

2RV

17.1 (Fall 2012)

The 2River View

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New poems by

Joe Benevento, Mariela Griffor, April Clark Honaker
Suzanne Kehm, Sandra Kolankiewicz, Molly Kugel Merkner
Tyler Mills, James B. Nicola, Liza Porter
James Robison, Miriam Sagan, Virginia Smith

2River

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About the Artist

Alexandra Eldridge holds a BA in art and literature from Ohio University and has continued her education at Cambridge University, England; Santa Reparata Graphic Workshop in Florence, Italy; Penland College; and most recently The Photographer's Formulary in Montana. She has exhibited in Paris, London, Belgrade, Ljubljana, New York, California, and Santa Fe. Alexandra has been commissioned to paint murals in the Place de Vosges, Paris, and her work has been used for the cover of eight books of poetry.

About 2River

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

Richard Long, Editor
2River
www.2River.org

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Contents

James B. Nicola

The Uses of Spite

Joe Benevento

After Finding Out I Looked Just Like a Disney Villain

After We Stopped Eating at Tudor's Deli

Mariela Griffor

Number 7

The Friends I Loved and Left Behind



Sandra Kolankiewicz has most recently appeared in *Bellingham Review* and *The Cortland Review*. *Turning Inside Out* is available from Black Lawrence Press, and *Blue Eyes Don't Cry* won the 2008 Hackney Literary Award for the novel.

Molly Kugel Merkner teaches at the University of Colorado—Denver and West Chester University. Her poems have appeared most recently in *The Buddhist Poetry Review*, *Poetry East*, and *Subtropics*.

Tyler Mills is the author of *Tongue Lyre* (SIUP 2013), which won the 2011 *Crab Orchard Series in Poetry* First Book Award. She is currently in the PhD program for creative writing at the University of Illinois—Chicago.

James B. Nicola has published in journals such as *Cortland Review* and *Tar River*. His book about the theater, *Playing the Audience*, won a CHOICE Award, and he has also won the Dana Literary Award for poetry.

Liza Porter received the 2009 Mary Ann Campau Memorial Poetry Fellowship from the University of Arizona Poetry Center. Her essay "In Plainview" was listed as a Notable Essay in *Best American Essays 2006*.

James Robison has won a Whiting Grant, as well as a Rosenthal Foundation Award for his novel *The Illustrator*. A prose poem of his is a winner of the 2013 Pushcart Prizes.

Miriam Sagan is the author of *Map of the Post* (University of New Mexico Press). She founded and directs the creative writing program at Santa Fe Community College. Her blog is Miriam's Well. In 2010, she won the Santa Fe Mayor's award for Excellence in the Arts.

Virginia Smith is an MFA graduate of Northwestern's Creative Writing Program. Her work appears most recently in *Denver Quarterly*, *Moria*, *Southern Poetry Review*, and *Stirring*.

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Contributors

Joe Benevento teaches at Truman State, where he co-edits *Green Hills Literary Lantern*. His latest of eight books is the chapbook *Tough Guys Don't Write* (Finishing Line Press).

April Clark Honaker lives in Ruston, Louisiana, where she teaches at Louisiana Tech University and serves as Associate Director of the North Central Louisiana Arts Council.

Mariela Griffor is the director of Marick Press. Her books include *Exiliana* (Luna Publications) and *House* (Mayapple Press). Her translation of *Canto General* by Pablo Neruda is forthcoming from Tupelo Press.

Suzanne Kehm received the 2012 Distinguished Artist in Literature from the Nebraska Arts Council. Her work has appeared recently in *The Battered Suitcase* and *The Platte Valley Review*.



April Clark Honaker
ode to belly
seeing hooks

Suzanne Kehm
Anno Domini
Mary's Children

Sandra Kolankiewicz
In a Thousand Words or Less
Route 80 to Jackson Hole

Molly Kugel Merkner
Afterlives
April 18, 1995

Tyler Mills
Aiolos and the Bag of Winds
Telemachos

Liza Porter
Far Line
Urgent Care

James Robison
Crisis in August
Muscovy Ducks

Miriam Sagan
Housewively

Virginia Smith
[a protean geography] i

[a protean geography] i

A woman enters an ocean and stretches,
grows immense in the swells, bridging coast
with coast. Is she still

her body? an icon? the sea? Our new definition
for *water* or *shoreline*: soft salt lift-lilt fall.

Red ribbons an oak branch, becomes a lizard
skittering over stone, garnet that circles a wrist.
No, it is blue-

ringed with two clear-facet centers: gannet
eyes a world stares through, swallowed
so long ago it is now

impossible to remove. Listen: beneath skin
the hiss of a thousand cities' glass-rinsed shores,

every step an intention
not to fall through earth, each face passed
a handful of questions we keep planting in sand:

*come closer; stay
distant; I am going somewhere
you can't follow.*

Planted and watered with sea, we watch sky come
unpinned and lower its braids to us,
clasp them round our wrists and begin to climb.

Miriam Sagan

Housewifely

for Kath

I've seen them, these haunted storefronts
from Rejksvik to Salida, Colorado
dusty and empty, or sometimes
hung with a lace curtain and a NO TRESPASSING sign,
not even the flicker of a cat
although once a collection of miniature hot air balloons
fashioned out of used light bulbs
dangled on fishline.
The glass panes are smeared
and the vacancy
seems waiting for an installation
as if snow
might fall from the ceiling.

It is not really possible to housekeep this world
like that time in the apartment on the lake
when we cleaned and cleaned some kind of fine black dust
from everything, corners, sheets
bad-mouthing the previous occupants:
Artists! And from New York! That explains it!
until we realized
this was volcanic,
an eruption
that, blowing still, closed airports all over Europe
and floated like the dust
of moth wings over our balcony in the white night.

James B. Nicola

The Uses of Spite

We take the spring for granted.

My uncle was so truculent
he eked out another twenty-five years
beyond his date with cancer
in spite of the pain.
He refused to miss *a minute of the party*
until the party, from kindness, let him go.
In his case, I would say, the spite was good.

One spring, it will be us.
And which of us will be awake to see
the sense in eking a century
and spit at imminent ends and say:

*Another spring (o god), another tick.
The bluebird's gone. He's staying south.
The laurels have surprised us by not blooming this year, here,
And the croaks of frogs are getting softer, softer. . . ?*

O World, be like my uncle. Be truculent! Stay!

Joe Benevento

After Finding Out I Looked Just Like a Disney Villain

to my son's friend Mason,
who needed to write an essay on something
from his childhood most frightening,
which was me, with my "long, thin face"
like Snow White's stepmother or Scar,

my large, piercing, dark eyes, the black
and white beard, deep voice and "that thick
New York accent," as out of place here
as poor little Mason might have been, nightmarishly
lost on the mean streets of Queens, where I once lurked.

How am I supposed to show
my frightening face any more in this small
town, wondering which present tykes
and toddlers I'm terrifying, which easy laugh
might be mistaken for a diabolical guffaw?

How can I venture to the playground,
the pre-school, Wal-Mart, even, with my pretty
little princess Margaret, knowing the other children
are thanking their fairy godmothers
not to have been cursed with such a sire?

My four children know better; seventeen year old
Joey laughed long over what Mason confessed.
Still, maybe I should just stay inside,
in what will have to pass for a castle,
so I can hoard my true, inner beauty only for them,

like some dragon guarded treasure.

James Robison

Muscovy Ducks

On wet ground from the shower spray
for washing off sand in the sea-grape's shade,
Muscovy ducks talk. Their walk's a sway
webby and arthritical. They sleep all day.
They're Brazilian, shabby and fat,
gross, with black rubber feet,
red wattle wax around eyes and beaks.
They wait. They drink from the showers and eat from trash.
In late summer they gulp the marble sized grapes,
which ripen to ruby, dot the grass and bake,
rot, ferment.
The ducks get high and
brash and flare their wings,
Green-black or white,
lucky quonky drunken things.

James Robison

Crisis in August

First the purple storm, low and close,
over the jade Gulf, darkened the wind.
Chest deep, I watched the curving fins
Of dolphins making love, cutting twin wakes
close, but a galaxy away.
In vines spidered over white dunes,
beach flowers bloomed, pale lilac as a scent
in memory. Flying dinosaurs,
a bomber squad of pelicans glide
over the ruffles of dropping tide.
Dark sky. What does this world need with me?
Garbagemen climb atop their violent truck,
to drag ripe mangoes from a tree,
but can't get the higher fruit three stories up,
mauve, profoundly sweet, above the hedges. These will fall
to split: useless golden wedges. Persimmon flowers
fiercely decorate thin leaves. All's complete.
Round leaves brown under the sea-grape tree.
What does this world need with me?

Joe Benevento

After We Stopped Eating at Tudor's Deli

because the eighteen to twenty I spent three times weekly
for the two piece chicken lunch with three sides
was money better left unspent, especially since
all that friendly food was rolling me
towards rotundity at a steady clip.

My best friend Lucy, who managed to stay pretty
svelte despite the catfish with sides she favored,
still acknowledged the wisdom of my reasoning,
though she also knew its consequences: it's never
been the same between us since, a bag lunch

no substitute for the steady pleasure
of a good, warm meal. Still today I miss
the barbecue baked beans, the Watergate
salad's marshmallowy green, the conspiracy
between me and Lucy while we both ordered dessert

on top of too much lunch already,
she some cherry cheesecake, me
a chocolate brownie bigger than my hand,
with its genius blend of cakey and chewy,
or sometimes an ice cream cone

reminding me of earlier still,
when Jim Thomas and I each decided
to try the triple scoop option, three different flavors
perched precariously on cones we leisurely licked
through a long summer's lunch, heedless of the time ahead,

Jim Thomas dead, Lucy crunching rice cakes in my office.

Mariela Griffor

Number 7

For the son I never had, I lend some green tears in this land
For the son I never had I share some fuchsias opening.
No matter wherever he is I bathe him and make his skin glide
No matter whatever language he speaks I read a lullaby when I
 put him to sleep.
for the son I never had I share some lilacs in Spring
For the son I never had I dwelt on in misery every night
No matter what good news the world strikes I could see sweet
 skin and closed eyes
No matter mine and my husband's sins are forgiven by the
 creator, my sorrow never heals
For the son I never had I share some red roses from my yard
For the son I never had I chant this dark song tonight
No matter we have crossed the oceans in search of peace,
No matter what we did to forget, he stands more alive than ever
 on the other side
For the son I never had I share cactus in my dark head
For the son I never had Oh God have mercy on me.

Liza Porter

Urgent Care

His face twitches as the nurse tries to find a vein.
Three strikes you're out, he says under meds, under pain,
under his breath. Blood tests ordered, IV ports
into skin, into the thin tube of a dried out vein.
How long did you shoot drugs? she asks, pulling on
gloves now, avoiding his blue eyes. The rubber hose
bulges his upper arm as she probes. He twitches
twice this time. I don't think we need to talk about that
right now, he says, polite as hell, twelve steps embedded
in his worn out soul, needle marks up and down
his suntanned arms. She finally finds a spot on top
of his right hand and the red milk flows. Three glass vials fill up
 slow
with secrets of his life, all those sweet street drugs,
all that rust, all that crash and stop, all those microscopic drops
of wasted desire.

Liza Porter

Far Line

after Philip Levine

In twilight, on a road, we stop,
hearts beating like mad, the rabbit
in her frightened hesitation, ears cocked,
behind a wood slat fence.

She hears something I am deaf to.
I notice the dusk, the telephone
wire, its buzz, the way the sun
burns hotter when it steps past the far line.

She hears everything I long for—
birds rustling leaves, singing. Maybe
secret words from the first star
in the almost dark sky.

The part of me that can see one star at a time
goes with her when she flees. The rest—
my fear, the night, my stubborn silent
envy—stays here, with me.

Mariela Griffor

The Friends I Loved and Left Behind

After Elizabeth Bishop

A farewell to a dear friend is never enough.
We must bring him flowers, songs with
spinning words and good wishes.
We must bring a shadowy thought
of love that make us both happy.

We must convince the ghost that dances
around his grave to be kind to our friend.
He did so much.
He did plant a tree and had a son.
He did in part save his country.

The worst time, I thought, was to leave
one of the friends behind,
there in the dried mountain
his heart was destroyed, his eyes open.
How can we write poems after that?

The friends I loved and left made signs
with their fingers in the fading skies.
They left me here in a brown earth
so I can weep a red spot that leads
to a hollow moon faced to the sky.

April Clark Honaker

ode to belly

this is an ode
to belly
because stomach just won't do
this is an ode
to that fireball burning
buried in the shelter of my ribs
to the belated pain
of a thrust too deep
to a latent word
a lesson
born of swallowed pain
a scar
that seams an emptiness
exploded on my life
this is an ode
to raw-ality
to my love hormones
and your survival hormones
to that meeting place in sighblurspace
where facebook and match.com
finally diss-i-pate
this is an ode
to stretch marks
to pain-noirs
and dead-end roads
this is an ode
to va ant bellies
and blank notecards
this is a broken round
stroked
cryptically
into
aphasia

Tyler Mills

Telemachos

There is a sound—a fist? I see the man
in my mind wearing a sweatshirt,
his hood pulled over a red hat.
Orange sun moves over cars,
warms the under-skin of clouds, rests somewhere

on the roof of a carwash like a paper disk
I had cut with red-handled scissors as the solar eclipse
collected noon into a shadow
among the gray trees outside, beyond our desks.
Stravinsky (from his writings) dreamed of a young girl,

her erratic hands grabbing nothing,
wrapping the air in scarves around her neck.
I drive down the highway sparking with hubcaps
in the animal flight of plastic bags—here, ambulances
shriek every few minutes. I pull into a gas station,

wipe bird smears off my window with some paper.
Pump fumes smell like greasy hamburgers.
Your hair, your hair is red. The man is behind me,
his pale eyes smoothing my shoulders,
drawing a cold line under my T-shirt.

Your hair is red in the sun. No. Sky
bands the nearby Dollar Store window;
feeling followed, behind some junky trees I see a crane
lifting from the concrete, gold, the way a harp
unfolds in an orchestra—not a wing, but a thin wild sail.

Tyler Mills

Aiolos and the Bag of Winds

*And I endured it and waited, and hiding my face I lay down
The Odyssey (X)*

When language fails, there is sound,
wind chimes
and the rustling of potted ferns

growing near the screen door.
On this porch after school, I cared for a child
found in an empty factory,

her new father in the garden
among sugar snap peas rubbing together,
glimmering as though moving in rain.

Upstairs, the doll-sized nightgowns
were folded into squares
like canvas sails

pressed closed. I'd try to calm her.
She'd open her eyes, just aware of my voice,
the way my sister turns her head

to the car window, to Main Street's
orange words on signs,
the heavy trees spreading night around us.

She slides off her thumb ring, rubbing it,
balancing the silver circle
on one jean kneecap, the comb of her hand

behind an ear. My voice comes
from another place.
The parking lot is dim, ordered, and quiet.

April Clark Honaker

seeing hooks

a trusting fish
hasn't learned to see hooks
in shimmering worms
though she's been warned and wounded
before many a fisherman
have admired her big mouth
and glistening body
as she's preyed carelessly
on jesus bugs
did you know mature male jesus bugs
could mate 30 times a day
if they could pin down
30 females
because the females resist
males use hooked antennae
to grab their lovers by the eyes
being eye-locked makes them easy prey
especially to the quick strike
of a thrusting fish
a trusting fish thinks nothing
of consequences
she likes to graze the light and air
unable to breathe
it makes her feel new every time
she'll be caught and thrown back
caught and thrown back
caught and thrown back
but for now
she's a trusting fish
who'll never know
when the next worm she tastes
will transform
and finally eat her

Suzanne Kehm

Anno Domini

Mary's been so close to God
They've shared their blood. One body, as they say
But now she lives in exile. He has new obligations,
Hasn't called in years. Still, when his heart beats,
She can confuse it with her own. But now she does the dishes
Listens to the radio on the way to Hy Vee

Surely there's been some mistake, for here she is
loading the dishwasher and matching up the socks
He had the hard job. So why this backache for a spoon,
This endless missing stripe, the same ten lost solids?

A soldier on the radio was trained. He could smell fear
He learned a special vigilance. A creak or click or whir
Could cost the lives of all his friends. Coming home,
He could not shake the stealth of watching out for death.
He could not make himself behave.

Whose life depends on washing dishes?

Who gets saved when you take out your trash?

Molly Kugel Merkner

April 18, 1995

Days you remember, don't vanish—
they instead go the way of ghosts.
Hours can float like that, the way aspen
leaves shiver and twine when a cold
front bustles through an autumn town,
these mouse sails seem to brace in wind,
wrinkle their noses as though they know
what you know, wary citron veins.

We can break off this way, like driftwood.
Afternoon walk, Galway by Salthill,
wading into pebbled rock, your boat shoes
perched as I failed at skipped stones; tapas bar,
dim arches, catacombs, candled tables into a grove.
A proposal could turn-up again,
afloat in the zone of spring tides, waiting for the sea.
So long after, that wooden year could be found lodged
in a pool beneath igneous rock and goose barnacles,
outside the Puget Sound.

Later, somewhere in the plains of Cheyenne,
loping about between the sage brush,
then higher than the cottonwoods, near stratus and dutiful mist.
A wren's wing brushes past a lewd word,
but he manages balance, bears weight
on his tail feathers, the rudder steers
his course through billowing blue verbiage,
those clouds once vows, gasps, apologies,
shutter some first, before drifting toward
condensation.

Molly Kugel Merkner

Afterlives

Her hands absorb the soapy water.
It quells her foggy views through an aged
kitchen window, those night silhouettes: row of
pine, that flowering pink tree, Kwanzan
but weeping like Shidarezakura, she never learned

the name for the cherry tree without
fruit, but it looked like the two of these.
Photographs of Tokyo or the mountain,
Yoshino-Yama, covered in trees.
She could still hear one son crying in a bassinette for

milk while her oldest son lay dying
in the family room, the familiar couch,
the rust-colored, chevron afghan covered him.
The daughters looked like the blossoms near
the castle town of Hirosaki, fragile, drifting.

It was enough to still hear them all,
the way the sprinklers startled her, rain on
her sandals, the tended sidewalk, manicured
for the old robed in their dark rentals.

Suzanne Kehm

Mary's Children

Have all learned to use the potty
Rachael isn't catching on.
Mary worries about Rachel
Who is fascinated with the dead
The flat silhouette of squirrel left on the road
The eviscerated bunny, guts shining beside the peonies
The bright-shelled beetle gone still behind the window screen

Rachel squats for a closer look at each fresh kill
Yesterday, a robin, not yet flown, maggots threatening
Cheerfully she recounts the list of those demised
For any passing stranger.
Mary wonders how all this will go down
When the men start writing gospels

The golden haired girl, stiff-armed on her potty,
Contemplates a spider web
Mary missed at Hanukah,
when last she cleaned.
"Mamma, look," Rachel calls, pointing.
Mary cringes. Another corpse.
Daddy long legs, a pale lump
Delicate pumping legs gone still
"What?" Mary sighs, but what does she expect?
A miracle?

"See?" the child says, all eyes and certainty
"That bug's life went right out of his body."

Sandra Kolankiewicz

In a Thousand Words or Less

Every blue-eyed, brown aired man is a liar—
like this Nature Boy driving his five
speed to the mountains and never
once rolling down the windows
once he gets there, bald tires
gliding the crowded two-
lane highway, looking

for a place wide enough to turn around until my
gaze empties out his streaked window.
Space meets space, creates a void
mountains can't fill, trees can't
cover. When I reach to
them, I smell

their colors changing to rust, the moth who chooses
headlights, sucked over the top, hurtling
with no sense of direction to crash
out of breath on the wet
highway.

Sandra Kolankiewicz

Route 80 to Jackson Hole

I pound my heels against the dash
and squeeze my thighs together.
I can't ask you to stop
at one of these lost stations
without feeling dirty.

You slide us along the highway,
boot on the gas,
a cruel child unable to give up the game
another is afraid to play

The high tension poles filing past on the plains
like markers of our silence
know the truth: we are strangers.

Even the guise of friendship is frozen
in this Wyoming basin,
hungering in the snow beside the road
like the starving elk that I keep pointing to
and you can never see.