

# The 2River View

1\_4 (Summer 1997)



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## POEMS BY

Marc Awodey, Tom Carney, Anthony Dauer,  
Paul Kloppenborg, Linda Leavitt,  
Ann Politte, Trevor Reeves, and CK Tower



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## **The 2River View**

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## The Conversation

Marc Awodey

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You sketched me  
at the coffee house,  
we absently spoke of drawing

and literature.  
I took exception to the manner  
in which you drew hands,

I said—  
you make them look like machines.  
Citing Ingres, I plotted a continuous line.

You agreed.

Critically eying the young  
who hovered near decorative book stacks,

I muttered a condescending remark  
about nose rings, poets, and tattoos.  
But you refused to objectify or malign,

saying- such is the nature  
of this establishment and of youth.  
I agreed.

We nodded heads  
and silently stroked socratic beards  
as the artifice of conversation

strolled for awhile longer, into longer  
pauses over a couple of dollars worth  
of cooling Ethiopian harari.

## Downtown Armistice

Tom Carney

---

In youth, emotions run wild across  
the untamed eyes        those girls;  
never understood-at the check out line;  
grasping folded note and Napoleon under arm;  
Too much heartache for a few hours of comfort.  
Let's go to the bar        Carlos.  
We'll drink our fill        nodding to sad lullabies;  
And sit on the sidewalk rubbing our bellies;  
Watching couples stroll by.  
Dreaming of        Frida Kohlo;  
Painting the world surreal.        We sit;  
Until the city washes away the faces  
of the people on the street island.  
Let's go back to the Flying Saucer and have  
another round        my friend.  
It is late, but there's no place I have to be.

## Another Rainy Day

Anthony Dauer

---

why is it that my mood matches the weather  
charcoal massed clouds weigh heavy until  
their burden is loosed and with it, mine  
my pulse slows to normal, leaving my chest  
less tight, less constricted  
freed, my heart beats within it's cage of flesh  
exhaustion soon follows the struggle's end  
as if I had fought for something, a battle, but  
it's not tangible to my mind, just my spirit  
I know, but I do not truly know what it is  
that weighed so heavily upon me  
something that lurks in the corner  
and as the sun sets it follows the shadows  
from the darker edges, I can feel it's grip  
tangible once more in the form of tiny pains  
in my joints, my bones, and in strained muscle  
the unrest that comes with it is too much  
sleep ... wake ... go ... stay ... I cannot  
or I will not, decide which is what I want  
or which is what I actually require  
my desires frustrated  
my will gone, lost  
within the melancholy  
of another rainy day

## 6 colours

Paul Kloppenborg

---

Green

Pea pushed across a plate  
Little flesh fingers rolling  
This mushy globe

White

Potato scooped with a fork  
In the gentle blending  
concern on her face

Yellow

Kernels strung along a knife  
Sunlight pearls  
Clustered in butter

Red

Cheeks after tears  
Squash tomatoes in wry smiles  
Don't like tomatoes

Orange

Slice in her hands  
Between teeth citrus pith  
Sucking sweetness

Blue are Rachel's eyes

## the why when of twilight bedding

Paul Kloppenborg

---

the whywhen of twilight bedding  
specks of silhouette genuinely lean  
through a clumsy closing day as birds  
read clouds, and in greyness, survey

an almost child, slightly, yawning  
cribbed memories, curtains to trees,  
clutching her secret pillow breaths  
of stilling sighs, she slowly speaks

to birds, that hauntingly descend,  
suddenly tucked fresh with whispers,  
"Try to sleep.", this covering kiss  
un-edged, shoeing all now and this

speechlessly, dull dots scatter, nearly  
nodding, this darkening space, perhapsing  
into air, enters with dreams to obey  
as shutness pulls lids and flies away

## Addict on the Subway Eating an Orange

Linda Leavitt

---

Tearing feebly with gritted teeth  
she peels at bitter orange rind;  
small bits fall to dirty linoleum floor  
as she sits hunched  
and in obvious pain,  
oblivious to the stares  
of strap-hangers  
eager for her seat.

I stand watching  
and wonder  
if that orange  
is the first non-chemical  
introduced into her ravaged body  
in perhaps  
a week.

She is so weak.

Her frail young torso sways,  
nearly topples, with each movement  
of the creaking subway car.  
I exit the train at west 4th street;  
she stays,  
still working on that orange,  
listlessly eager to draw forth  
her morning fix of vitamin c.

## The Problem with Waking Up

Ann Politte

---

Because the night is used up  
spent sleeping, wasted, twisted  
and now wakes dully scratching  
goose-flecked skin,

and because a lost night's thoughts are the language of  
dreams  
jabbering nonsense behind moist eyes shut tight  
against an inside vision, something amazing and pro-  
found,

and because that image--  
internal, vague, without a name,  
flares, then smolders, fades so fast,  
evades a grasp on real or sham--  
precise translation decays  
in morning haze.

## Exile to a Cold Star

Ann Politte

---

The august air does not convert  
the ape bent on knees and elbows  
weighing the usage of rock bone.  
A million years flow and we're nothing still  
but animals, prolonged infancy of the species  
and barbaric ceremonies, a haunting thin trill  
faintly repetitious. And wasted time, brittle lights,  
peculiar smells mold the cold star.

## Side Trip

Ann Politte

---

Every iced cove harbors  
something green, living.  
Caves hold moaning winds,  
narrow caverns echo tones  
too shrill to pass singly.

Canoeing the Meramac  
I discovered such a place  
past wide bluffs, narrow currents,  
out of the piercing sun.

Heat broke fast.  
Around my head horseflies once feasting  
like starved mosquitoes felt the shade sting,  
abandoned flesh for white noon light.

The deep stone room was ancient,  
moist, dark with magic.  
Its tilted roof shimmered in light spectrum  
as if jewels lined mossy walls,  
tricking the hand of riches.  
Bats dripped like black oil,  
trickled the high pitch of night moves,  
a setting drawn with unpleasant dreams  
lost to the river.

## Flicks of Hair

Trevor Reeves

---

grass,  
running underneath one's feet  
and the real deep blue, sun,  
colour of a lion's mane,  
tautology of eyes  
meeting in mid-sky;

there are no one-way streets  
in these clouds. We are forever  
meeting our own angles  
frequenting our own  
patches of secret earth.

The way you flick your  
hair, like that;  
indeterminately wrinkling  
your little bird's egg eyes;  
blue-speckled:

you are of nature, in the  
middle of the  
hourglass, enraptured and

enlightening me; pouring down  
through me,  
into my very soil.

## Breakout

Trevor Reeves

---

Trees are the  
iron bars of  
my world.

I am hidden as a grasshopper  
clawing these tall stems  
trying to bring them down.

If my perception was  
the measure of these woods, tips flying  
sidling across and back  
below indulgent clouds, and

if my mind was iron  
like the bars of my soul,

I would render even the bright sun  
into shards  
to escape my invisible imprisonment.

## Queued

### CK Tower

---

(for cr)

but I am rowing, I am rowing  
Ann Sexton

We try to keep one another from the  
steak knives...I saved him tonight, as he did  
me, last week. But these angry scarlet frowns  
sneer from my wrist, tell of times before I  
found refuge. This harbor we reside in  
offers little amity... so we carve

boats out of old furniture, with rusty  
utensils...skin is silent when it bleeds.  
And we need to hear our wretchedness dimmed  
through the shredded cries of fabric tearing,  
while we unravel our grief. Yes, we are  
still floating, but raven waters know how

to entice...drowning is easy, it is  
harder to restitch the seams of our breath  
or mend our second hand sails. But tonight  
the moon flows dripping with absolution.  
And for one more night we will row... worried  
seas distract us from ourselves and the knife.

## Patience

CK Tower

---

*I shall be like that tree...*  
Swift

She's been silent since December. I worry  
about the gray, the granite sky. I force words  
to fill empty spaces, I can't sit still  
as she does,  
her long naked fingers, cracked skin over sculpted bones  
stretch out to me. I try  
to remember the shape of her hands  
full flushed with crimson  
in October. I beg her to confess,  
but she won't tell her secret  
of patience.  
How silence  
is a dream,  
a disremembering  
of naked limbs  
and rough bones,  
a quiet purchase  
of green.

## The 2River View Authors

1\_4 (Summer 1997)

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**Marc Awodey** has had poems published in many magazines, including *Plainsongs*, *Midwest Poetry Review*, *Zuzus Petals Quarterly*, and *Recursive Angel*. He holds an MFA in painting from the Cranbrook Academy of Art.

**Tom Carney** was born on an Air Force base in Lincoln, Nebraska, was educated at various small colleges with no degree, and is currently residing in Arlington, Texas, where he works as an office manager for a small business. His credits include *Western Poetry Society*, *Chiron Review*, *The Word*, and *Jack the Daw*.

**Anthony Dauer** is an irreverent hacker-wanna-be Information Analyst, with a teddy bear, and a job providing onsite support to the Naval Space and Warfare Command (SPAWAR). His work has been published in *The Zephyrhills Sun*, *Word Outa Buffalo*, and *Visions*. He has designed and now maintains the Conspire website, and he is webmaster of the Poeticus Furor Cafe.

**Paul Kloppenborg** has had poems featured in several web sites and ezines, including *Recursive Angel*, *Conspire*, *Zuzu's Petals Quarterly*, and *Lexicon*. In addition, he teaches writing skills to several younger poets through Adult Education workshops. He is currently involved in a multimedia presentation of some of his work, and is completing a chapbook of his concrete poetry.

**Linda Leavitt** is a graphic designer living in New Jersey with her husband Jason and young daughter Athena. By day she designs and edits brochures and promotional material for a technical education organization, though her daughter has somehow gained the impression that she writes poetry for a living. She maintains the *Free Zone Quarterly*, an ezine dedicated primarily to other people's poetry. More of her poems are at the Athens Avenue Poetry Circle.

**Ann Politte** is a native of the Show Me state, now living outside of Buffalo, New York, where she is Director of Health Information Management at St. Joseph Hospital. She is currently training for the Fall running of the Wine-glass Marathon from Bath to Corning. Though the course has hills, the elevation drop is 200 feet, so 2River tells her that from the start it's all downhill. Her publications include *Step Ascending* and *The Buffalo News*.

**Trevor Reeves** began writing in earnest in 1964. He has since been published in many magazines in the UK, USA, Australia, Canada and New Zealand. He has had three books of poetry published, as well as non-fiction articles and books. A collection of his short stories is due in 1998. He is editor of *The Southern Ocean Review*.

**CK Tower** is president of the Creative Writing Club at Lansing Community College. This Fall, she plans to attend Michigan State University, where she will continue her studies in literature and creative writing. CK also serves as poetry editor for the internet literary journal *Recursive Angel*, as well as managing editor for *Conspire*. Recently she was asked to serve as associate editor of *Moondance*.

# 2River Poetry

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2River Poetry, an internet literary site on the Daemen College World Wide Web Server, publishes *The 2River View*. 2River Poetry also publishes individual authors. These collections, as well as the most recent number of *The 2River View*, can be accessed at

[www.daemen.edu/pages/rlong/tworiver/](http://www.daemen.edu/pages/rlong/tworiver/)

Past issues of *The 2River View* are available in pdf format for downloading.

For information about submissions, please visit the 2River website, or send email to

[2River@helman.daemen.edu](mailto:2River@helman.daemen.edu)

All mail is answered within a day or two.

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