

Winter 2022

2 Poems

Katherine Franco

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Recommended Citation

Franco, Katherine (2022) "2 Poems," *Yalobusha Review*. Vol. 34, Article 14.
Available at: <https://egrove.olemiss.edu/yr/vol34/iss1/14>

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2 POEMS

Katherine Franco

Dear Saint Theresa,

You were doctor: I doctor
Myself. I doctorly decorum.
Was there a day you chose
to reach into your core
and make it new? I feel the beating
Heart of beating pain, beating me
Alive. Is there anything else
to remind you of life-love? I ate fig
and tried. Sweetness, oh life, etc.
In reality, people are sweeter
than they seem on internet. All
feet. And mouths. And speak, opening
day up. I forgot I could stand
Up in a room and pronounce still.
Myself. I forgot the art. Shier than before,
I accept it. Like going to school first
Time, learning to speak. Okay so this
is pedagogical. I made
promise to get better.

Dear Saint Theresa,

How can you be
in pain for years
on end without
End? I didn't know
I strove
to seek to strove—
to dove. The doves
beckoned. No, they didn't
idiot. You don't even
know words for birds.
You wouldn't even
know a bird for a word.
You wouldn't talk
to a bird. You wouldn't
talk to anyone
about anything. But then
again, who is good enough
to hear things? Not
I. I wouldn't expect anyone
to get me at an airport,
I wouldn't expect someone
to find me worth a car.
I wouldn't expect you to pull
a Toyota out of a garage
to pull me into its backseat.

KATHERINE FRANCO is a writer and artist. You can find her words and images published by *Pilot Press*, *SPAM zine*, and the *Oxford Review of Books*, among other places. She is an MSt student in English at the University of Oxford.

