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Four Poems

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Four Poems

Abstract

Four poems: "Fire Season," "Rabbit Season," "Poems for My Lover's Unborn Child Out West," and "Learn The Dark."

Keywords

poetry, poem, abstract, destruction, animals, baby, light

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May 24, 2013

Four Poems

by Suzanne Richardson

Fire Season

In moth season I levitate because of a married man,
 the sound of my own desire keeps
 me awake at night, keeps me tossing four-feet
 above the sheets, I imagine us powder-thrashing
 like moths at a screen—

On the roof of his car, off route 14,
 it feels like 1955. We watch the moon squeeze itself
 between the earth and the sun. It's
 hallucinatory, the sun is a shrinking slice of light. We
 can't touch. I am already casting hell-grey shadows,
 eclipsing his wife. It's so devastating
 we must not look directly.

His voice, *If I live my life right, I'll die on the moon
 looking at the earth,
 looking at all the people I love, and all the people
 I once loved.* A married man
 pushes the atmosphere and I levitate above
 the forest, this moth season behind me,

he murmurs—*soon this will all be on fire.*

Pages: [1](#) [2](#) [3](#) [4](#)

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May 24, 2013

Four Poems

Poems for My Lover's Unborn Child Out West

The moment he created you,
he said, was an ending. His
ending triggered you. Like
a scream into a canyon,
you are the echo back, a ricochet,
a likeness of
his sound blended, spattered out
on the canyon walls, then,
turning the corner,
coming back to him.

*

Since he rubbed you
into another woman, I float you
my thistle milk whenever I wish
you had been my bead.

*

I know her body

wasn't strange like mine and
therefore, a home. But you would
have liked it here. I have
soft wood floors and hard ripe
apples. Did you even try?

*

You are not yet a star
but you already make enough light
for me to see that I was/am lost.

*

You are a hot coil;
you cook me,
cook him, but you
don't yet speak the language
of burns.

*

When I get upset
I sing you a lullaby:
I rock you, rock you
until you sleep. Your
mother keeps you, keeps you
and I weep.

*

He wove you into her
while I was away.
You are small, breathing
only your mother's soup;
your gills, a delicate, light, lace;
moving, mirroring, how I open
then close the door when
I ask him to leave.

*

Shhh—listen closely,
a star burns
brightest
right before
it dies and you
are that moment, little one.

*

A birthday gift to you: I
fade so far east,
I am another country,
another
century, another
galaxy away—
—promise me your first
breath will
erase/release me.

Pages: [1](#) [2](#) [3](#) [4](#)

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May 24, 2013

Four Poems

Learn The Dark

I haunt
 the streets where I wonder if
 my former lovers feel my
 planetary pull. I am trapped between
 two moons: you tell me if I were a man
 and you were a woman you'd
 let me touch your body tonight. I feel
 my own fish squirming, and
 your hands, batwings, pulse and
 peel open—
 we don't touch.

I go to the graveyard searching for meaning.
 I go to hear all the death: little Eliza Olin, gone
 since 1832, and me so alive; I must spook her.
 Then—
 —body noise: breath moving liquid.
 And I hear all the life:
 the orgasms blinking outward
 like rescue signals at dawn. Men fucking
 by the precious headstones of the orphans.
 A slip, a grind, a burn, okay—
 Only when I am this thirsty do I

drink the spit of strangers. Later, I
dreamt your wet stretches
of saliva fell into me; you
let the bulbs burn out, opened
your mouth, and let me learn the dark.

Suzanne Richardson earned her MFA from the University of New Mexico in 2012. She currently lives in Utica, New York where she is an assistant professor of English at Utica College. Her work has appeared in *New Ohio Review*, *New Haven Review*, *Blood Orange Review* and *Front Porch* among others. You can find more of her work at: <http://www-suzannerichardsonwrites.tumblr.com>

Pages: [1](#) [2](#) [3](#) [4](#)

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