

# The 2River View

14.1 (Fall 2009)

## new poems by

Arlene Ang  
Scott Brennan  
Autumn Carter  
Kevin Conder  
Matthew Cox  
David M. deLeon  
Paul Dickey  
Regina McMorris  
Ariana Nash  
Nikoletta Nousiopoulos  
Jay Rubin

## art by

Sarah Walko





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Cover: *We Are Stretched Still Further* © Sarah Walko

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## **This is the Way the Light Struck That Year**

One  
October  
Evening not late, where the

Weeds  
Cry out  
In the field  
For you

I would gather pumpkins  
In my arms  
If I could carry  
More than two.

\*

My childhood love is waiting there  
Past a bridge of brambles.

\*

The path is sweet and set with vines  
Poison ivy, poison oak, poison sumac.  
The stream is not contained.  
Step here.

Step here, I hate the mud  
I want to build a house of stone  
And clean the river-worms from it in the morning  
With a rake.

*Arlene Ang*

## **In This the Brother Is Hurting**

After twenty-six houses, I still recognize  
the hung clothes in the dining room. If there is one thing  
he regrets, it is the distance. He means he can't  
pick up the phone and say sorry. Now.  
There are borders. He shuffles a card deck  
with no hearts. I watch his hands until he disappears.  
In this, I see myself in the background of yet  
another funeral. The bed is not  
necessarily numb to the movements  
of the sleeper. Last year two thousand people  
in Venice saw the same film again and again with different  
partners. Today the electric chair  
is virtuously painless. As the brother should be —  
perched on the sideboard as he observes  
the live mouse running tangents  
across the floor. There is no escape.

*Arlene Ang*

## **Wherein She Turns the Key in a Motel Room**

This is a documentary.  
The soundtrack is a woman as she leaves  
the television on all night.

Is news of death  
a birth itself to the listener?  
Every day the orphan  
grows lonelier inside its shadow.

Here the clothes are left  
in the luggage for fear of hanging.  
The clothes, while bruised  
by travel, remain undivided.

The way she was  
before the first man struck her  
with the hanger — breaking first the skin  
on her head, then the hanger.

The painting observes  
her now: a girl reduced to one brushstroke.  
The blood. The faith. The dying light.

*Scott Brennan*

### ***Citrus: a Novel***

The woman will be affectionate, but considered rather homely. Her great sense of humor will send most men dancing toward her, then away. The idea will be that sooner or later she will have to learn how to feel satisfied with a life without romantic love. A couple of days after she relinquishes Desire, she will meet — and the reader will see this coming long before she does — the Shark. He'll roar into town on a massive Harley-Davidson. He'll set up shop. O, he might as well be Apollo blazing through the heavens upon a gilded chariot!

- Finally, her courageous move to Citrus
- Life in the rose-colored trailer
- Henry's Diner
- Her crazy neighbors, Vernon and Terri
- Her new best friend, Sally
- The honky-tonk where she out shoots the Shark
- How she trembles all over; how she can't stop Church picnic
- His jeans streaked with grease, dark with sweat
- The wrench in his hand, the tattoos on his knuckles
- The 4th of July barbecue
- The accident

Go to each place, describe each scene.  
Attend, even, the funeral of the Shark.

*Scott Brennan*

## **Now**

Now I feel like saying it. Now I feel like sleeping.  
Now I feel like drawing. Now I feel like boiling  
an egg. Now I feel like washing the car. Now I feel  
like making love. Now I feel like waking up. Now  
I feel like eating an orange. Now I feel like writing  
a letter. Now I feel like chopping wood. Now I feel  
like shoveling snow. Now I feel like calling my mom.  
Now I feel like riding a bike. Now I feel like reading  
*The Tempest*. Now I feel like breaking your heart.

*Autumn Carter*

## **Prayer for the Smallest**

Can I describe how pain blossoms to a flower?  
How it wilts and we bury it in a backyard funeral?

Yesterday God confessed to me through the window —  
while the baby slept, buried in my arms.

God knows the heavy inner hearts of atoms,  
how they sink into flesh, a mass burial of broken bodies.

Yesterday, I missed the train. Stood in a black raincoat,  
like a puddle gathering. My feet in boots, buried in black.

When the rain hits a puddle, the atoms say,  
*Does it hurt, darling?* as they are buried, each drop.

But what do flowers know of rain as they are buried  
in bees? As the sun sucks them in, and they are buried in light?

*Autumn Carter*

## **Things We Find on the Ground**

Bones of an old cow  
buried in a cocoon of snow  
unearthing only in the spring melts.

The surprise snort and spook  
of the horse who lays his nose  
too near the skull.

White petals on the Autumn Olive,  
the impenetrable cloud of their scent,  
like gnats hovering in shady places,  
mixing with the diesel fumes of the tractor  
where it lurches in the field.

An orchard of plum trees  
where the black snakes nap in high branches.  
We say the snakes rot the fruit —  
it falls to the ground unripened.

The gray curves of plum branches  
releasing their white carpet of petals,  
a veil of children's teeth, or bones.

*Kevin Conder*

## **globalization**

there are spiders inside the walls  
I can hear their thread legs  
tick, tick , tick

the neighborhood houses sag  
held up by only the fabric  
of webs and we are grateful  
for the spider's webs  
they keep the summer thunder rains off our heads

as autumn rumbles more spiders fall from the sky like slow rain

sawdust flies  
glass button rain slides along web strands and falls,  
falls one by one,  
falls in clumps,  
waterfalls and torrents

by winter our houses are filled with so much web there  
is no room for our bodies  
even standing in the corners of the rooms  
or stacked together like cords of wood

we stand outside looking in and freeze  
with the winter freeze  
freezing rain that coats us in  
thick layers of translucent ice

when the sun returns we will melt into pools of cool grey mud  
and great fat horseflies will feed off us

at least the horseflies will feed the spiders  
at least the spiders will become men

*Kevin Conder*

## **Hands**

the rubbery jaw of father in the mirror  
the same busted nose I looked up at

his atoms have found me  
flying across the distance and the years  
even as he is erased  
his hands

my daughter looks like me from the upper lip up  
more so every day  
angles, fractures of light  
scattered in late afternoon

the colors the dust motes of suspended skin

his heart is coming for me next  
great old wretched lion heart  
that I cannot take

but with a stare  
of her cobalt blue eyes  
she will

without fury or hesitation  
she will hold it inside and let it beat within her  
and protect me from it

even as I struggle not to become him  
she reaches out  
small chubby hands  
quartz fingers

*Matthew Cox*

## **Church of Post-Letter Day Saints**

Saint Francis stands in the corner.  
His eyes track the even click  
of the second-hand  
around the face of his wristwatch,

his foot impatiently tapping  
as if there is some place he'd rather be.  
The law of diminished expectations  
was coined for an occasion like this.

Nothing finally really means nothing.  
Francis seems to know it too,  
swatting with his Bible  
at a mosquito, which carves itself into the scene

like a demand or a question,  
a tiny black angel  
now crushed like a bug  
against the silvery white of the walls.

*Matthew Cox*

## **Poor Chopin**

After a meal of beer and pills  
my eyes are Vermeer's  
the edges of things  
hazy and emanating light.

The killer just called  
to ask me directions. I lied.  
I had been tipped off  
by his dentist.

Down the hall, a pianist  
performs Chopin poorly,  
but maybe it's a poor recording  
or only a music box  
playing weakly on the dresser.

Outside, children  
not yet aliens in their own bodies  
play like toy soldiers  
in the street as their gears  
slowly wind down.

*Paul Dickey*

## **Failed Portrait of the Artist's Daughter**

Her face does not haunt us, like his other work. In his famous Mosaic period, eyes and mouths blur together in color beyond and within surface — as if irises reflect the tales of tongues. This seems an unfinished canvas — nose, lips stamped. You think that cannot be true. Whether she is beautiful is not the issue, or if her father left her mother to paint nudes in a warmer studio. He has somewhere to go this afternoon. He is in a hurry, has forgotten something. His own life he has kept from the canvas. Critics will add the master craftsman, short of finances, needed to produce a hundred daughters in an afternoon.

*Paul Dickey*

## **A Reno County Church Cemetery**

Archaic, or at least historic, farmers nod off  
in assigned pews with head rests,  
their location based on annual donations.  
Stoic board members with iron, brown hands

governed potluck suppers, rummage sales,  
Wednesday night prayer meetings,  
budgeted and unbudgeted maintenance  
projects. Not for a minute do they care now

to pinch their wives of sixty odd years,  
who lying next to them still dream  
of pot roasts and time with grandbabies.  
It took a century to build this church

on nothing but faith and hard work,  
time no one had enough of. The sign  
"First Lutheran Church Cemetery" groans  
from its own rust like it has for twenty years.

The only thing odd is the town drunk  
from the nineteen thirties settling in the clay  
and loam in the back row, who got his plot  
and burial when an unknown woman

landed into town, flashed nothing but makeup  
and a smile (his only daughter it turned out)  
and on the side slipped the temporary  
reverend a brand new one hundred dollar bill.

*Regina McMorris*

## **Déjà Vu**

My psychic visions come  
in flashes. Not really a skill  
I can hone, perfect, or market.

As a child I'd see an image  
in my head — silver spokes  
of a blue bicycle, for example — and later

while standing in my driveway: a boy  
new to the neighborhood, riding  
his blue bike, spokes shining. Today,

in my psychic eye, or maybe just  
the one that makes metaphors, I see myself  
falling to the floor. On my way down, I reach

for the neck of a man. If I miss, I grab  
his collar. Either way, we are  
both going down. If my grip loosens,

I kick his feet  
out from under him. Either way,  
we're both hitting the floor. Not

a flashing vision, no silver spoke. More like  
the smallest mole on my face,  
what I never noticed until now.

*Regina McMorris*

## **Without Deodorant or Sweat**

there's a clean mustiness, natural  
odor of the armpit. It reminds me  
of a time when loving included  
a wonder at the body's strangest  
scents: earwax when whispering  
to my ex, *You smell like  
peanut oil*. Skin is  
so close to earth, one attracts and clings  
to the other. This scares me —

I'm a natural mess,  
dirty clothes on my desk,  
scattered papers. Meanwhile,  
a guy I know, happy to finally  
live alone, gave me

a tour of his new home:  
from the front door  
to the bedrooms not a single stray  
T-shirt or cracker crumb, not even  
a CD case open on the coffee table.  
No risk of bodily memory,  
no lingering scent,  
or accidental inhale:  
skin, hair, breath.

*Ariana Nash*

## **The Orange**

I.

He handed me an orange, wanted me to taste: the sweet acid, the hundred ripe juice capsules, the acrid paste of the rind still clinging in patches to its surface.

As I savored, he sermoned: you must taste everything once, feed your gaping raw-red tunnel, each spongy coral-bud of your palate wants a different shock to awe it.

II.

He was horrified then when I bought one every day. He watched me eat my orange — followed the knife-slice and then my fingers, rivulets down my hands that my reef-tongue

lapped up — stared as the peel pile grew. Each day he stood further away at my first bite — my pleasure in devouring, tearing into flesh — scared of my grip on fruit.

*Ariana Nash*

## **Over Breakfast**

My hand is poised above the mug about  
to pour a sugar packet into tea

and I remember the woman  
from the desert between Jaipur and Jaisalmer  
where the tanks poured over the highway  
to the Pakistani-Indian border.  
She is squatting outside her hut  
pounding her rough dough  
with a pestle, her grey hair drawn  
tightly back from her brown face, her faded  
blue-purple sari taut at her protruding knees.  
Or she has just returned — a bundle of sticks  
on her covered head, a ring pinching her nose —  
from the mile path to the nearest  
source of wood for her fire. She is smiling proudly  
with her eyes and her few stained teeth  
and maybe she will start a fire  
and put the water on to boil.

I tip my hand and pour the white sugar  
into the tea which has steeped dark.

*Nikoletta Nousiopoulos*

**photograph of a wedding, 1948**

was the moon over Korifi  
when it rained that morning

did the land sweat when it released  
my grandparents to one another

there are many things I remember  
they loved

roars of spring water  
clouds shaped as donkey eyes

do i collect lost voices  
from black & white photographs

beg the faces to say something  
real about love

our house splits and flexes  
a stray dog

do i pray to images  
language under a flame

dare the artifacts  
to speak out of my hands

*Nikoletta Nousiopoulos*

## **procession in cycles**

i.

a cricket clings to a curtain  
i want the glue of its legs: impale me there

or the village of open windows  
almond trees ripe below fire & flower boxes

perhaps rotted figs fall for sound of tin when it rains  
when the sun is out of chemical

ii.

we hammer & nail our lives  
together loose wood  
hangs from the roof nearly  
sunset when the only music stops

iii.

at the hospital  
my mother feeds you ice cream  
with a baby's spoon  
your tongue dry  
& hardened

we're beginning to howl at the edges  
of the bed: you drool  
eyes close & stick to themselves  
i peel the lids & let them loose  
still they are not free

iv.

down the aisle my brother lifts the casket on his shoulder  
men carry your body past me & out  
down the aisle down the aisle

*Jay Rubin*

## **Approaching Paris**

Beneath the rain  
    The blue-gray glum  
No river *Seine*  
    No *Arc de Triomphe*  
Only empty countryside  
    A fallow field  
A horse-hitched cart  
    A narrow red-dirt road

How am I to recognize  
    This terrain  
As France? On the tarmac  
    Diesel fuel  
A bus of darting eyes  
    Slimy fish pressed into tin  
Later, bags and boxes  
    Belched from metal mouths

On the street, Moroccans  
    Whistle from their cabs  
Another bus, a Metro train  
    Every ad in French  
How am I to recognize  
    The evil from the good?  
That blind man begging  
    That woman in a hood

*Jay Rubin*

## **Metro Musicians**

*for Chino & Abel*

One slung guitar, one funky velvet hat  
They ride the Metro underground  
Nothing back home but a cold-water flat

The shy one grins, a timid cat  
Fingertips plucking, sucking sound  
From his guitar; his friend's funky hat

Hangs in the air, a pesky gnat  
Buzzing a song, bouncing around  
Reaping the rent for a cold-water flat

The singer kneels down by a young girl's lap  
Her eyes resist, but her smile unfrowns  
One slung guitar, one funky velvet hat

Once their song ends, the passengers clap  
Coins feed the hat like rain from a cloud  
Not drips in a drain of a cold-water flat

I, too, contribute a clink to their sack  
I riding trains all day through town  
No slung guitar, no old funky hat  
And nothing — no home, not even a flat

*The 2River View*, 14.1 (Fall 2009)

## Authors

Arlene Ang lives in Spinea, Italy, where she serves as staff editor for *The Pedestal Magazine* and *Press 1*.

Scott Brennan, from Miami, Florida, has appeared recently in *The Carolina Quarterly*, *Chicago Review*, *The Gettysburg Review*, *Notre Dame Review*, and *Sewanee Review*.

Autumn Carter is an Appalachian writer currently working on her MFA in creative writing at Antioch University in Los Angeles.

Kevin Conder lives in Portland, Oregon. His poetry has appeared in *42Opus*, *North American Review*, *The Pacific Review*, *Quiddity*,



*Confused Wings Which Thought  
Themselves Teeth* © Sarah Walko

and *Snow Monkey*. In the past, he has taught English to students from China, Yugoslavia, and Russia.

Matthew Cox, from Bremerton, Washington, is a union electrician. His poems have been published in *In Posse Review* and *No Tell Motel*.

David M. deLeon has worked in New Jersey as a music journalist, editor, and proofreader. His credits include *The Adirondack Review*, *The Cortland Review*, *Fence Magazine*, and *Only The Sea Keeps: Poetry of the Tsunami*.

Paul Dickey lives in Omaha, Nebraska. His poems are found in *Crab Orchard Review*, *failbetter*, *Mid-American Review*, *Rattle*, and *Swink Online*. *They Say This Is How Death Came Into the World* was a semi-finalist for the 2008 Sentence Book Award.

Regina McMorris, from Houston, Texas, holds an MFA in poetry from Purdue University. Her work has previously appeared in *Gulf Coast*, *Mid-American Review*, and *REAL*. She teaches developmental writing at Prairie View A&M University.

Ariana Nash is a working writer and teacher of creative writing living in Wilmington, North Carolina. She was recently published in *Xenith*.

Nikoletta Nousiopoulos holds an MFA from New England College, and now resides in Cape Cod. Her work has appeared in *elimae* and *South Jersey Underground*.

Jay Rubin teaches writing at The College of Alameda in the San Francisco Bay Area, where he publishes *Alehouse*. He holds an MFA in Poetry from New England College.

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## **About 2River**

Since 1996, 2River has been a site of poetry and art, quarterly publishing *The 2River View*, occasionally publishing individual authors in the 2River Chapbook Series, and, more recently, blogging and podcasting from Muddy Bank.

## **About the Artist**

Sarah Walko holds an MFA from the Savannah College of Art and Design. She is currently the Executive Director of Triangle Arts Association, a non profit arts organization in Brooklyn, New York. She is a multimedia/installation artist; and is Art Director, co- writer, and co-editor with the independent film collective Santasombra, which shows at International Film Festivals around the world.

## **Richard Long, Editor**

2River

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Fall 2009



# 2RV

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