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2 Poems

Erik Carlsen

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2 POEMS

Erik Carlsen

Snap

God, in her gown
At the banquet
Eats by the fire.

When they drilled
My tooth I was hoping
They would save
What came out.

Nobody fights
Against the stall
And wins, not sheep,
Not goats.

Tonight I'm making a mold
Out of you while you sleep,
And then I will start to translate.

The important part of the mill
Snapped and the stones touched,
Everyone went home early.

The bulbs are coming up, and soon
Everyone will know I meant to plant tulips.

In the middle of the night

What I recall most, definitely
Is doubting the rabbit's entry.

It was just there, then gone.
When I'm driving, and I see one just disappear
I fear that I've hit it.

Wounds appear on me like guests,
And overstay. I know well how
To beg the dark to come, and even more
How to beg the dark to stay.

In the dark, ribbon and rope are without length,
And all my wounds are healed. This scratch
Behind my ear is gone, and blood has not gone through the pillowcase,

The rabbits are not run over,
But asleep in their burrows,
And the rain won't come
To wash them out like lost gloves
Into the street.

Erik Carlsen resides in Washington with the ghost of a dog named Duke.

