die-off common. It hypnotized us—how  
 we suffocated before hands could pull close  
 in this backwoods place that was ours alone  
 one night, townies followed us. Saw our love  
 and set to killing. Sliced our fins clean off  
 with nothing left. Algae knitted our shrouds  
 a kind we never thought we'd know. We hang  
 our fillets skimpy, fatty things cut down  
 carp the only witness to what they found...

Black carp all belly-up in velvet filth  
 at the dam, basking in the algae stench  
 which won't be forgotten in this haven—  
 a curtain of trapped life can kill quick  
 hidden among the scum. The trees grew ropes  
 to fertilize the water. All those dreams  
 into headlines. Police remove us quick  
 the men flood the dam, bury us in green...

GABRIELLA GRACEFFO is a queer poet and photographer reckoning with sexuality, religion, environmental degradation, and gender through interwoven forms. She serves as an Associate Editor of *Poetry Northwest* and a Poetry Editor of *CutBank*. Her work has been published in *Juked*, *The MacGuffin*, *The Allegheny Review*, and other publications. She is a second-year MFA candidate at the University of Montana.

