3 Poems

Knar Gavin

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.butler.edu/booth

Recommended Citation
Retrieved from: https://digitalcommons.butler.edu/booth/vol5/iss11/2

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by Digital Commons @ Butler University. It has been accepted for inclusion in Booth by an authorized editor of Digital Commons @ Butler University. For more information, please contact digitalscholarship@butler.edu.
3 Poems

Abstract
Three poems: "and it was in the river," "A Sighting," and "After the Harvest."

Keywords
poetry

Cover Page Footnote
"3 Poems" was originally published at Booth.

This article is available in Booth: https://digitalcommons.butler.edu/booth/vol5/iss11/2
and it was in the river

in the near-drowning river
I felt my small dark
animal swell

felt the black urchin dark
middle meat of body betrayal
sucking all stomach as each
rib rejoiced that p
ending pop out to be
so spine sprung

the river would have
scatte red me run my
bones across its sandy flo
or had me live blind
that wet desert and
its storming Death, you did that
once near-have me had we
given to scattering  
what a clamor  a water

insisting orchestras  
my femur playing the length of  
your spine  our skulls  
sluice to Onward  
every orbital singing

A Sighting  
And, says the one I’ve buried, my dear palm of berries,  
who’s dripping now? She buries, he buries, everywhere these we berries.  
I know. I’m practically all fist. If you call my skin milk,  
either cursing or the recitation of names. Absence has a name, too.  
All those other I’d have berried but thought better of.

.

I wanted to follow that day. Your low buzzing steed.  
Some creep. Weirdo. Yea, Thom, I know. Elegant once because young  
and crazy is flatiron-to-the-face hot. Other and crazy buries noses in glasses  
and veers eyes to the side. Like a flock of old nun breast to the face could kill a man.

    I still want to follow you.  
    I’m still in this business. Resurrection.

After the Harvest  
The family dog, Cacophony makes her rounds  
body strung with dinner bells. A slow spider  
turns forth and fro in the guitar’s sound hole  
weaving the measure of a particular silence.
With evening, the silent slaw of a wilting kitchen
yields its full pot of late luck and remnant mash.
The field hands hurry, waving, in. Eat what’s been
boiled. Through winter, the tubers stiffen without me.

Your heart is no woodland of mine.
I go in to shoot the squirrels
and not a single tree burns.

Knar Gavin is a Seattle based poet who recently completed her degree in poetry at the Iowa Writers’
Workshop. Knar likes to play bikes and her present focus is on CotoR, a bicycle-generated collection of
poems. Recent work has appeared or is forthcoming in Poetry, Caketrain, SOFTBLOW and Bat City Review.